

# THE ACADIAN

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### THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and materials, 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 name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, March 23, 1890.

### HER SECOND LOVE.

When Ephraim Winter, in the language of the residents of Barclay, went back on Rhoda Bowden, every one, Rhoda herself included, thought he had broken her heart.

With commendable pride the devoted one per on a brass front and went to "meeting" the Sunday that Ephraim appeared for the first time with his city hair. Every one was disappointed in their eagerness to see the bride and equally anxious to see "how Rhody took it." It would have amazed those simple folk could they have known that with her first look at her successful rival Rhoda lost her heart.

Not to the somewhat overplump Mrs. Winter, however, but to the black lace shawl about her ample form. It was the first one that had appeared in Barclay, and while all admired, it impressed so one else with its beauty as it did Rhoda. She stole furtive but frequent glances at it all through service, and when on leaving the church a friend asked her, "What do you think of the bride?" Rhoda answered absently, "What 'd you s'pose it cost?"

She learned to her sorrow at the next Dorcas society, for Mrs. Winter was careful that all present should know that "pa paid \$75 for it."

Seventy-five dollars! That was a fortune in itself to poor Rhoda, but she determined nevertheless that some day and somehow she would have that sum to expend on a lace shawl for her own adornment. How this was to be accomplished was indeed a serious problem. She and her mother had set up a small notion store in the front room of their little house and from the sale of thread, needles and such small wares managed to make a bare living. But out of this scant income Rhoda contrived to save a very little each month by putting an occasional penny aside.

Rhoda was 35 when the lace shawl came into her life and still comely and attractive. There were many who would gladly have taken the place of the fickle Ephraim, but, knowing that none of the thirty bachelors and widowers who sought her hand could be persuaded into the extravagance of buying her a \$75 cloak, much less a garment whose sole use was ornamental. Rhoda resolved to remain single and accomplish her one aim in life, which was to possess a shawl like that of Ephraim Winter's wife.

She became miserly to the last degree, denied herself some of the very necessities of life and her only pleasure was to go to church or other gatherings where she might feast her eyes on the object of her dreams. All through divine service she traced and retraced every design in the intricate pattern of the shawl, until she had only to close her eyes at any time during the week and every thread and mesh appeared before her. Fashions change slowly in small towns, and Mrs. Winter wore the coveted lace shawl year in and year out on all state occasions, when her city friends had long since cast their aside or made them over into dress trimmings.

After five years of careful saving and hoarding Rhoda found to her joy that she had accumulated \$15. She wondered wistfully if some sort of a lace shawl could not be purchased for that sum. But she put the thought aside as quickly as it came. She would never be a cheap imitation of Ephraim Winter's wife. She would save the remaining \$60, and with such a good start the rest of the money would come easier.

But a sad calamity befell her. Her mother was taken ill and died after a long, lingering illness. The expenses thus incurred took not only the little money that Rhoda and her mother had laid aside for such an emergency, but \$11 of the "lace shawl money." This was a terrible blow, and in a measure swallowed up her grief for her mother.

Then came a season of prosperity. A perfect crop for crocheting thread lace struck the town. Rhoda did a brisk trade in thread and braid, and with only herself to do for, dimes and cents began to rattle merrily in the tin box. When her business got a little going, she went berry picking and worked so hard "she was able to add \$10 to her growing store."

At the end of the year success seem-

ed assured, and then came a whining letter from her sister Charlotte, which Rhoda felt sure, had been dictated by "her lost of a husband," as she dubbed her brother-in-law. Charlotte complained that no settlement of her mother's estate (Rhoda smiled grimly) had ever been made and that she was entitled to half. The fact that Rhoda had worked to earn the money for the original stock of goods did not enter into Charlotte's calculations. Rhoda knew that her brother-in-law could establish no legal claim, but to save Charlotte the disagreeable time she knew he would make her, took an inventory of the little stock and sent Charlotte \$23.85, nearly the entire contents of the tin box. To avoid further complications, Rhoda insisted that a paper be signed which stated that the "estate of Diantha Melissa Bowden" had been settled satisfactorily to all parties concerned and that Eben Isaac Corwin and Charlotte Penelope Corwin waived all further claim to the business conducted by Rhoda Elvira Bowden.

With quivering lips and moist eyes Rhoda put back the few remaining dollars into the tin box. "Tain't fair," she murmured brokenly, "but, then, with a little sob, 'she's my own sister, and I s'pose I mustn't complain.'"

But it was hard. Ten years of unremitting work and self denial and less than ten dollars to show for it all! Rhoda, utterly discouraged, had almost resolved to give up her cherished ambition, but the jingle of the shop bell roused her from her reverie. Wiping her eyes, she hastened into the front room and found some other than Mrs. Winter wearing the coveted lace shawl. She wanted six balls of knitting cotton and remarked casually that she was going to knit a bed spread.

Rhoda brightened up considerably at this news, for she knew that every woman and girl in Barclay would be knitting bedspreads as soon as Mrs. Winter commenced hers, and she would all large quantities of knitting cotton. Cheered by the unexpected sight of the lace shawl, she did not more tears over Charlotte's greed and once more commenced her task of saving \$75.

Then followed twenty years—long years of alternate hope and despair—years when the \$75 seemed an assured fact and years when unexpected expenses or dull trade made Rhoda doubt the old black cashmere shawl with the dried tannet that would be the only wrap she would ever wear. But at last success crowned her labors, and thirty years from the time Ephraim Winter brought his bride to Barclay Rhoda counted the contents of the tin box and found herself the possessor of \$75.

The joy that this brought her made her forget that these years of struggling had made her an old woman, older than she should be at sixty-five. She could hardly sleep that night and the stores were not open when she started for the large new shop lately opened in the village. She had hated this innovation in the commercial circle of Barclay so that she had never entered its doors, but now she was compelled to. Mr. Morgan who kept the only other store in town, had never had a lace shawl in stock. For thirty years she had asked him at regular intervals:

"Goin' to hev any black lace shawls this season?"

And he had regularly replied: "Was, no, Miss Rhody. I reckon there's too high priced for Barclay. There don't seem to be no call for 'em."

To the big store she must go, then, and as soon as the doors were open she rushed blindly to the first counter before her and asked at the "gent's furnishing" department for a lace shawl.

The accommodating clerk, catching by the word "shawls" answered: "Oh, yes, m. You'll find a fine assortment up stairs."

Fairly tingling with excitement, Rhoda reached the cloak department rather out of breath. The young woman in charge looked surprised when she made her errand known and said:

"No, we've none in stock, but here"—holding up a frivolous affair of lace and ruffles—"is a lace cape of the latest style."

But Miss Rhoda had gone. "H'm!" she grunted as she left the store. "Might have known they'd only have cheap trash."

When she reached home a new diff-

culty presented itself. She was determined to buy her shawl that very day, "before anything happened to the \$75." There was only one course left—she must go to the city. A trip to Europe would not have seemed more formidable, but, nothing daunted, Miss Rhoda started for the depot. It was an hour before train time, but she passed the time in a happy dream. Leaning against the wall with her reticule containing the money for her shawl, she saw a vision of herself, dressed in the black silk that had been laid aside all these years waiting for the added magnificence of a lace shawl, and draped with elegant carelessness over her shoulders. First she was walking down the aisle of the church (and she there resolved to change her pew to one farther forward in front of the Winters'). Then she was at the Dorcas or foreign mission society, and just as she was grasping a funeral with her regal presence the train came thundering along, and with a gasp and a start she managed to get aboard.

She dropped into a seat behind two pretty girls, and she gathered from their chatter that they were going to the city to do some shopping. She determined that they should serve as her guides, so when the train rolled into the city depot, close behind the two merry friends followed the faded little old woman, with heart quite as light and expectant as the bright-eyed girl in front of her who had come to the city to select her trousseau.

They went immediately to one of the largest stores, and Rhoda soon found herself confused and bewildered by the burly and bustling around her. A courteous floor walker put her into the elevator and directed the boy to leave her at the shawl department.

It would be hard to tell who was the more surprised—the shop girl to be asked for a garment so long relegated to the past, or poor Mrs. Rhoda—to be told there were no more lace shawls left in stock. The latter's disappointment was so great that she did not notice the smile that passed from one clerk to another, but clutching the strings of her reticule tightly and pressing her lips together she hurried from the store.

Poor Miss Rhoda! She had started in on a sorrowful timeous day. From one store to another she trudged in her vain quest. Late in the afternoon, utterly worn out and bewildered, she unknowingly came back to the store where she had first inquired.

She happened to secure upon her in the morning, but she was so dazed by the throng of strange faces she had been seeing all day, poor Miss Rhoda did not notice and wearily made her errand known.

The girl, anxious to get her stock in order for the night, answered curtly: "No, we haven't any lace shawls. They were out of date years and years ago."

Miss Rhoda started as if some one had struck her, and blindly groped her way out of the store, but not before she caught the words "old fossil" and "Noah's ark," accompanied by a titter and giggle.

A friendly policeman directed her to the depot, where by mere chance she caught the 6:30 train for Barclay. Weak and trembling, she sank into the first vacant seat. Pressing her throbbing head against the cool pane she gazed out into the night and never moved, save to give up her ticket until Barclay was reached. Like a guilty creature she crept homeward.

Once there a strange numbness came over her, and she concluded that she was too tired to eat, but before going to bed she wrote a few lines on a bit of paper and put it in the tin box and from force of habit counted the money over.

The next morning one of the neighbors, thinking it strange that there were no signs of life about Miss Rhoda's little store, went over to investigate. Repeat 3 knocks on the window and door brought no reply except the creaking of Rhoda's seat, begging to be let out.

"Something wrong," muttered Mrs. Griff, and running across the street she returned with "one of the men folks," who promptly broke in the door.

Passing through the store into the little back room, a sad sight awaited

them. Poor Miss Rhoda, with her gray head pillowed on one this, wrinkled arm, was lying with a handkerchief still damp under her faded cheek. Crying herself to sleep like a disappointed child, she had soothed herself to a rest from which there could be none but a happy awakening.

Under the pillow, where it made a hard lump, that the poor head had rested on for years, they found the tin box, and in it a slip of paper that read:

"When I die, there is money in the bank to bury me. My sister, Charlotte Corwin, can have the store. This \$75 is for my niece, Rhoda Corwin, to buy one of them bicycles she's been wanting, and tell her to buy it quick before bicycles is out of date."—*Springfield Republican.*

Prohibition.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY THE LATE MISS WILLARD.

There is no object that we white-ribboners so much desire to photograph upon the brain of every voter as the American saloon. It is a large picture in this country that it can be in any other, because we are the largest of republics, because we are a people wholly self governing in our theory of public affairs. The most portentous factor in American politics is the saloon. It has been recently stated that there are nine thousand saloons in New York city, and that on these saloons there are four thousand chattel mortgages, held almost wholly by twenty wholesale dealers, brewers and distillers. These saloons control the votes of forty thousand men, and these forty thousand constitute the balance of power so that we have twenty men who can swing the vote of New York city, and as the city goes, so goes the State, and as the State, so goes the nation. We want the saloon photographed with this shadow in the picture. Whoever speaks of it as an isolated institution speaks ignorantly. It is an institution the character of which becomes each year more clearly defined, and one that, because of our form of Government expresses us more than any other people to political corruption. Because these things are true, the temperance women of America have gone into politics and have taken sides with men who first, last and all the time cast their ballots against candidates for office who are pledged to the saloon. We could not do less; if we could we would do more.

There is just one issue upon which the people, not the politicians, of America, are united. It is not the tariff, for that is the chameleon among issues, taking its color from the personal selfishness of capitalists, or the interests, real or imaginary, of different industries. It is not the Southern question, for that is the dead lion among issues, in whose skeleton we white ribboners have found already the honeycomb of loving comradeship. It is not the labor question, for that is the elephant among issues not yet grown to full size, and generally feared. But it is the prohibition of the liquor traffic, that earthquake among issues, which, by blending our homes in indistinguishable ruin, has shaken us together in one great brotherhood of fear and anguish. This earthquake extends under the sea. Listen to this declaration:

"There is a distillery in Massachusetts, the largest rum distillery in the world," so says an eye witness to the following account: "and the amount manufactured averages 90 barrels a day, come for home consumption, but the greater part for export to the coast of Africa. The barrels contain forty-three gallons, and the internal revenue tax is ninety cents per gallon—\$38.70 per barrel. For ninety barrels, a day's work, the treasury of the United States is enriched \$3,483, minus the cost of the services of revenue watchmen. That the government may not be deceived of a farthing of the usudgy gain, and that not one drop of the fire water may be lost, Government padlocks are placed upon the rum reservoirs, guarded and opened daily for measurement by internal revenue officers."

If it was not a prohibitionist this single awful fact would make one of me for all time. The curse of Cain upon the nation that in the light of Christ's gospel curses the barbarians of Congo with the "crazy drinks."

The supreme need of the hour is

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Now is the Time To Book Orders for Seeds and Fertilizers With Starr, Son & Franklin.

Individuality of conscience in the voter. He needs to have more sharply defined perceptions of his personal relation to the government. It is our duty to help him at this point by our own clearer vision. We may gain an illustration for him from this assembly. Suppose that a delegate rises wishing to get the ear of the convention, but is ignorant of parliamentary usage. She makes a remark in a general way; she would ramble on perhaps indefinitely, but some wiser comrade plucks her by the sleeve and whispers: "You must address the chairman and wait to be recognized." She then learns that this is a government; that it has laws; that she has not made her remark in such a fashion that by our laws it can be brought before us.

So it is with the remark that our perplexed voter would make to the government of this nation about the liquor traffic. It is a good thing to get him to make it in the prayer-meeting, or by his manner of life, but if he would really tell the government as well as the Lord and the people that he wants the saloon closed, there is but just one method by which he can be recognized; but just the law under which his opinion can declare itself, and his conviction make itself felt, and that law and method are fulfilled when he drops into the box a ballot that calls for a Prohibitionist as enforcer.

Quarrel over a Wedding Gown.

The historical and genealogical societies often bring to light interesting family tales and traditions. In a paper read before a local society a New England woman recently related an amusing anecdote of a spirited ancestress of Revolutionary days.

The dame, Abigail by name, was loved by twin brothers, Asaph and Asbel, but only Asaph had the courage to propose marriage. Although the girl had been suspected of an inclination for the shier brother, she accepted the more venturesome, Asaph, perhaps partly through pique. The wedding day was set, but then a difficulty arose.

She was an ardent patriot, he a rather lukewarm one. It was during the very darkest days of the war, and it

did not appear to her fitting that the marriage should be celebrated with much exultation or display. All the money that could be spared was wanted to help the cause, while, as to the wedding dress, she would not have dreamed of wearing imported finery even if she could have afforded it. She vowed she would be married in homespun or not at all.

Asaph's ideas were different. He was not willing to dispense with either feasting or fine cloths and desired to make the wedding a grand occasion. A quarrel ensued, which ended by his declaring obstinately that a wife should submit to the authority of her husband and that he should expect his bride to stand up before the parson in a silk gown and nothing less.

"A bride, sir, is not yet a wife," was the girl's reply, and upon that they parted.

It was but a few days before the wedding. During the interval Abigail refused to see her lover, sending word that she was busy with the preparation of her wedding outfit. This Asaph completely accepted as evidence of submission to his will. The silk dress was no doubt in hurried process of preparation, he thought.

The day arrived and the hour of the ceremony, but to the groom's anger and confusion his bride appeared before the assembled company in a plain cotton gown, a kitchen apron, her sleeves rolled up, and her hands floury from the kneading trough!

"Will you take me as I am?" she asked, with a courtesy.

"Never!" shouted the groom, and left the house. Not in the least disconcerted, the fair Abigail smiled invitingly at Asbel, who, plucking up his courage, stepped without a word into the place vacated by his brother, and they were married there and then. Moreover, they "lived happy ever after," quite in fairy tale style, despite the dubious promise afforded by the lady's temper. Asaph remained a bachelor till his death.—*Youth's Companion.*

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