

# THE ACADIAN AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1898.

No. 28.

Vol. XVII.

## 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 the rate of one cent per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transmission of advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to the insertion.

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

Negatives, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the copy in order that a satisfactory signature may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE  
Office 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 10:00 a. m.  
Express east close at 4:00 p. m.  
Local close at 6:40 p. m.  
Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

PROVINCIAL BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.  
G. W. MURPHY, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Pastor, Bertie; Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. R. Y. P. U. Service of Song and prayer-meeting, 6:30 to 7:30 p. m. School of Christian Endeavor on Tuesday evening and church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSIONARY SERVICES.—Sunday 11 a. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. At 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. Chairman's Church, Wolfville. Public Worship on Sunday 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on 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 services are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenway, preaching at 7:30 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer-meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. 4th and 5th at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. ROBERT C. HUND, Rector.  
Robert W. Storer, J. Warden.  
S. J. Rutherford, Secy.

St. FRANCIS (R.O.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Rector. 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 S. O. 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 Blimdon, I. O. F. meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 p. m.

THE  
"White is King of All"  
White Sewing Machine Co.  
Cleveland, Ohio.  
Thomas Organs

FOR SALE BY—  
Howard Pineo,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.  
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

AGENTS sell "Klondike Gold Fields" like a whirlwind. Experienced canvassers reaping the richest harvest of their lives; new beginners—doing wonders. Nearly everybody subscribes. One young fellow saw a form at \$12 a month making \$75. A lady typewriter at \$3 a week is clearing \$11. A mechanic who had earned \$150 a day is clearing \$5 a day. We want more agents. Canvassing with 25 cents, worth \$1.

BRADLEY GARRISON COMPANY,  
LIMITED, TORONTO.



## SOME OF OUR SPRING GOODS HAVE ARRIVED, AND MORE TO COME!

It is as STYLISH an assortment of Goods as can be shown in the PROVINCE.

After one of the best Winter's trade in our experience we are able to offer these goods at prices that are bound to sell them.

HOW IS THE TIME!  
To get your Spring Suit or Overcoat. You could shut your eyes and select from our Stock and run no chance of getting a poor suit. They are all good.

Laundry Agency in connection.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,  
Noble Crandall,  
MANAGER.  
TELEPHONE NO. 35.

## Room Paper!

Our stock is now complete and we are prepared to sell at prices which defy competition.

## All the Latest Patterns!

Including Ceiling, Ingrain, Embossed, and Sanitary Papers.

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,  
WOLFVILLE.

## Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY, Wolfville, N. S.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

## LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in  
**Crystal Palace Block!**  
Fresh and Salt Meats,  
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,  
Sausages, and all kinds  
of Poultry in stock.

W. H. DURCANSON,  
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895.

## Gastonguay Bros.,

Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in  
**Fruits, etc.,**  
Confectionery and Canned Goods of every description.

143 Argyle, & 144 & 146 Barrington Street,  
Halifax, N. S.

## George Rent,

31 Barrington St., - Halifax, N. S.  
Largest and best assortment in the province of Brass and Copper Hot Water Kettles, Brass Fire Stoves, Coal Hods and Vases, Chafin Dishes, Candelsticks, Carpet Sweepers, Table Outlets, etc.

A full line of Stoves and Ranges, Kitchen, Furnishing Goods, House Furnishing Hardware, etc. 26

## FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm on which he resides at Wallbrook, containing 200 acres of upland and 20 acres of lake. Has an orchard which has borne 500 barrels of apples, and a young one just coming into bearing, besides peaches, plums, and pears.

Apply to  
CHAR. PAINE,  
Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897.

bridge of boats, lighted by torches and Chinese lanterns of every hue. Stars broke overhead, and fell in showers. It was only possible to creep ahead by pulling in the oars and holding on to the stream of craft of all kinds that moved along by inches. Rob, who was pushing Dick and Mary, had to lay down his pole and adopt the same tactics, but boat and port were driven apart and soon tangled hopelessly in different knots.

"It is nearly eight o'clock," Dick said, after he had given up looking for the rest of the party. "You must not lose your train, Angus."

"I thought you were to stay over night, Mr. Angus," Mary said.

Possibly she meant that had she known he had to return to London she would have begun to treat him better earlier in the day, but Rob thought she only wanted to be polite for the last time.

"I have to be at the 'Wire,'" he replied, "before ten."

Mary, who had not much patience with business, and fancied that it could always be deferred until next day if one wanted to defer it very much, said, "Oh!" and then asked, "Is there not a train that would suit from Sunbury?"

Rob, blunder now than ever, thought that she wanted to get rid of him.

"If I could catch the 8:15 here," he said, "I would reach Waterloo about half-past nine."

"What do you think?" asked Dick. "There is no time to lose."

Rob waited for Mary to speak, but she said nothing.

"I had better try it," he said.

With difficulty the punt was brought near a landing stage, and Rob jumped out.

"Good-by," he said to Mary.

"Good night," she replied. Her mouth was quivering, but how could he know?

"Wait a moment," Dick exclaimed. "We might see him off, Mary."

Mary hesitated.

"The others might wonder what had become of us," she said.

"Oh, we need not attempt to look for them in this maze," her brother answered. "We shall only meet them again at the 'Taway Owl!'"

The punt was left in charge of a boatman, and the three set off silently for the station, Mary walking between the two men. They might have been soldiers guarding a deserter.

What were Mary's feelings? She did not fully realize as yet that Rob thought she was engaged to Dowton. She fancied that he was sulky because a circumstance of which he knew nothing made her wish to treat Sir Clement with more than usual consideration; and now she thought that Rob, having brought it on himself, deserved to remain miserable until she saw that it was entirely his own fault. But she only wanted to be cruel to him now to forgive him for it afterwards.

Rob had ceased to ask himself if it was possible that she had not promised to be Dowton's wife. His anger had passed away. Her tender heart, he thought, made her wish to be good to him—for the last time.

As for Dick, he read the thoughts of both, and inwardly called himself a villain for reading them out aloud. Yet by his merely remaining silent these two lovers would probably never meet again, and was not that what would be best for Mary?

Rob leaned out of the carriage window to say good-by, and Dick, ill at ease, turned his back on the train. It had been a hard day for Mary, and as Rob pressed her hand warmly, a film came over her eyes. Rob saw it, and still he thought that she was only sorry for him. There are far better and sadder things than loving a woman and getting her, but Rob wanted Mary to know, by the last look he gave her, that so long as it meant her happiness his misery was only an unusual form of joy.

Dick knew that this was untrue. He did not remember then that the good-natured lion fire forever like the others.

Evening came on before they returned to the river, and Sunbury, now blazing with fireworks, was shooting flaming arrows at the sky. The sweep of water at the village was one broad

search of him. It was barely six o'clock, which is three hours after midnight in London. The windows of the inn had darkened one by one, until for hours the black building had slept heavily with only one eye open. Dick recognized the window, and saw Rob's shadow cast on its white blind. He was standing there, looking up a little uneasily, when the porter trumped into sight.

"Is Mr. Angus often as late as this?" Mary's brother passed to ask at the gate.

"Why, sir," the porter answered, "I am on duty until eight o'clock, and as likely as not he will still be sitting there when I go. His shadow up there has become a sort of companion to me in the long nights, but I sometimes wonder what has come over the gentleman of late."

"He is busy, I suppose; that is all," Dick said, sharply.

The porter shook his head doubtfully, like one who knew the ways of literary hands. He probably wrote himself.

"Mr. Angus only came in from his office at three o'clock," he said, "and you would think he would have had enough of writing by that time. You can see his arm going on the blind though yet, and it won't be out of his common if he has another long walk before he goes to bed."

"Does he walk so late as this?" asked Dick, to whom six in the morning was an hour of the night.

"I never knew such a gentleman for walking," replied the porter; "and when I open the gate to him he is off at six miles an hour. I can hear the echo of his feet two or three streets off. He doesn't look as if he did it for pleasure, either."

"What else would he do it for?" "I can't say. He looks as if he wanted to run away from himself."

Dick passed out, with a forced laugh. He knew that since saying good-by to Mary at Sunbury Station, Rob had hardly dared to stop working and face the future. The only rest Rob got was when he was striding along the great thoroughfares, where every one's life except his own seemed to have a purpose. But it was only when he asked himself for what end he worked that he stopped working. There were moments when he could not believe that it was all over. He saw himself dead, and the world going on as usual. When he read what he had written the night before, he wondered how people could be interested in such matters. The editor of the "Wire" began to think of this stolid Scotsman every time there was a hitch in the office, but Rob scarcely noticed that he was making progress. It could only mean ten or twenty pounds more a month; and what was that to a man who had only himself to thank for, and had gathered a library on twenty shillings a week? He bought some good cigars, however.

Dick, who was longing for his father's return from the Continent so that the responsibility of this miserably business might be transferred to the colonel's shoulders, frequently went into Rob's rooms to comfort him, but did not know how to do it. They sat on opposite sides of the very silently on the hearth-rug which Mary had once made a remark about—Rob had looked in it at the rug after she went away—and each thought that, but for the other's sake, he would rather be alone.

What Dick felt most keenly was Rob's increased regard for him. Rob never spoke of the "Taway Owl" without an effort, but he showed that he appreciated Dick's unspoken sympathy. If affairs could have righted themselves in that way, Mary's brother would have preferred to be turned with contentment out of Rob's rooms, where, as it was, and despite his friendship for Rob, he seemed now to be only present on false pretences. Dick was formally engaged to Nell now, but he tried at times to have no patience with Rob. Perhaps he thought a little sadly in his own rooms that to be engaged is not all the world.

Dick had hoped that the misanderstanding which parted Rob and Mary at Sunbury would keep them apart without further intervention from him. That was not to be. The next time he went to Molesey he was asked why

he had not brought Mr. Angus with him; and though it was not Mary who asked the question, she stopped short on her way out of the saloon to hear his answer.

"He did not seem to want to come," Dick replied, reluctantly.

"I know why Mr. Angus would not come with you," Nell said to Dick when they were alone; "he thinks Mary is engaged to Sir Clement."

"Nonsense," said Dick. "I am sure that's not so. You know we all thought so that day we were up the river."

"Then let him think so if he chooses," Dick said, harshly. "It is no affair of his."

"Oh, it is!" Nell exclaimed. "But I suppose it would never do, Dick?"

"What you are thinking of is quite out of the question," replied Dick, feeling that it was a cruel fate which compelled him to act a father's part to Mary; and besides, Mary does not care for him like that. She told me so herself."

"Oh, but she does," Nell replied, in a tone of conviction.

"Did she tell you so?" "No, she said she didn't," answered Nell, as if that made no difference.

"Well," said Dick, wearily, "it is much better that Angus should not come here again."

Nevertheless, when Dick returned to London he carried in his pocket an invitation to Rob to spend the following Saturday at the "Taway Owl."

It was a very nice note in Mary Abinger's handwriting, and Dick would have liked to drop it over the Hungerfield Bridge. He gave it to Rob, however, and stood on the defensive.

The note began, "Dear Mr. Angus—Mrs. Meredith would be very pleased if you could—"

The blood came to Rob's face as he saw the handwriting, but it went as quickly.

"They ask me down next Saturday," Rob said, bluntly, to Dick, "but you know why I can't go."

"You had better come," miserably Dick said, defying himself.

"She is to marry Dowton, is she not?" Rob asked, but with no life in his voice.

Dick turned away his head, to leave the rest to fate.

"So, of course, I must not go," Rob continued, bravely.

Dick did not dare to look him in the face, but Rob put his hand on the shoulder of Mary's brother.

"I was a madman," he said, "to think that she could ever have cared for me, but this will not interfere with our friendship, Abinger?"

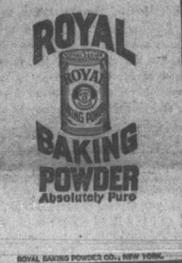
"Surely not," said Dick, taking Rob's hand.

It was one of those awful moments in men's lives when they allow, face to face, that they like each other.

Rob concluded that Mrs. Meredith, knowing nothing of his attachment for Mary, saw no reason why he should not return to the house-bell, and that circumstances had compelled Mary to write the invitation. His blundering honesty would not let him concoct a polite excuse for declining it, and Mrs. Meredith took his answer amiss, while Nell dared not say what she thought for fear of Dick. Mary read his note over once, and then went for a solitary walk round the island. Rob saw her from the towpath, where he had been prowling about for hours in hopes of catching a last glimpse of her. Her face was shaded beneath her big straw hat, and no baby-yacht, such as the Thames sports, ever glided down the river more prettily than she tripped along the island path. Once her white frock caught in a dilapidated spot, and she had to stoop to loosen it. Rob's heart stopped beating for a moment just then. The way Mary extricated herself was another revelation. He remembered having thought it delightful that she seldom knew what day of the month it was, and having looked on in an ecstasy while she searched for the pocket of her dress. The day before, Mrs. Meredith had not been able to find her pocket, and Rob had thought it foolish of ladies not to wear their pockets where they could be easily got at.

Rob did not know it, but Mary saw him. She had but to beckon, and in three minutes he would have been across the ferry. She gave no sign,

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

however, but sat dreamily on the ramshackle seat that patient anglers have reared until the Thames fishes must think seat and angler part of the same vegetable. Though Mary would not for worlds have let him know that she saw him, she did not mind his standing afar off and looking at her. Once after that Rob started involuntarily for Molesey; but realizing what he was about by the time he reached Sarbiton, he got out of the train there and returned to London.

An un-a-way feeling possessed Dick at Mary knew of the misunderstanding which kept Rob away, and possibly even of her brother's share in fostering it. If so, she was too proud to end it. He found that if he mentioned Rob to her she did not answer a word. Nell's verbal experiments in the same direction met with a similar fate, and every one was glad when the colour reappeared to take command.

Colonel Abinger was only in London for a few days, being on his way to Glen Quarilty, the tenant of which was already telegraphing him glorious figures about the grouse. Mary was going, too, and the Merediths were shortly to return to Stibbeston.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Foot Ball and Life Insurance.

The editor of the Medical Examiner, referring to the destructive game of football, says that those who engage in it are not fit subjects for life insurance. He says that recent changes in the rules have not reformed the practice of the players sufficient to make the game safe for those wishing to avoid a probable life injury or sudden death. He quotes from Dr. Amblin, who carefully compiled from the *Lancet* a table of casualties occurring in Great Britain in a single year. The total was 108 "grave injuries," among which was one severe injury, in itself, resulting in death in two days; six abdominal injuries, fatal; one accident followed by lockjaw and death; twenty fractures of collar bones, three of legs, three cases of concussion of brain, and various other injuries of spine, and internal injuries.

## Ink Spots.

He who of everything some knowledge shows, perchance of no one thing but little knows.

He who by patient toil achieves his end, will ever look on labor as his friend.

The wisest man of all, as mankind goes, is that rare being who himself well knows.

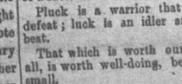
The right deed at the proper time and place has sometimes changed the fortunes of a race.

Heed is a warrior that knows not defeat; luck is an idler any fool can beat.

That which is worth our doing, if at all, is worth well-doing, be it great or small.

The constant effort in this world that wins; but one man finishes where ten begin.

It was an Aberdeen landlord who raised the roof of one of his houses because the walls bulged out, and therefore made the house larger.



RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.

## A MAGICAL LIFE-SAVER.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells at night, pain in region of heart, headache, may be accompanied, causing, headache, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, aches or palpitates, it is heart trouble, and if life is valued treatment must be taken. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the only remedy yet discovered which will always give relief in 30 minutes, and cure absolutely.

For sale by Geo. V. Rand.