

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, AUGUST 2, 1895.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:

\$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF five in advance \$4.00.

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 receipt of advertising copy will be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially invited. The price of the paper writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors and Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE—
OFFICE HOURS, 8.00 A. M. TO 3.30 P. M.
Bills are made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor place at 20 c. Express west close at 10 a. m. Express east close at 3 p. m. Kentville close at 4.00 p. m.
Geo. V. HARRIS, Post Master

PROVINCIAL BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Sunday at 12.
G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by—
COUN. W. ROBERTS, } Ushers
A. DEW BARRIS }

FRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor, 55 Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Goodland, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers are welcomed at all the services. At Greenswich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Thursdays.

St. John's Church—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH O. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Morris, } Warden
S. J. Rutherford }

St. Francis (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. on 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 7.30 o'clock.
P. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 8 o'clock.

THRESHER FOR SALE.

No. 1 Little Giant Thresher and Cleaner in use part of two seasons, in thorough repair, sold cheap for cash or on easy terms. Apply to
E. J. FAULKNER, AGENT,
Grand Pre.
or to R. L. FULLER,
39-2mos
Wolfville.

Money to Loan.

On Good Land Security!
Apply to
E. S. Crawley,
Solicitor,
Wolfville, May 23d, 1894. A

U don't hav 2 go 2 Halifax 2 get clothes. But if U want them made 2 fit, wear,

and give you a gentlemanly appearance, go to

N. L. McDONALD,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

78 - Upper Water St. - 78.

Halifax, N. S. - 32

Kline Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works is now prepared to supply

Rough & Dressed Granite

—AND—

Light Blue Granite.

SUITABLE FOR

MONUMENTAL - WORK!

The Blue Granite comes from his Quarry at Miramichi, and its quality is highly endorsed by the Geological Department at Ottawa.

Estimates given and orders filled for all classes of

DRESSED GRANITE.

JOHN KLINE,

NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,
HALIFAX.

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 Sewing Machines.

NEW BAKERY!

The subscriber having opened a first-class Bakery at the Wolfville Hotel is now prepared to supply to customers

White and Brown Bread, Cakes and Pastries of all kinds!

All orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction assured.

Mrs. Eastwood.

Wolfville, May 14th, 1895.

THE ART OF CURING

SCIENTIFIC RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA

OR ANY MUSCULAR PAINS

LIES IN USING

Menthol Plaster

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POETRY.

Rocking the Baby.

I hear her rocking the baby

Each day when the twilight comes,

And I know there's a world of blessing

and love

In the "baby bye" she hums.

I can see the restless fingers

Playing with "mamma's rings,"

And the sweet little smiling, pouting

mouth.

That to her in kissing dings,

As she rocks and sings to the baby,

And dreams as the rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,

Slower and slower now.

And I know she is leaving her good-

night kiss

On its eyes and cheeks and brow.

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,

I wonder would she start.

Could she know, through the wall be-

tween us,

She was rocking on my heart?

While my empty arms are sobbing

For a form they may not press,

And my empty heart is breaking

In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,

In the room just next to mine,

And breathe a tear in silence

At a mother's broken sobs,

For a woman who rocks the baby

In the room just next to mine.

ham.

Three years have passed away since

she last appeared in this story; she is

grown up now, somewhat lanky still,

with rather fierce dark eyes, and a

somewhat thin pronounced face. She

is the kind of girl who at eighteen is

still at angles, but there are possibilities

for her, and at five and twenty, if time

deals kindly with her, and circum-

stances are not too disastrous, she might

have developed into a handsome woman.

"What is it, Lillias?" she said now.

"Why do you look at me like that?"

"It is the same old story, Gussie,"

replied Lillias, whose brown cheeks were

paler, and her sweet eyes larger than of

old; "you are always wanting in

thought. It was thoughtless of you to

make Valentine walk home, and with

little Gerry, too. She will come in

flagged and have a headache. I relied

on your seeing to her, Gussie; when I

asked you to take the pony chaise I

thought of her more than you, and now

you're come back in it all alone, with-

out even fetching baby."

"Well, Lillias," Augusta paused

draw herself up, least against the

nearest paling, crossed her legs, and in

a provoking peevish voice began to

speak.

"With how much more of all that is

careless and all that is odious are you

going to charge me?" she said. "Oh,

of course, Gussie never said that!"

New I'll tell you what this objection-

able young woman Augusta did, and

then you can judge for yourself. I

drove to Netley Farm, and got the

butter and eggs, and then I went on to

see old James Holt, the gardener, for I

thought he might have those bulbs we

wanted ready. Then I drove up at the

turn-table, and waited for that precious

Mrs. Val of yours."

"Don't," said Lillias. "Remember

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

At last in despair Help knocked at

the door of the outer office. There

was no answer. He turned the handle,

pushed the door ajar and went in.

The room was empty. Mr. Paget's

pile of ordinary business letters lay un-

opened on his desk. Help went up to

the door of the inner room, and pressed

his ear against the keyhole. There

was not a stir within. He knocked

against a chair, and threw down a book

on purpose. If anything living would

bring Mr. Paget out it was the idea

of matters in his office. Help disarranged

matters wildly; he threw down

several books, he upset more than one

chair; still the master did not appear.

At last he knocked at the door of the

inner room. There was no response.

Then he knocked again, louder. Then

he hammered with his fists. Then he

shook the door. No response. The

inner room might as well have been a

grave. He rushed away at last for

tools to break open the door. He was

terribly frightened, but even now he

had sufficient presence of mind not to

bring a third person to share his mas-

ter's secret. He came back with a

pick-lock, a hammer and one or two

other implements. He locked the door

of the outer office, and then he set

boldly to work. He did not care what

din he made; he was past all thought

of that now. The clerks outside got

into a frantic state of excitement; but

that fact, had he known it, would have

made no difference to Help.

At last his efforts were crowned with

success. The heavy door yielded, and

flew open with a bang. Help fell for-

ward into the room himself. He

jumped up hastily. A quiet, orderly,

snug room! The picture of a fair and

lovely girl looking down from the wall!

A man with grey hair stretched on the

hearthrug under the picture! A man

with no life, no motion, no movement.

Help flew to his master. Was he

dead? No, the eyes were wide open;

they looked at Help, and one of the

hands was stretched out, and clutched

at Help's arm, and pulled it wildly

aside.

"What is it, my dear master?" said

the man, for there was that in the face

which would have melted any heart to

pity.

"Don't! Stand out of my light,"

said Mr. Paget. "Hold me—steady

me—let me get up. He's there—there

by the window!"

"Who, my dear sir? Who?"

"The man I've murdered! He's

there. Between me and the light.

It's done. He's standing between me

and the light. Tell him to move away.

I have murdered him! I know that.

Between me and the light—the light!

Tell him to move away—tell him—

tell him!"

Mortimer Paget gave a great shriek,

and covered his terrified eyes with his

troubling hands!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"What is the matter, Lillias? I did

not do anything wrong."

SELECT STORY.