

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1897.

No. 39.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.  
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(IN ADVANCE.)  
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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.  
Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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 country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The editor of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same 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 3:30 P. M.  
Mails are made up as follows: The first train for Halifax and Windsor close at 10 A. M.  
Express west close at 9:50 A. M.  
Express east close at 2:50 P. M.  
Kentville close at 6:35 P. M.  
Geo. V. Rann, 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. MERRIN, Agent.

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. 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 4:30 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. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All 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 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesdays and 7:30 P. M. on Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

St. FRANCIS (R.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 o'clock on the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M. People's prayer-meeting on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of 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 after-noon.

Forersters.

Court Blomdon, 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.

GEO. G. HANDLEY,  
Merchant Tailor,  
9 BLOWERS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

WANTED. Teachers, Barriers, Physicians, and others of similar training, for high class polishing. Will pay forty dollars weekly and railway fare on demonstration of necessary ability.  
THE BRADLEY-GARRISON CO., L. TD., Toronto.

### NEW GOODS!

We are all ready for  
Our Friends and Customers,  
—WITH THE FINEST ARRAY OF—  
**Spring Suitings,**

that has ever been shown in  
**KING'S COUNTY.**

Our duty alone on Scotch and English  
Cloths was nearly \$10,000.  
That means the largest import order given in Nova Scotia this year.

Will you benefit by it?  
Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

**Wolfville Clothing Company.**

**NOBLE CRANDALL,**  
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.



### WE ARE SHOWING

### NOVELTIES

### IN AMERICAN

### WASH FABRICS!

Personally Selected in New York.

PRINTS, LAWNS, ORGANDI MUSLINS, &c.  
7c., 10c., 15c., 25c., up.

SAMPLES ON APPLICATION.

### W. L. Kane & Co.

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 59, 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".....3 59, p.m.  
Express "Annapolis".....11 40, a.m.  
Accom. "Halifax".....11 25, a.m.

Pullman 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. B. 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.

### POETRY.

#### Nature's Lesson.

The pink apple blossom is just out of reach.  
Though you stand on the tips of your toes—  
A lesson has Nature she wishes to teach  
You will learn it before autumn goes,  
Strive not for the blossom, nor weep at defeat,  
But patiently wait for a while—  
All things come in time—and the moments are fleet,  
Soon your frown will give place to a smile.

The blossoms will die, but the good fruit will grow.  
It will ripen in sun and in rain,  
The weight of the apple will bend the bow low—  
And the waiting will be to your gain,  
Seek not the bright buds that will fade in a day,  
But await the sweet fruit God will send.  
The buds may be high and be out of your way.

While the bows at the harvest will bend.  
—Flow! Scott Mines in May Ladies' Home Journal.

#### SELECT STORY.

#### Wildmere.

CHAPTER I.  
THE HEIR OF WILDMERE.

"How you frightened me, Mr. Weldon! I thought I had this particular bit of woods all to myself."  
—And I thought—  
"Oh yes, it is easy enough to know what you thought. But after all I'm not Loys. It was funny to see your disappointment; the pink dress is to blame. But isn't it pretty and becoming?"

She held out her dainty skirts in a pretty, coquettish way, and stepping a little nearer him lifted her lovely, questioning face close under his and waited with parting lips and laughing eyes for his answer.

"It is indeed both pretty and becoming. You remind me of—"  
"Oh no, Mr. Weldon, not of the—"  
"jackdaw, was it who stole the pea fowl's feather? Ah, poor fellow, and ah, poor me. But I don't remind you of that presumptuous bird! No? How glad I am. You see it was like this, I wanted a dress like it awfully, and

papa gave me the money to buy it, though aunt Lizzie protested stoutly. But I heard of the widow Bates being in such troubles about Fred and so—no, I just mean that I didn't get a pink dress. See?"

"Yes, I see," gravely.  
"But to-day Loys is gone visiting, and I put this on and ran away to enjoy it."  
"And you will let me stay and enjoy it with you?"

"Oh, to be sure, if you want to," she said simply, and then in a tone of anxious apology "Loys would lend it to me, but I—that is I—she stopped confused, a rosy flush covered her round, babyish face. "I didn't want her to know that I cared, and really, Mr. Weldon, I'm not often sorry that I gave mine up."

And with a toss of her short brown curls she broke into a merry laugh. "The left hand, you know," she said archly, throwing out her hands with a little depreciating gesture.

Mr. Weldon laughed. "I took advantage of one of your 'backward glances,' Dimple," he said, his lips smiling, but his eyes tender and grave. "You came away out there when your poor little hands grew tired and wanted a rest from the 'plow,' and I was mean enough to look on! Suppose it had been Mr. Blair?"

"A wful thought! But then it couldn't have been. One instinctively guards one's armor more securely in his solemn presence. That is mixing metaphors, recklessly, but you catch the idea? Oh, well," she he laughingly nodded, "that is all right. You are not Mr. Blair and I am not Loys, so we can be quite cozy and happy without an tiresome preaching or love making! I can't offer you even an inch of my shawl—I brought it to protect the pink dress you know, and it is hardly big enough; but there is a delightful log."

She waved her hand toward a fallen tree and then sank gracefully down upon the mossy earth.

Maurice Weldon threw himself down beside the log and tossed his straw hat aside. He was a very handsome man with broad shoulders and a fine head. Sometimes his grey eyes were earnest and grave, but usually there was a glad, boyish light in them, and life seemed brighter and better to those who saw his honest and wholesome delight in it. His forehead was broad and white, and a mass of soft, half curly yellow hair fell across it. This with the beautifully curved mouth, only half concealed by the drooping brows, bestowed upon his face a womanly softness that needed the manly strength of the firm, square chin. Altogether it was a most pleasing face with beauty in every line. Strong as a man's face should be, sweet as a woman's and expressive as a child's.

"Now this is comfort. What could be more to the taste of a lady man on a day like this?" He reached out his hand toward a delicate wild flower, as he spoke.

"There's a bee in the lily," Dimple said warily.

He let his hand fall upon the grass and idly watched the little insect diligently toiling in the heart of the flower.

"See," he said, "the greed for gold is not confined to sinful mortals. That little blue lily is a veritable mine, and isn't the bee a patient miner?"

"How does the little busy bee improve each shining hour—Take care, Mr. Weldon, or he will extend his improvements to the embellishment of your youthful and ingenious countenance!"

"Your levity, Miss Annelly, is equalled only by your deplorable ignorance and it is most ill timed and unbecoming," he said, with exaggerated gravity, while Dimple hung her head in mook humility.

"I am astonished," he went on, "to find one of Mr. Blair's pupils so woefully ignorant. Surely the good man's—"  
"Sweetness has been wasted on the desert air. Is that it?" she interrupted as he ceased.

"That is it. Have you not been told that the worker here are females, and they alone sting? Alas, fit emblem of—"  
"Of what—of whom?" she asked, breathlessly, bending close to him and holding her sweet little face up to his

in the pretty way that was all her own. "Say, do," with a charming smile.

"Why, of—"  
"Exactly," she said with a little contenting nod as he stopped short unable to go on.

"There's nothing like being perfectly clear and direct, you know. That admirable quality of your last remark impresses me more than its unquestionable truth. Between the two the delicate beauty of your comparison is lost! And now the miner is gone with him—I mean her—find" and the drones will eat it all up!" she said looking after the bee as it flew away.

"No, I think it is for the baby bees, but I must be careful not to go beyond my depth; I am not learned in bee lore."

"No? Oh, well, I am sure some, body else will enjoy the fruit of the poor creature's toil. It was ever thus," with a ridiculously overdone sigh, "Are you not even now looking forward to Wildmere?" she asked.

"But Wildmere isn't the fruit of the good Pater's toil," he argued.

"He never told, I am sure. But sometimes somebody must have worked for the money," she persisted, her whole manner changed. The gay mood was gone, and with an expression of dreamy thoughtfulness darkening the blue of her lovely eyes she turned her face toward the west where, in the morning sunshine, rose the tall turrets and pointed gables of Wildmere.

"I fear me not. Indeed I quite shudder to think how the wealth of the old Scotchman was obtained," Maurice said, shaking his head and looking at her with sorrowful disapproval.

"I can't let you make fun of Mr. Blair," she said laughing, "but that was excellently done, that look. I feel quite as if the wicked Scotchman's soul had taken possession of my body. I positively trembled under that look."

"Perhaps it has—the guilty soul could hardly find a safer hiding place. Who would suspect him of lurking behind those baby eyes?" He laughed at her little shudder.

"Transmigration: Is that it? No, no. My soul is my own, that at least," with a sudden quiver in the bright voice, "must be mine. But this is unnecessary. Do you know about the old Scotchman? He left an evil inheritance along with the grand old place. Aunt Love told me that not one of its owners had ever died at home in his bed."

"Then the Pater is likely to break the record. If an evil fate ever had designs against him the opportunity for carrying them out must have been long years ago. There are those vague half-whispers of a jolly life in merry England before he came into the property, and of half a dozen years in Paris just after. His evil genius must have been napping, to let him get away to practical, prosaic America, marry my mother, and make me his heir."

"And with him the property passes out of the family. But how can you be sure that he has escaped?" He is still alive," she persisted.

"There's no denying that," he admitted.

"Even here his fate may find him out," she went on, a strange fascination for the gruesome subject taking entire possession of her.

"And then my time comes," he said.

"Yes," she caught her breath quickly. "If I really believed in it—the horrid superstition—I should prevent it. I would save you and my Loys. A new will should be made. Why, I'd give my life to it! But I don't believe it." In her earnestness she had risen to her feet and had stood with trembling hands and white face before him. Now she sank back to her old place and laughed softly.

"It is only that sometimes I like to frighten myself with weird fancies," she said.

"You came near frightening me, that time! What an actress you would have made. Do you want me to tell you the old story of the first owner of Wildmere? There is an old manuscript poem in strong dialect that keeps the tradition in countenance. The wicked

MaeDougal managed to secure the love and the fortune of his cousin. The poem calls her 'bonnie Eppy Wilde.' The fortune he brought to the new country, but poor Eppy was left behind, MaeDougal built Wildmere, and Eppy broke her heart. The castle is named for Eppy. They say that no little child has ever been born under the old roof, and that the property has never descended from father to son. There is a ghastly description of the laird's guardian angel changed into an avenging spirit that must follow the owner of the estate to some tragic fate, and must never relent until poor Eppy's stolen wealth is some fair young girl is given. When such a lassie comes to light let us hope that she will be properly grateful to the thrifty Scotchmen who have added so much to Eppy's stolen fortune."

"Oh, how lovely! Perhaps Loys is the girl."

"I believe she was to be of Eppy's blood, but doubtless a mere nothing like that will be overlooked. You know my step-father belongs to the original family and I am the first outsider. But I dare say the spell is broken and Loys is the fortunate maiden."

"But poor little Scotch Eppy!" Dimple said pityingly. "But wasn't she weak, to break her heart like that," she went on.

"Do you think so?" Maurice asked.

"Why, it is exactly what I should expect of you, Dimple, under similar circumstances. She was doubtless a soft, sweet little thing like you."

"Perhaps you know as little of me as you know of her," she said slowly.

"But you were never in love," he argued.

"May be not," she said, her eyes lowered and a straggly sweet smile on her lips. "Perhaps not, but I should not break my heart," she lifted her eyes to his. The quiet, steadfast light in them changed the little face wonderfully. "There is never the least need of giving way so," she went on in a funny, practical way.

"But to some women love is everything. It was to Eppy, it is to Loys," Maurice said as if the matter must be forever settled.

"It is to all women, only the 'every thing' is more or less just as the woman's soul is great or small. Yes, love is everything—so much that the tiny fraction we call our own happiness is of such little account that no good woman could make it a first consideration."

"Dimple, where have you learned all that? It is farther than I have gone, but I understand you." He had risen and was standing before her looking down with wondering eyes at the small earnest face.

"Is it farther than men ever go, but it's a way that women have," she said quietly.

"A woman's love then is greater than a man's?"

"It is different, and it is all she has herself. True love cannot be selfish. Eppy should have forgiven her lover. A woman's love gives all and asks no return."

"Why, little girl, what a strong, true woman you are—and I thought you a baby!"

She shook her curls and laughed merrily.

"And that's what I am. I haven't begun my wisdom teeth yet, and that reminds me," rising and shaking out the pink skirt, "that I am on the brink of starvation. Will you go home with me, or shall I go with you?" She held up the most innocent questioning baby face.

"Evidently something must be done. I will do anything to save you from the awful fate that threatens you. To go

Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth. This is done by Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp, nourishes the soil in which the hair grows, and, just as a desert will blossom under rain, so bald heads grow hair, when the roots are nourished. But the roots must be there. If you wish your hair to retain its normal color, or if you wish to restore the lost tint of gray or faded hair use

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

ways it's own and only reward. I shall owe you a debt of gratitude. Come."

"But the pink dress! No, I can't go. The way of the transgressor is indeed hard. I have seen the wind and I must reach the whirlwind in the form of aunt Lizzie's dinner and lecture," she said ruefully.

"Mr. Blair is getting on better than I thought," he laughed.

"Oh, yes, we get on beautifully. And now I must go. Shall I give you love to Loys? I'll be late now, and they'll catch me; they nearly always do." She threw the shawl over her arm, and crushed her little straw hat under her curls.

"Won't you let me go with you?" he asked.

"I wouldn't be safe. Aunt Lizzie is more—well, more difficult, as the English say, than is her accustomed wont" to be. To tell the truth, I ran away from a pile of darning, and aunt Love has just broken a china cup."

"My valor evaporates before aunt Lizzie," he said. "My love to Loys, please."

"Good-bye," and she ran away laughing.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

### "I AM NOW A CHANGED MAN."

"I Am Convinced That Paine's Celery Compound Has No Equal."

The Only Medicine That Produces Positive and Permanent Cures.

The declarations above are made by Mr. Charles B. Holman, 3525 King Street, West, Hamilton, Ont., a young man known to hundreds in the ambitious city.

Mr. Holman's declarations are honest and from the heart. After a siege of sickness and great danger, and failure with other medicines, friends who had advised to use Paine's Celery Compound cured by Paine's Celery Compound recommended him to use the same life saver and health restorer.

Mr. Holman, who had been so often despondent, had yet faith to do as he was advised, and a glorious reward was his. The dangerous cough, his debility, his weakness and depression of spirits that were dragging him to the grave were all banished, and he was made a new man.

He writes about his cure as follows: "In the spring of 1895 I was troubled with a cough, debility, and general depression of spirits. During the summer and autumn I used a number of medicines, but received no benefit from them. About the beginning of November I was advised to use Paine's Celery Compound. I procured the preparation and began to use it with wonderful benefit. I am now convinced, after using several bottles of this unequalled medicine, that no other can compare with it in any respect. "I am now a changed man; my health is renewed, depression of spirits is gone, my appetite is good, and I sleep well. "I will always gladly say a good word for Paine's Celery Compound."

### 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.

with you were heaven, to have you come with me—"

"Is infinitely more desirable in my present state. It means a good dinner! And aunt Lizzie is economizing in view of the wedding," she interjected quickly.

"That settles it. I must save you from aunt Lizzie's system of slow starvation. After all virtue is not all

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