

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1897.

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### THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

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be made known an application to the

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party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-

stantly receiving new type and material,

and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

on all work turned out.

News 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 communi-

cation, although the name may be written

over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 3.30 p. m.

Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15

a. m.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter,

Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11

a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

Half hour prayer-meeting after evening

service every Sunday, B. Y. P. U. Young

People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday even-

ing at 7.30 o'clock and regular Church

prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at

7.30. Women's Mission Aid Society

meets on Wednesday after the first Sun-

day in the first Sunday in the month at

3.30 p. m.

COLIN W. BOSCOCK, Fishers

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M. Macdonald, A. A. Pastor, 35 Andrew's

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Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday

School at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-

nesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church

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at 9 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

seats are free and strangers welcomed at

all the services.—At Greenwich, 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. and at 11 a. m., 24, 4th and 5th at

8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30

a. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Stors, Wardens.

S. J. Sutherland, }  
Wardens.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,

P. P.—Mass at 1.00 a. m. the first Sunday of

each month.

Ma tonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,

meets at their Hall on the second Friday

of each month at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. C. meets

every Monday evening in their Hall

at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL BAND of Hope meets in the

Assembly Hall every Friday after-

noon at 3.30 o'clock.

Forsters.

Court Blondin, I. O. F., meets in

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THE

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White Sewing Machine Co

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Howard Pineo,

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N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.

Machines and Organs repaired. 25

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Wanted.

Man and Woman who can work hard

talking and writing six hours daily, for

six days a week, and will be content

with ten dollars weekly. Address

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Our Friends and Customers,

—WITH THE FINEST ARRAY OF—

Spring Suitings,

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Our duty alone on Scotch and English

Cloths was nearly \$1000.00.

That means the largest import order given

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—Will you benefit by it?

Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

Wolfville Clothing Company,

NOBLE CRANDALL,

MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.



## A DRESS FOR \$1.49!

### 6 Yards of Double Width Summer Dress Goods for \$1.49.

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61 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

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

First-class Work Guaranteed.

### DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE

On and after Tuesday, 1st June, 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".....	3.09, p. m.
Express "Halifax".....	5.55, p. m.
Accom. "Richmond".....	11.30, a. m.
Accom. "Halifax".....	11.35, a. m.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE (Sunday excepted).

Express for Halifax.....	5.35, a. m.
Express "Yarmouth".....	9.10, a. m.
Express "Halifax".....	3.09, p. m.
Express "Kentville".....	5.55, p. m.
Accom. "Annapolis".....	11.30, a. m.
Accom. "Halifax".....	11.35, a. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

Royal Mail Steamship Prince Rupert Daily Service (Sunday Excepted).

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.

W. R. CAMPBELL, General Manager.

K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

## 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.

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

W. H. DUNCANSON, Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

Miranda's Liniment for Rheumatism.

a settled thing. But it is not all." He waited a moment and then went on:

"It is one thing to know that someone you must die; it is another to stand face to face with Death when he holds the winning cards!"

"I can see that," Maurice said gently.

"I never was a brave man—never a good man, and I am afraid to die. It may be that I shall dread it less when I have tried to set straight some things that I have made crooked."

He stopped, but Maurice said nothing and he went on:

"You know, perhaps, that I have seen Dennis to-day?"

"Yes. Well, I have made a new will."

He looked keenly at Maurice. The frank face of the young man showed only ordinary concern.

"Maurice, when I was a young man in England I wronged a young girl bitterly."

He waited again. Maurice felt no surprise and feigned none.

"And now I must right the wrong—I must make amends," Mr Drayton resumed. "You see I married her. And then came the news of my good fortune. My cousin had chosen me for his heir. He knew nothing of my marriage with Elsie Raymond. I came to America hoping that my new fortune and my new name might make a new man of me. I hoped Elsie would not find me out. I deserted her, you see. That was more than twenty years ago. Ten years ago I met your mother and loved her—worshipped her—married her when I knew that Elsie was still alive, when I knew that a little child—"

"Sir!" Maurice Weldon's face was terrible to see as he sprang from his chair and faced his step-father.

"Just keep your seat. I don't want to be excited, Maurice. Have you no consideration? Well, I have made a new will, my child—my daughter, shall be my heiress. But I have lost all trace of her. Will you help me to find her?"

"Help you!" The young man's face was white as death and his eyes glowed like live coals.

"Help you!" he repeated, in a voice that was scarcely more than a whisper.

"You wrong my mother and then ask me to cheat her out of the price you paid her! No! As I live I shall be master of Wildmere! For my mother's sake I will compel you to keep your promise. For her sake, I who never uttered an oath before, swear it. This shame shall not touch her precious name."

The heavy sweetness of the flowers filled the room. He staggered to the door. It stood wide open, and crouching upon the threshold, her face white with horror, was Vashti Brenton.

"Maurice, my darling, let me help you!" she pleaded, holding out her hands. But he seemed not to see her.

"I can help you, let me," she went on, laying her hand on his arm.

But he passed her and went down the corridor.

She turned away and entered the room, softly closing the door.

### POETRY.

#### Nobility.

True worth is in being, not seeming—  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good—not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by-and-by.  
For whatever men say in blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our meek as we measure—  
We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight, for the children of men.  
—Alice Cary.

### SELECT STORY.

#### Wildmere.

##### CHAPTER II.

###### MISSING.

(CONTINUED.)

Maurice sat down, still smiling. He loved his step-father after a fashion. He felt grateful to him and sorry for him.

"And now let's get it over," he said lightly. "Who has been bothering the Pater this time?"

"Maurice you've never been a wicked man."

Maurice laughed, and then grew suddenly grave.

"Well, no," he said, "I've tried not to be."

"You never wanted to be," the elder man said. "Can you understand and forgive a man weaker than yourself?"

"Ought I not to forgive without understanding?" Maurice asked, a strange sweetness softening his face and voice.

"But can you—will you?"

"Why, sir, who am I to stand in judgment over another man?" Maurice asked, thinking of the vague stories he had heard of Mr Drayton's earlier life.

"Maurice, I have sinned and my time in this world is short. Sykes tells me that the summons may come at any time—at the very best I have only a short time to live."

"He may be mistaken—they often are," Maurice exclaimed.

"He is right. I know it. That is

There was a picture of Mrs Annesly in the Rector's study, and beneath it a small ebony cabinet that was never opened. Somehow the children had come to know that it contained their mother's letters and keepsakes.

The family were gathered on the vine covered piazza the morning after Dimple had met Mr Weldon in the Wildmere woods.

Dimple was reading to her father. Loys was swinging in the hammock, her eyes closed and her hands folded idly. Miss Lessie was darning the Rector's socks. There was always something to be darned at the Rectory.

The gate creaked and Mr Blair came hurriedly up the walk. It was not a lesson day, and Dimple closed her book and waited for him to join them, with some curiosity. Mr Blair had never been a favorite with her. He had been Maurice Weldon's rival, and Dimple was Mr Weldon's loyal friend.

Without waiting for the customary greetings the curate began at once to tell the news that brought him.

"The strangest thing has happened," he said, stopping on the steps and addressing Mr Annesly, something like mild excitement brightening his solemn eyes.

Mr Annesly cleared his throat and looked up with a startled "Ah!"

He seldom went beyond this in ordinary conversation.

The curate turned his angelic face toward Loys, but though her fair face flashed slightly, the white lids were not lifted.

"Yes, it is indeed mysterious," Mr Blair said still more gravely. Now it happened that Miss Lessie strongly disapproved of the sweet faced curate. She fixed her eyes sternly upon him.

"Mr Blair," she said in awful tones, "has anything occurred to justify you in disturbing the quiet of a peaceful family?"

Dimple, scenting battle in the air, let her book fall with a little crash to the floor and waited with wicked and undignified delight for the fray.

But for once Mr Blair suffered Miss Lessie to escape.

"I came at once, Mr Annesly, to tell you. It is very singular. Mr Drayton is missing."

"Missing?" Mr Annesly repeated dreamily.

"What do you mean?" Dimple asked, crossing over to the curate.

"That the master of Wildmere has disappeared. He cannot be found. His people are looking for him. I have seen Mr Weldon and Miss Brenton and they are extremely anxious."

"Is it possible? Howard Drayton gone?" Mr Annesly exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, he is missing. For some time, as you know, he has been in failing health. The last week he has been unable to leave his room. I learn that yesterday he was visited by his lawyer and doctor. After they were gone, he was found by his servant in a very weak condition. Mr Weldon was terribly upset and at once sent for Dr. Sykes, insisting that the doctor must remain all night. Mr Drayton refused to have the doctor in his room, and he slept on a lounge in the corridor before the door of the sitting-room."

"This morning Drayton did not ring as usual. The doctor waited for some time and then went through the sitting-room and knocked at the bedroom door. Again he waited, but knowing the condition of his patient's health he opened the door and went in half expecting to find Mr Drayton dead. He was not there! His door was locked. The key had been removed. There was one key in the house that fitted the lock." He turned his face to the hammock and went on: "That key belongs to Mr Weldon's door."

"The house is a large one," said Mr Annesly, with unusual interest.

"Yes, sir, but it has been searched. Besides, Dr. Sykes says that in his weak state Mr Drayton could not have walked half the length of the corridor. He was missed at seven o'clock. It was eleven when I left. They are still

searching. I am convinced that he is not there."

"You are," Miss Lessie said, with a sort of battle snort that was peculiarly her own. "You are," shaking her darning gourd at the curate. "Nonsense! A pretty noise you make over nothing. Where else could the man be?"

"But wouldn't he be wanting some breakfast?" Dimple asked, and then suddenly pressing her hands together, her little face white as death, she exclaimed: "Oh, don't you know! It is his fate! Poor Eppy Wilde's avenging angel has found him out. The masters of Wildmere never die as other men die. And he is the last of the blood."

"Hush!" Loys commanded coolly, rising gracefully from the hammock.

Dimple shrank back and Loys went on, scarcely glancing at the curate. "Mr Blair, you are certainly hungrier for sensation when you bring a story like that. Three hours to search a house that is a labyrinth of corridors and passages and queer corners."

Her voice was cold and clear as ice.

"But Miss Loys, why should there be this need of searching the place? Why would a sick man hide himself? There is something wrong at Wildmere!" With a smile he turned and went away.

Mr Annesly, comprehending dimly that something ought to be done, began to get ready to go out.

Loys followed at Miss Lessie into the house and Dimple, left alone, slipped away and ran across the hills to Wildmere.

Everything was very still. She entered the house too much excited to wait for admittance, and found her way to Mr Drayton's rooms. The door stood ajar and she went in, the influence of the uncanny Scotch story fully upon her.

No one was there. A curious feeling of desolation crept over her, chilling her warm young blood. She had known the master of Wildmere very slightly, but she felt a strange interest in him now. She stood alone in the lovely room never thinking of how she was to account for her presence there—never thinking of herself at all. She had entered boldly just as our thoughts enter where-soever they will. And the mere accident of her body having accompanied her mind seemed but a small matter.

Presently she heard voices. She drew one had entered the room. She drew back from the light and stood hidden among the shadows.

"I dread this for you, Maurice." The soft musical voice was wondrously low and sweet. Dimple heard it as one in a dream.

"Why for me especially, Vashti?"

"Have you not thought of what the outcome of it all may be in case my

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### DARK CLOUDS ROLLED AWAY.

ONE OF DEATH'S AGENTS SUB-DUEED.

Paine's Celery Compound Brings New Life to a Roxton Pond Lady.

The medicine that can rescue and save a human being after the best efforts of medical men prove unavailing should merit the careful consideration of every sick and diseased man and woman. Such a medicine is a boon to the world, an anchor of hope, protection and joy to those who have been told that they are in a hopeless condition and incurable.

Up to the present, medical science has devised but one remedy that fully meets the wants and desires of all sufferers. This wonderful medicine is Paine's Celery Compound, to which thousands in Canada to-day owe life and good health.

Here is a statement from a lady, Miss Marilla A. Bullock, of Roxton Pond, E. C., a sufferer from liver trouble, that is in every way sufficiently strong to convince the despairing, despondent and doubtful. She says:

"I think it a duty and a pleasure to write and tell you what your Paine's Celery Compound has done for me, a sufferer from liver trouble."

"Two years ago I had a very bad attack of it, and called in a doctor who relieved me of the trouble, but I still remained weak and ailing, and had another and more severe attack. I was under the doctor's care for four months, and received very little relief.

"I was very weak, not able to sit up more than a few minutes at a time. A little milk taken at meals would distress me, and I was nervous and could get but little sleep.

"Hearing what Paine's Celery Compound had done for a friend, I gave up doctoring and used your medicine. I have taken six bottles and have received much good. I am able to eat a good meal. I sleep well, seldom lie down during the day, and can drive six miles over rough roads without getting tired."

guardian is not found?"

"I have thought of nothing but trying to find him." The voice was clear and sharp after Vashti's soft tones.

"Why, Maurice, sometimes men are purposely put out of the way. It may be thought that murder has been done."

"Murder! Why, Vashti!"

"Yes, murder. And why not, Maurice?"

"But how could that be? He was safe in his own room. Who would have harmed him? I have sent for a detective."

"Have you? And only a few hours have passed since he was missed! Will not people wonder why you gave up the search so soon?"

"I don't understand you, Vashti."

"Ah, no, you do not. You heard what I said to you in this room yesterday, Maurice, you know why I said it. I am not ashamed of my love for you—I am not even ashamed that you know of it. And, Maurice, dear, I want to tell you that this love of mine must be your salvation or your ruin. Will you remember that?"

"Vashti, we must not think of ourselves now. I shall remember nothing that you would rather have me forget."

"Maurice, you will think of this again. When trouble comes to you and beautiful Loys Annesly turns from you, will you let me help you? She will fail you, Maurice. It is not you that she loves."

"Let's think of something else, Vashti. You are not yourself to-day, my dear friend."

"Maurice, I heard all that he said to you. It will be your fault if the world hears of your mother's disgrace."

"Don't speak of that to me, Vashti," Maurice said, his voice quivering with pain.

"Does it hurt you so? O, Maurice, I would give my soul to save you. Let me do it."

"Vashti, you are in a strange mood to-day. I am sure you don't know what you are saying. I must go now. If you are not happy, dear, you must know that I am very sorry."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

### Our I's and... Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about the genuineness of this medicine is settled by the fact that it is made and bottled at Lowell, Mass.

## Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dietary. No adulteration. Never cakes.