

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO TIMES

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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.

Every communication from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics at the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVIDSON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH--Rev. Hugh R. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, School at 11 a.m. and 7.00 p.m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p.m. B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p.m. All seats free. Usual at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES--Sunday at 1.30 p.m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m.

FREYBETTERIAN CHURCH--Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m., and at 7 p.m., Sunday School 9.45 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 10 a.m., Sunday School at 10 a.m., Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH--Rev. J. E. Donkin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock; 8 a.m. Evening Meeting Sunday evening at 7.30. All the week-day services--at Greenwood, preaching at 3 p.m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH--Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Holy Communion at 11 a.m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 1.30 p.m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector. Robert W. Carter, { Wardens. Geo. A. Pratt, {

St. FRANCIS (R.O.)--Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. R. Mass 11.00 a.m. on the first Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & M. 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. F. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

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Wolfville, March 11th, '97.

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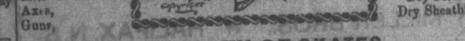
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And he lit a cigar and prepared to enjoy it.

Max Rutherford was alone in this world, as far as near-relatives were concerned, although he could count his friends by the score.

He was educated for the bar, but before that education was completed his father died, bequeathing his little fortune, a few thousands to Max. As Max was an uncommonly generous fellow, as his friends were fond of saying, and being somewhat extravagant in his tastes and mode of living, he did not find it at all difficult to spend those few thousands in a very short time. And so, at the age of 25, we find him, handsome, honest, good hearted and bravely striving to reach the pedestal of his ambition, but poor.

"Now for the club room. I don't want to stay here longer than necessary," and he picked up his hat.

The landlady met him at the door. "A lady to see you, sir. She is in the parlor."

"A lady? All right; I will go down immediately."

At the parlor door, which was wide

open, he suddenly stopped. There, sitting beside a table back to him, was the slight, black-robed form of a woman. Her head was bowed low and her hands were clasped. She looked the very picture of grief and despair.

As he crossed the threshold she arose and with a quick, girlish grace, moved toward him. Then Max saw that she was heavily veiled, and she made no movement to throw the veil back.

"You are Max Rutherford, are you not?"

Max started at the low, musical tones fell on his ear.

"I beg that you will pardon me for this intrusion, but truly," and the voice grew more earnest, "I felt obliged to come, my trouble is so great. Nay, I was driven to it, and no one but you yourself can aid me. Will you listen to my story?"

"Certainly. Pray be seated."

"I am Helen Castleton, and an orphan, and doubtless a stranger to you."

"You are. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before," he answered.

"For ten years I have lived with my uncle, my mother's brother. He is immensely wealthy. I am supposed to be his heiress. But my life for the past three years has been most unhappy. I am not of age, and shall not be for a year to come, and my uncle is determined to persuade me to marry a man old enough to be my father. He, too, is worth his millions, and for that reason my uncle bids me marry him.

This man follows me wherever I go, professing to love me, but those professions fill my soul with disgust and fear. I hate him! I'll die before I consent to wed him!" and her voice trembled so that Max longed to snatch away her veil and gaze on the possessor of that pleading, tearful voice.

"I ran away from home two years ago," she continued, "but my uncle and the one who claims to be my lover found and brought me home. Home! ah, heaven! what a home! All the while I have had since I was a child; yet it is little better than a prison. I have never had any girl acquaintance. He would not allow me to see any one excepting his own friends, and they were only money-seeking men. I disliked them all.

"To-morrow morning my uncle says I must marry this man--that I shall be forced to do it. I cannot! Oh, I cannot! Heaven, let me die first!"

And with a piteous moan she held both hands out to Max.

He clasped them in his, and as he did so, a pitying yearning tenderness filled his heart for this veiled stranger.

"Tell me how I can help you," he murmured.

"Max Rutherford, will you--marry me?"

Then, as if deeply ashamed, she turned from him, clasping her hands over her eyes.

As for Max, if a bomb shell had exploded at his feet, he could not have felt more astonished or bewildered, but before he could articulate a word she turned to him again.

"Listen, please. I have seen you day after day, as you passed my uncle's house. You looked so honest and kind that somehow I felt that you could and would help me. Am I right or wrong? You are only a struggling lawyer."

He smiled bitterly at that.

"I have many thousands in my own right. My father willed it to me. They cannot touch that. I have drawn it all. Here it is," and she laid a roll of bank bills on the table beside him. "I ask you to accept it. It

may help you. You wonder why I do not take it and flee. I do not because my uncle and that man would follow me, even to the end of the world, so it would be utterly useless. I have turned to the only refuge left me. I have crushed my pride and begged you to marry me. I was spurred on by my uncle's last threat. I realize what I have done only too well--realize that I have shamed my womanhood by coming to you, a total stranger, but oh, be pitiful!" and then, completely exhausted, she turned to the table and bowed her head on it, and sobbed, deep and bitter, convulsed her form.

Max hesitated, but only for a moment, then laid his hand on her head.

"I will do as you ask; but I cannot accept your money. No, keep it. But why do you not allow me to see your face?"

She lifted her head and eagerly clasped his hand.

"You must accept the money," she said, "and I do not remove my veil because it is best for you never to see my face. I was unwisely, unkind enough to ask you to marry me, but I cannot and I will not ask you to link your life with mine, except in name. No, we will part at the church door; then if we should meet in the far future you will not recognize the face of your wife."

"I shall never forget your voice!" he exclaimed half passionately.

"Lifts will not be very much changed to you, unless you love another. Tell me, do you? It is not too late. Better--far better that I should have the other rather than tear you from your love."

"No, I have no love," and his quick frank answer reassured her. "I am perfectly free and my own master, therefore I am yours as you wish it."

"Thank you," she said, simply but earnestly. "Then follow me now, for to-morrow will be too late."

He did as she bade him.

There was a closed carriage at the door, and as Max stepped in he heard her order the driver to proceed to Saint George's parsonage.

"If you are willing," she said to Max in a humble tone, "we will have Rev. James marry us. You will ask him to follow us to the church."

Then, as if it had suddenly dawned on her that she was asking this man to give up much for her sake, she clasped her hands appealingly.

"Oh, how you must hate me!" she cried. "Truly, I am frightened now at the step I have taken. Shall we turn back--shall I marry the other?"

"Never! You shall marry me. You wish it, and yes--I wish it also."

He could not see the glad light that flashed into her eyes.

They soon reached the parsonage, and a few minutes later were on their way to the church, accompanied by the pastor--a kind, benevolent looking gentleman, who gazed at silent wonder at the veiled girl.

It was ever at last. Max took his mother's wedding ring off his own finger and placed it on Helen's, and thus the bonds were sealed. Helen Castleton and Max Rutherford were husband and wife.

At the altar, as they were turning to go down the aisle, Max bent low, and whispering said:

"My wife will not allow me to see your face once--just once."

Without a word, she tore the veil from her face, flung off the long, black cape that enfolded her form, then, throwing back her head with a proud, graceful movement, she faced him.

Max gave a faint cry of astonishment when he saw the glorious face that was revealed to him--a scrawny face, as white as marble, large, dark, plaintive eyes that looked at him frankly yet pleasingly--eyes that thrilled him through and through. It was a face that Max Rutherford could never forget.

He made a movement as if to clasp her in his arms, but she started back, and with a frightened cry, snatched up her cape, then turned and fled down the long aisle. And before Max could realize it she was driven away.

Nothing was left now for him to do but to return to his boarding house.

Three years have passed and Max Rutherford has reached his goal at last. He has made for himself a name and has attained a position to be proud of. He has not only the one case, but many more. His briefs were once dry yet eloquent, sharp yet truthful and powerful, and success crowned these fearless and untiring efforts.

London society now greeted him with extended arms, yet he turns away and shuns all such advances.

He is not happy or even satisfied--there is something wanting. He yearns with all his soul to make one other plea--longs to win one other case, and then he will rest content.

He has never seen or heard one word from his wife since that strange marriage occurred. His search for her has been untiring and fruitless.

Not a penny of her money did he touch, but carefully treasured it, hoping to be able to restore it to her ere long.

One day he was called to the bedside of a dying man who wished to make his will. As Max entered the room the attendants were sent out.

It was not an ill-looking face that Max gazed on, but it was aged by suffering, and there was a haunted expression to the eyes painful to see.

"Before the will is drawn up," he said, "I wish to make a confession. You have a good face, and I have heard of your meritorious success as a barrister. Perhaps you can help me."

"I will endeavor to do so."

"Three years ago my niece, Helen Castleton, was living with me. She was a good girl and I did not appreciate her. I tried to persuade her to marry a man old enough to be her father, but a man worth even more than I am, and I can count my wealth by millions. She refused to marry him. At last I said she would be forced to it. I remember that she replied that she would sooner die. And that night she fled. We found her the next morning, just outside of London. She proudly held up a folded certificate saying we were too late, that she was already married. Then I--wicked sinner that I am--I crept her, adding that I never wished to see her ungrateful face again, and I never have. May heaven forgive, I would give much now to see her once more--little Helen, my dear sister's child!" and his eyes glistened with tears. He continued on slowly.

"I wish you to search for her. Find her, and I leave the sum of \$30,000 to you. The remainder is

Helen's; if she be dead, I bequeath to her husband and his heirs. I wish to make a will to that effect. Make haste! Send for the housekeeper to witness. Quick! I cannot live much longer." And the dying man gasped for breath.

The will was drawn and signed.

"You will search for her?" he pleaded.

"Yes, and heaven helping me I will find her," and Max turned away struggling to master himself. As he did so, the door opened, and a woman's form flew to the bedside.

"Uncle!" she cried, "they told me you were dying! Uncle! Uncle! do not die without taking back that terrible curse--for mother's sake bless your niece!"

"Helen, thank God! I bless you--forgive your uncle. Pray--for pardon!" and with that last word his soul passed away.

For a moment longer she knelt there in silent prayer, then pressing a kiss on the cold lips she arose, and turning noticed Max for the first time.

He stood there with outstretched arms.

"Helen, my wife, come to me!"

With a piteous cry she tottered towards him, and he folded her in his arms, pressing warm, passionate kisses on her face.

"Let me go, Max!" she pleaded.

"I--"

"I do. You asked me to marry you, my precious love, now I ask you to strive to love your husband. My wife, I love you! I have loved you from the moment you unveiled your face to me."

"Max! You cannot mean it! Don't, for you torture me!" and she strove in vain to free herself.

"Listen," she said. "After I left you, I travelled as companion to a lady. Lately I heard that my uncle was dying, and the curse troubled me so that I returned to London just in time to receive his blessing. I was hoping that I would not meet you. Let me go and hide my face from your sight."

"Never! I have mourned your loss more than you can know. Now that I have found you do you think that I can give you up? No, my love shall hold you. Darling, try and love me."

An incredulous joy shone in her face.

"Is it true, Max--husband; do you mean it--do you want me--me?" and she flung her arms around his neck and he saw the glad love light beaming in her eyes.

"Yes, I want you--my wife."

While Frederic Remington was in the west he observed a well executed portrait in a dark room on the wall of a cabin, and asked whose picture it was.

"That's my husband," said the woman of the house, carelessly.

"But it is hung with fatal effect," urged the artist.

"So was my husband," snapped the woman.

"There goes old Faith, Hope and Charity!" exclaimed the country cousin as an elderly gentleman drove past in an old-fashioned gig.

"Who is he?" enquired the London cousin, "and why do you call him that?"

"He's our medical man," was the reply, "and doctors everybody round here for miles."

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