

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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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 on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications 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 name may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Open Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 a. m.

Express west close at 9:50 a. m.

Express east close at 3:50 p. m.

Kentville close at 6:35 p. m.

Geo. V. HAND, 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. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m.

Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday, 8 p. m. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3:30 p. m.

COLEMAN BROS., { Uchers
A DAY BROS. }

PRESBYTERIAN 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 at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor, services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the sects are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwick, 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 1st and 3rd at 11 a. m., 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday, at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNEDY, C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storr, { Wardens
S. J. Luthersford, }

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. M. Kennedy, P. F., Mass 11:00 a. m. 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.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, of T. 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.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 p. m.

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Our duty alone on Scotch and English
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That means the largest import order given
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Will you benefit by it?

Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

Wolfville Clothing Company,
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And we will send you a pair of very stylish, undressed KID GLOVES.

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DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

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On and after Monday, 1st March, 1897, the Steamship and train service of this Railway will be as follows:

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE (Sunday excepted).

Express from Kentville.....5:35, a.m.

Express "Halifax".....9:10, a.m.

Express "Yarmouth".....5:55, p.m.

Express "Halifax".....5:55, p.m.

Accom. "Richmond".....11:30, a.m.

Accom. "Annapolis".....11:25, a.m.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE (Sunday excepted).

Express for Halifax.....5:35, a.m.

Express "Yarmouth".....9:10, a.m.

Express "Halifax".....5:55, p.m.

Accom. "Annapolis".....11:30, a.m.

Accom. "Halifax".....11:35, a.m.

Pullman palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

Royal Mail Steamship Prince Rupert Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

St. John and Digby.

Leaves St. John, 8:00 a. m.; arrive in Digby, 11:00 a. m.; leave Digby 1:00 p. m.; arrive St. John 4:00 p. m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

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K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

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Sausages, and all kinds
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Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

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to be young.

"It's the way I look," he said quickly. "I am not so very young; I'm twenty-three."

"Are you?" she cried, a little wistful smile showing about her sweet, firm lips as she looked straight into his blue eyes.

"Come in. I think you should rest a while before you go up to your room. You will have the sitting-room to yourself for an hour or so."

They had come into it now, the cool, homelike place with its soft couches and cosy corners and wide open windows—a restful room, with its dark colors and sweet odors and fresh breezes.

"I guess I was tired," he said, sinking down on a couch by the window. "But this is a delightful place, and I must have forgotten. I am glad I came, Miss Willowby; I shall be as happy as a schoolboy here."

She laughed softly. "Thank you," she said simply. "My people feel very much at home."

"Why, do you know I'd forgotten that it is a boarding house? You are not in the least like a landlady." He raised his head from the cushion and looked at her. It was hard to realize that he had not known her before.

"Nevertheless, I am one, and your dinner, Mr. Allen, will be deserts, unless I go and make something at once. Please make yourself as comfortable as possible, and consider yourself quite at home."

When he was alone he began to look about him. A little table with some needlework on it stood near him. He stretched out his hand and picked up the silver thimble from the folds of the sewing. It was larger than any he had ever seen. How large and strong and white her hands were! Smiling, he fitted the thimble on his own fingers. It was too large for any of them.

"Dora's thimble is such a tiny affair. Her hands are such mines. I wonder what they are good for? Just to flutter about and look pretty, I guess." He turned the thimble about and read the words, "Dear Kitty," engraved on the wide gold band.

"Kitty. That's a love name. People never give it unless a lot of love goes with it. A good many people must love her. I wonder who does specially? Who gave her the name and the thimble? Maybe her sweetheart?" and then he laughed. Some-time the idea seemed incongruous. She was not the woman to connect with that sort of thing. "She is like mother, somehow," he mused. "A fellow feels sort of satisfied at home when she's about." He set the thimble down and leaned back on his cushion, smiling.

Through the window came the breath of the sturdy American beauties. Bees buzzed drowsily, tumbling lazily in and out. A butterfly floated slowly in and lost itself in the shadows across the room. Far away was the slow hum of the easy-going Southern city. The yellow head sank more heavily upon the crimson cushion, the blue eyes closed, and Miss Willowby's new invalid boarder was asleep.

On the next day the specialist called upon his new patient in the airy bed room upstairs. Half an hour passed and the doctor came down and called for Miss Willowby.

"I'm sorry, Miss Kate, to upset any of your plans, but I'll have to have the boy brought down. The stairs won't agree with that spine of his; and we can't shut him up. Won't you let him have this room with the small bed room beyond?"

They were standing in the sitting-room.

"Gladly, Dr. Spicor, and at once. Is—is he—"

"Of course you've heard how it happened. No? Well, there was a fire, and a child was forgotten, and he went up after it. The boy saved it, and—it's the old story."

But the great doctor said no more, and his friend dared not ask.

Lawrence was delighted when the sitting-room became his own. "For it's the homiest place I've ever dropped into; and I shall stand a chance of seeing you often, Miss Kitty." He looked at her with laughing, daring eyes as he spoke the name, "I found it on your thimble," he explained penitently, as she looked at him in

surprise.

She was very grave. "People do not usually call me by that name," she said.

"I know, but you are that to the people who love you, Miss Kitty. I should think nearly everybody would be calling you so. Did your—sweet-heart give it to you?"

His boyish face was so frank, in its half timid daring, that the stern displeasure faded from Miss Willowby's dark eyes, and she laughed brightly.

"Oh, no," she said. "I've never had a sweetheart, and I'm thirty-five."

"I know you were not that kind; and it's so much better," he said with grave approval.

"I've found life very full of hard work and genuine enjoyment, and there was never time for those things."

She arranged the last of the roses she had brought in, and smiled brightly across them.

"You are not like any woman I have known. Do you know?"—and his blue eyes darkened and his voice softened—"that you are the memory of my mother come to life? At first it puzzled me. You see mother died when I was a little fellow, and I do not remember her. But I've always needed her and loved her. There was no portrait, but a picture of her grew in my mind, and you are like it. You are the living picture."

There were tears in the boy's blue eyes, and Miss Willowby bent over the roses.

Dr. Spicor's new patient became a favorite among Miss Willowby's boarders. Miss Willowby herself found much time to devote to him. Sometimes she read for him, and once in a while he was able to keep her when it was too late for reading.

"You are tired of poor Robbie Burns and his love songs," he said, as she closed the book and looked out into growing gloom.

"No; it is only because I cannot see the words. I like the pretty verses. Besides, it is time I was looking after things outside."

"Not yet. You like the verses, and yet you were never in love?"

She laughed in her quiet, bright way. "I did not tell you that, but only that I'd never had a lover;" and a wistful smile lingered about her lips.

"But you are not the sort of woman to—to—"

"I think not," she said decidedly, a proud ring in her voice. "And yet I am able to understand. I dare say my conception of love is very defective, very far short; however, my experience has been entirely satisfactory. But all this is extremely foolish. Have you taken that last medicine?" Dr. Spicor said—

"I know, about the trained nurse. I'm not sick enough. But won't you explain what you were saying? Whom have you loved, Miss Kitty?"

"I shall have to defend myself. It was only an ideal—a creature of the imagination."

"I should have said you were the last person to—"

"Dream dreams?" she interrupted.

"But once I was a girl, and all girls are dreamers, only sometimes the dreams are spoiled. Mine never were. There was never any time for lovers and love making, and I was not the sort of girl to attract admirers, in any case. But always there were my dreams, even when I worked hardest for the children. Mother was so frail, and there was so much to be done. She has been at rest only a year; but before that, the children were settled in life, and I had only to work for her. It was easier than working for one's self. I loved her so! But that was over, too, at last; and now nobody needs me in any special way. All along there were my lovely dreams. I have never told any one before. It was too late for—but I have not missed or needed anything, for have I not had my—"

She stopped, a tender light in her soft eyes.

"What?" he asked, leaning forward in the dim light.

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"Only my ideal, my dream lover. He was always young and fair to see, always bony and good and true, always coming, coming to me." Her voice was almost a whisper now. Her face was transfigured.

Lawrence bent down and touched the fair, strong hand on the widow's ledge with his lips.

"Haven't he come at last?" I love you," he said softly.

Instantly she was the calm, practical woman again.

"Of course you do," she said in a matter of fact way. "You are sick, and I've tried to be good to you. I'll light your lamps. Mrs. Ellis is leaving on the nine o'clock express. Shall I send her to bid you good-by?"

In the flood of light she stood cool and collected, waiting for his reply.

"If you please," he stammered, his face crimson, his eyes lowered.

Almost immediately Mrs. Ellis came. "I wish I could carry a better report to Dora and Uncle Ben," she said, looking gravely at the flushed, boyish face.

"I wish you could, thank you. At least tell them that I am as happy as a lark," he said, laughing confusedly.

"I will. Dora will be coming to see you when the season is a little nearer over, along with Uncle Ben."

"Do you really think so? If only she—wouldn't!"

Mrs. Ellis laughed merrily. "Why, you had boy, you ought to be glad to see your pretty sweetheart. People say it's as good as settled between you three. Ah, there's the carriage and here's Miss Kate to hurry me off. Hope you'll soon be all right. By-by!"

The summer deepened and softened and autumn was near. Dr. Spicor wished to have his patient out of doors while the sunshine lasted. Nobody could drive like Miss Willowby, whose hands were strong and skilful, and who knew every inch of road for miles and miles.

"I'm sorry they are coming," he said, as they drove slow along. "Dora always manages to spoil things so."

"My dear say she will be very pleasant, coming fresh from your own world," Miss Willowby said brightly.

"No," she won't. Say, Miss Kitty, have you forgotten what I told you last night you read for me? I'm not such a boy as you think. I've had lots of experience, and no end of love affairs. Don't smile that way, please; I am terribly in earnest. Won't you let me be your ideal? Don't I look a little like him? I do love you, how earnestly; won't you love me, somehow? I believe you do, already." And bending forward he looked laughingly into her grave eyes. "Let's get married, and then I shall be happy, if I am—not strong. And you love me, don't you? This probably isn't what that ideal has been saying, but it's the best I can do."

She turned her cool, pale face to him, and looked calmly into his eager eyes.

"I have let you say it all now. You won't do it again, will you?" she said slowly.

"I am afraid I shall, dear Kitty," he said miserably. "You are what I've been needing all along. The girls were always unsatisfactory. Why can't I say these things to you?"

"Because I can't help to take care of you, if you persist," she answered quickly.

"Not take care of me? Then I won't be taken care of at all. That's no reason."

"It is wrong. You are simply pleased with my home, and I have been able to make you comfortable. It is a sort of gratitude, and not love."

"You know better. It isn't like you to be so unfair."

But she had stopped at the gate. Miss Willowby had always carried the invalid his tea, but to-night she was late with it.

"Set it down, please. I'm going to finish what I was saying." She placed the tray on the table and stood before him. "Dear Kitty, you know I'm right. Can't you see that I belong to you? I began to feel it when I heard your gate latch click behind me, when I came into the fragrance of your roses, when I looked into your eyes. Oh, the sweet homeliness of it all! You can't help caring for me." "I cannot."

"Then let me have my way, dear Kitty."

"Have you thought of what you are saying? Don't you see how impossible it is? I am not a young woman. Soon I shall be faded and old. You are a boy, with life all before you." Her voice was not quite steady here, but she went on: "Your friends would ridicule the idea."

"As if I were to blame for being a boy! And besides haven't you been loving a boy all along in that ideal of yours? And haven't I told you that you have always been in my heart? Don't put me off. It's bad enough to have the doctors looking graver every day."

"Hush. You may be well again."

"They haven't said so; and besides, I let me have my way."



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"But your uncle and Dora! No, it is not to be thought of."

"I have no one to please; answer me!"

"Lawrence, I will answer you five years from to-night. Your uncle will want you to try other doctors, so you will go away. Come to see me when the five years are past, and I will answer you. I shall be forty then. In the meantime do whatever you want to; of course you will not feel bound in any way. Now that is all. Please do not speak of it again!" and turning the light more fully upon the tea tray she left him.

When the stars along Miss Willowby's walk were all ablaze, Dora came—Dora, with her curly flaxen hair, yellow brown eyes, and dimpled, peach blow face. She was pretty as a flower as she came up the walk in the drift of autumn leaves that fell from the elms all about her like a shower of gold. Nobody noticed that Miss Willowby's lip quivered as she held the tiny gloved hand.

Behind the pretty vision came Uncle Ben, an old man with fierce, grizzled side whiskers, and small, fiery eyes.

"Oh, Larry, how do you do look! Oh, have you actually been shut up in this dreadful place all summer? It was really heavenly at Saratoga. Are you getting worse, Larry?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Dora. Nobody has told me. It may be the way folks get well. Anyhow I'm snug and happy."

"Oh, dear me, don't talk so. Uncle Ben, don't let him! I'm afraid you must be going to die, you know."

Uncle Ben scowled fiercely, and Miss Willowby, laughing in her cheery way, took Dora out.

"Now you know what I meant," Lawrence said to Miss Willowby next morning. "Girls are—unsatisfactory."

"But this is a wonderfully pretty one," she said, shaking up a cushion.

"Pretty—yes, she's that, and nothing more. Do you know, the doctors were graver than ever this morning? Not even Spicor could get up a smile. Of course you saw them." He smiled as he stood unsteadily before the small, bright fire that crackled on the hearth.

"Dear Kitty, I am surely not doing well. Only think, I—hush, that was my name. He is in the hall. Be still—I will hear!"

With his bright eyes holding her, he listened. The hall door was ajar. Yes, Uncle Ben was speaking in a high, impatient voice.

"Bravery, indeed! And he will find out about the bank failure. The boy is ruined. I tell you, Dora, you must help him. He glories in his misfortune, scouring you to you. Not engaged? Who cares! It has always been my plan to marry you two, and you said you loved him. Get him to propose now, and marry the boy at once."

Then Dora's trouble came to them.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

After....
Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into mole-hills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Small illustration of a person in a hammock.