

# 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.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, 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, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh B. Malt, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.; B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30; and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Others at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m.

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 9:45 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. J. E. Donkin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting 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 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.; 3d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Stone, { Wardens.  
Geo. A. Pratt, }

St. FRANCIS (R.O.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. Y. Mass 11:00 a. m. in 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 8 o'clock p. m.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

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 2:30 o'clock.

Foreriders.

Court Blootland, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

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Wolfville, March 11th, '97. 27

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## NOTICE!

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We wish to thank our friends for their patronage in the past and by fair dealing hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Write us for catalogues and prices

## STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,

### WOLFVILLE, N. S.

## DIVORCED FOR LIFE.

(Written for the Acadian.)

### CHAPTER I

Many remarks had been passed by the passengers as to what a handsome man Mr. Emerick was, and what a beautiful group he and his children made, as they stood together on the after-deck of the S. S. Matie, looking out over the broad waves of the Atlantic.

Mr. Emerick was a tall, soldierly, upright figure; and the three children, a lad of ten and two girls, one of sober countenance about twelve, the other a laughing child of five, with a mass of flaxen curls falling in confusion over her shoulders, always ready to ask questions about anything that came within her sphere of reasoning. "Papa, do the angels have Christmas? Where does their Santa Claus come from? How does he get along without snow?" Mr. Emerick was trying hard to answer all the questions put to him by the youthful

questioner. Selling the old home in Quebec he moved to Halifax, that his children might never know of their mother's faults. And now nearly two years had elapsed since the divorce.

It was by the pressing invitation of a sister in Montreal, that had determined him to take a trip to that city for his Christmas holidays, and as the Matie was considered one of the best coasting steamers on the St. Lawrence, and was due to arrive in Montreal on Christmas Eve, they had taken their passage by her accordingly.

The nurse had taken the children into their cabin for dinner, Earle leading his little sister Olla, so as to keep her out of mischief, and Zillah walking thoughtfully behind. The sun was shining brightly, and every person seemed to be enjoying the voyage. Mr. Emerick, turning to go in search of a book, found himself face to face with a woman wearing the dark blue uniform, with the white cuffs and capstrings, of a nurse. She was a very pretty woman, with dark, wavy hair, and lips as soft and red as a child's, but her lips and cheeks blanched to a deathly pallor, and those dark eyes grew wide as they met the undisguised horror of his.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "You here!"

For an instant her white face flushed. "I didn't know—I had no idea I came on board without taking any notice of any of the passengers. It was just a moment ago I heard a voice like—like my baby Olla. Oh let me—, for it now dawned upon her that her children were on board. "Are they here? Is it possible—let me—let me—"

"Wait!" he said. The frantic excitement in her eyes, her start forward, had brought back Mr. Emerick's self-control as completely as he had lost it, speak to you. I have no choice. You must give me a minute first. Please wait here."

He was gone as he spoke, and though she divined his purpose yet she moved not. He hurried at the door to the gunnery and gave her orders not to let the children leave their room until they reached Montreal, and then wait for his command. When he returned to deck he was cool and collected, and stood before the lady, who had dropped into a bench, as if unable to stand, and was trembling from head to foot.

"Oh! let me see my children!" was her first cry. "Oh, will you let me see my children?"

"Never, while I can prevent it." The words were spoken low and quietly, for never was there a man who could control himself better than Merrill Emerick.

"Merrill, can you be so cruel? Think what they are to me—my children—and nearly two years have passed since I saw the dear, sweet—I never guessed you were on board. I was on my way to join—"

"You can tell that by my dress. It isn't a sham. I wanted to be doing something useful. Merrill, have mercy! You have them always, surely you won't prevent our being together for the short time we will be on board this ship?"

"I most surely will—for your sake as well as for theirs. Do you know they believe you are dead?"

"What? Could you be so cruel as to tell them I was dead?"

"You died to them when you left your home and ceased to be their father's wife. They think you are in Heaven."

The clear sky had become overcast; by clouds, and a sharp, sudden shower

There were a few people, however, who thought that Mrs. Emerick had sustained rather hard measures in this last event; people who asserted that folly and imprudence, however reckless, do not necessarily imply guilt, and who spoke of her as a sensitive, affectionate creature, a spoiled child, wilful and exacting, but an adoring mother, and violently in love with her husband and children. When the time for separation came, Mr. Emerick settled on his former partner a yearly income of \$500. This his many friends thought more than she deserved who had marred the happiness of his life and dishonored his name.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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turned up to his, her lips trembling. "Well?" he said. He had guessed instantly, and the prospect of fresh trouble was almost too much for him at the moment.

"Papa, I—have you seen—a lady—a lady in a nurse's dress, on board this ship?"

"In a nurse's dress? What of her?"

"Papa, I saw her just now. She was going into her cabin, and she didn't see me. She had her handkerchief to her eyes, but as she opened the door I saw her face. It—it was so like—no, not like; it was mother's face, the very same."

"What do you mean?" he said sharply. "Why, Zillah, are you mad to be trembling all over in this way about a chance likeness?"

"Papa, it wasn't a likeness, it was—everything—the face, the hair, even the way she moved. Only for the dress it would have been mother."

"If your mother had been alive, you mean; but, as you know, she is dead—"

"Yes, Papa; but—"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

## Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The servant who came in answer to her call, that he was in the room. He at once asked for Mrs. Penrose. When she came in where Kirk was standing, in the reception room, she surprised him by greeting him very warmly by name. He had merely met her at the time of Mr. Gilbert's illness, but not more than once or twice, and then very briefly.

She was a woman of great tact, and she made Kirk feel at ease. She had not the remotest idea that he was in love with Dorothy, or what was the object of his call, and in a few minutes, seeing this, he made up his mind what to do.

"Dorothy is down by the beach with Mr. Raleigh. They will be back for tea. You have met him, Mr. Kirk? I would be pleased to have you stay and take tea with us."

"Thank you, I shall be glad to do so," replied Malcom promptly. All the while he was fast arriving at a determination to tell Mrs. Penrose what he had come for.

"I believe you met Mr. Raleigh while you were abroad? He was telling us something about you this morning."

"Was he?" said Malcom Kirk quietly. "Yes, I met him on the Cephalonia going over. We had several little visits together. I enjoyed them."

Mrs. Penrose was sitting where she could see, from the reception-room window, the stretch of beach. She looked out and said: "I don't see them coming yet. They will be here soon, I think. You were saying, Mr. Kirk, that you enjoyed meeting Raleigh. Excuse me if I say that he spoke in warmest terms of you. He told us about your care of that poor baby. He wondered—what became of

it afterwards."

"It's quite a long story," said Kirk, "but pardon me, Mrs. Penrose, if I don't try to tell it now. I want to tell you why I am here. I love your niece, and I am going to ask her to be my wife."

### CHAPTER VI.

He had come directly to his subject, feeling that it was best so. Mrs. Penrose looked at him in the greatest astonishment.

"You—love—Dorothy?" she said slowly.

"Yes," replied Malcom Kirk, simply. "I have loved her for four years. Ever since I entered the seminary, in fact."

Mrs. Penrose sat still and looked more keenly at the awkward, homely figure in her reception-room. She was a woman of great quickness of perception. To do her justice, she had pre-eminently a large fund of fairness and a sense of justice which came to her through a long line of Pilgrim ancestors. She saw in the man who had just declared his love for her niece as abruptly something more than a common, average man. There was a look in his eye that spoke of limited endurance, and his voice was of an unusual quality, very nearly if not quite equal to a rare gift of music or art.

She rose and walked over to the window and looked far down the beach.

"What you have so suddenly told me, Mr. Kirk, is, I need not say, a complete surprise to me. I suppose you know that Mr. Raleigh is a lover of Dorothy."

"No more than I am," said Malcom Kirk, quickly.

"I suppose you know he is an old friend of the family, and that Mr. Gilbert favored his suit?"

"That has nothing to do with my love for her," said Malcom Kirk, softly.

Mrs. Penrose smiled slightly. Then she frowned and looked somewhat vaguely.

"I am going to ask Dorothy Gilbert to be my wife."

"If she loves you?" said Mrs. Penrose a little grimly.

"Of course, if she loves me," replied Malcom Kirk, simply.

There was silence in the room. A servant came in quietly and lighted two long candles on the mantel. The dusk and the candle light blended together softly, and Malcom Kirk looked out of his side of the room at Dorothy's aunt with a somewhat pale face, calm, however, and fully self-possessed. Even Francis Raleigh, with all his inherited instincts towards gentlemanly habits, was not equal to Malcom Kirk during a supreme crisis.

Mrs. Penrose went over to the window again. Then she returned and took a seat nearer Malcom Kirk.

"Of course, after what you have told me, Mr. Kirk, it will be—you see the awkwardness of the situation—it will be embarrassing for you and Mr. Raleigh to meet."

"Why?" asked Malcom Kirk.

"Well, it will, won't it?" she asked in some slight irritation.

"I don't think so. I have nothing to be embarrassed about."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.