

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1895.

No. 421

Vol. XIV

### 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 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 in all work turned out.

Every communication 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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office--whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not--is responsible for the payment.

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Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:30 a. m.  
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Express east close at 4:30 p. m.  
Kentville close at 6:45 p. m.  
Geo. V. Ross, Post Master.

**PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.**  
Incorporated in N. S., 1894.  
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 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Prayer meeting every Sunday, Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by  
COLIN W. ROSS, } Ushers  
d. W. BASS }

**FREBYERIAN CHURCH**--Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor, at Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.; Gleaner's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m.; Prayer meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

**METHODIST CHURCH**--Rev. Oscar Greenwood, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, noon. Prayer School at 12 o'clock, evening at 7:30. All the songs are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwood, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursdays. Preyer 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.; 3rd, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

**REV. ROBERT C. HIND, Rector.**  
Robert W. Storey, } Wardens  
S. J. Burdett }

**St. FRANCIS (R.O.)**--Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. P.--Mass 11 o'clock 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 o'clock p. m.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

**Temperance.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. 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 3 o'clock.

**THRESHER FOR SALE.**  
1 No. 1 Little Giant Thresher and Cleaner in use part of two seasons, in thorough repair, sold cheap for cash on easy terms. Apply to  
F. J. FAULKNER, AGENT,  
Grand Pr.

or to R. L. FULLER,  
39--2mo  
Wolfville.

**Bonnett H. Armstrong, LL. B.**  
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.  
Office: Main St., Wolfville.

**Money to lend on mortgage.**

**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 Nictaux, 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,  
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**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

**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.

**W. J. Balcom**

has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell all kinds of Real and Personal Property at a moderate rate.

**MEAT!**

You will find us at our new stand in  
**Crystal Palace Block!**  
**Fresh and Salt Meats,**  
**Hams, Bacon, Bologna,**  
**Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.**

**Davidson & Duncanson.**  
Wolfville, Jan. 17th, 1894.

**H. H. HARRISON, JAS. HARRISON**  
TELEPHONE NO. 949.  
**Harrison Bros.**

Agents for  
**Canada Stained Glass Works.**  
Dealers in Sand-out, Embossed, Bent and Bevelled Glass, Mirror Plates, Etc.

Plain and Artistic Painters; Importers of Wall Paper and Decorations.  
Showrooms: 54, Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

**Money to Loan.**  
On Good Land Security!  
Apply to  
**E. S. Crawley,**  
Solicitor,  
Wolfville, May 22d, 1894.

**Dr. DeWitt,**  
OFFICE IN HIS RESIDENCE, MAIN ST., WOLFVILLE. 7-4

**Miss F. E. Davison,**  
DRESS-MAKER,  
N. S.  
Wolfville,  
All kinds of Mantle and Dress Making in the Latest Styles. Rooms in F. J. Porter's building, up-stairs.

### POETRY.

Days.  
JOHN HALL INGRAM

What is the message of days, what is the thought they bring--  
Days that darken to winter, days that sweeten to spring?

Is there a lore to learn? Is there a truth to be told?  
Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed from the old?

Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day,  
What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say?

Silence for eye and ear, and the heart-beats never cease  
Till tell and life and the day are the night and death and peace.

---Scribner's---

### SELECT STORY.

**A Life for a Love.**

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.--Continued.

The two occupied a compartment to themselves. Suzanne felt wide awake, talkative, and full of intense curiosity; but Valentine was strangely silent. She ceased either to laugh or to talk. She drew down her veil, and establishing herself in a corner kept looking out at the swiftly passing landscape. Once more the fear which had haunted her during the night returned. Even now, perhaps, she would not be in time!

Then she set to work chiding herself. She must be growing silly. The *Esperance* did not leave the dock until noon, and her train was due at Southampton soon after eight. Of course there would be lots of time. Even her father who was to follow by the later train could reach the *Esperance* before she sailed.

The train flew quickly through the country, slackened speed--presently it reached its destination.

Then for the first time Valentine's real difficulties began. She had not an idea from which dock the *Esperance* was to sail. A porter placed her luggage on a fly. She and Suzanne got in, and the driver asked for directions. No, the *Esperance* was not known to the owner of the hackney coach.

When the porter and the cabman questioned Mrs. Wyndham she suddenly felt as if she had come up against a blank wall. There were miles of ships all around. If she could afford no clue to the whereabouts of the *Esperance* the noon of another day might come before she could reach the dock where it was now lying at anchor.

At last it occurred to her to give the name of her father's shipping firm. It was a great name in the city, but neither the porter nor the cabman had come under its influence. They suggested, however, that most likely the firm of Paget Brothers had an office somewhere near. They said further that that was such an office she should go to, and it did not sail until twelve o'clock, and it did not sail until noon. Yes, there was now not the most remote doubt she was in good time. And yet, and yet--still she felt time. Still her heart beat with a miserable, ever-overpowering sense of coming defeat and disaster. Good cabman--defeat and disaster. Ah, yes, how faster yet, and faster. Ah, yes, how they were flying! How pleasant it was to be bumped and shaken, and jolted--to feel the ground flying under the horse's feet, for each moment brought her nearer to the *Esperance* and to Gerald.

At last they reached the dock. Valentine sprang out of the cab. A sailor came forward to help with her luggage. Valentine put a sovereign into the cabman's hand.

"Thank you," she said, "oh, thank you. Yes, I am in good time."

Her eyes were full of happy tears, and the cabman, a rather hardened old villain, was surprised to find a snip rising in his throat.

"Which ship, lady?" asked the sailor, touching his cap.

"The *Esperance*, one of Paget Brothers' trading vessels. I want to go on board at once; show it to me, Suzanne, you can follow with the luggage. Show me the *Esperance*, good man, my husband is waiting for me."

"You don't mean the *Esperance*, bound for Sydney?" asked the man.

"I want to get news of the ship called the *Esperance*."

"Office don't open till nine," he would have pushed the door to; but Suzanne stepping forward deftly put her foot in.

"Mine good boy, be civil," she said.

"This lady has come a long way, and she wants the tidings she asks very sore."

The office boy looked again at Valentine. She certainly was pretty; so was Suzanne. But the office really did not open till nine, and the boy could not himself give any tidings.

"You had better step in," he said.

"Mr. Jones will be here at nine. No, I don't know nothing about the ship."

It was now twenty-five minutes past eight. Valentine sank down on the dusty chair which the boy pushed forward for her, and Suzanne stood impatiently by her side.

Outside, the cabman whistled a cheerful air and stamped his feet. The morning was cold; but what of that? He himself was doing a good business; he was certain of an excellent fare.

"Suzanne," said Valentine suddenly. "Do you mind going outside and waiting in the cab. I cannot bear anyone to stare at me just now."

Suzanne obeyed. She was not offended. She was too deeply interested and sympathetic.

The slow minutes passed. Nine o'clock sounded from a great church near, and then more gently from the office clock. At three minutes past nine a bilious-looking clerk came in and took his place at one of the desks.

He started when he saw Valentine. He opened a ledger, and pretended to be very busy.

"Can you tell me, at once, please, from which dock the *Esperance* sails?" asked Mrs. Wyndham.

Her voice was impressive, and sharp things were slow and dull at this hour of the morning, and she was a novelty. He could have given the information at once, but it suited him best to dangle over it. Valentine could have stamped with her increasing impatience.

The clerk, turning the leaves of a big book slowly, at last put his finger on an entry.

"*Esperance* sails for Sydney 25th inst., noon. Albert and Victoria docks."

"Thank you, thank you," said Valentine. "Are those docks far away?"

"Three miles off, madam."

"Thank you."

She was out of the office and in the cab almost before he had time to close his book.

"Drive to the Albert and Victoria Docks, instantly, coachman. I will give you a sovereign if you take me there in less than half an hour."

Never was horse beaten like that. Abby's, and Valentine, the most tender-hearted of mortals, saw the whip raised without a pang. Now she was certain to be in time; ever allowing for delay she would reach the *Esperance* before twelve o'clock, and it did not sail until noon. Yes, there was now not the most remote doubt she was in good time. And yet, and yet--still she felt time. Still her heart beat with a miserable, ever-overpowering sense of coming defeat and disaster. Good cabman--defeat and disaster. Ah, yes, how faster yet, and faster. Ah, yes, how they were flying! How pleasant it was to be bumped and shaken, and jolted--to feel the ground flying under the horse's feet, for each moment brought her nearer to the *Esperance* and to Gerald.

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## STRAINING EVERY NERVE

Are we to keep up with the avalanche of orders that our Patrons have entrusted to us.

OUR STYLES OF MILLINERY

have captured the entire country and the country has nearly captured us. We most earnestly thank our multitude of customers, who have honored us with commands for bearing with us for the moment till we have caught our breath. Our staff of help is complete, and orders given in now will receive our usual prompt attention.

**LE BON MARCHÉ, HALIFAX, N. S.**

HALIFAX, N. S. TELEPHONE 1041.

Only, however, with regard to very trivial matters.

When he arrived at Southampton on the evening of the 24th, he went at once on board the *Esperance*.

"We shall sail at noon to-morrow," he said to the captain.

Captain Jellyby was a pleasant old salt, with a genial, open, sunburnt face, and those bright peculiar blue eyes which men who spend most of their lives on the sea often have, as though the reflection of some of its blue had got into them.

"At noon to-morrow," replied the captain. "Yes, and that is somewhat late; but we shan't have finished coaling before."

"But we stop at Plymouth surely?" "Well, perhaps. I cannot positively say. We may be able to go straight on to Tenerife."

Gerald did not make any further comments. He retired to his cabin and unpacked one or two things, then he went into the saloon, and taking up a book appeared to be absorbed with its contents.

In reality he was not reading. He had written a desperate letter that morning, and he was held even now in this moment of bitterness by a desperate hope.

Suppose Valentine suddenly found her slumbering heart awake? Suppose his words, his wild, weak and foolish words, stung it into action? Suppose the wife cried out for her husband, the awakened heart for its mate. Suppose she threw all prudence to the winds, and came to him? She could reach him in time.

He could not help thinking of this as he sat with his hand shading his eyes, pretending to read in the state saloon of the *Esperance*, the vessel which was to carry him away to a living death.

If Valentine came, oh, yes, if Valentine came, there would be no death. There might be exile, there might be poverty, there might be dishonor, but no death. It would be all life then--life, and the flush of a stained victory.

He owned to himself that if the temptation came he would take it. If his wife loved him enough to come to him he would tell her all. He would tell her of the cruel promise wrung from him, and ask her if he must keep it.

The hours flew by; he raised his head and looked at the clock. Nine o'clock, to himself; he was treated with

the clock struck ten, it was a beautiful starlight night. All the other passengers who had already come on board were amusing themselves on deck.

Gerald was alone in the saloon. Again there was a sound a little different from the constant cries of the sailors.

Captain Jellyby's name was shouted, and there was a rush, followed by renewed activity. Gerald rose slowly, shut his book, and went on deck. It was a dark night although the sky was clear and full of stars. A man in an overcoat and collar turned up over his ears brushed past Wyndham, made for the gangway and disappeared.

"Good heavens--how like that man was to old Helps. I cannot positively say. We may be able to go straight on to Tenerife."

He thought his imagination had played him a trick, for what could bring Helps on board the *Esperance*. Presently the captain joined him.

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Two Clergymen Agree.  
Rev. P. C. Howley, 697 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. "Although I have not given testimonials of so-called 'Proprietary Medicines,' I can fully endorse the one written by my friend, the Rev. George M. Adams, D. D., of Auburn, Mass., which gave me considerable relief in the remedy before using it. Of all the preparations for dyspepsia the troubles I have known, K. D. C. is the best, and seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one."

Dr. Adams' statement is:--"I recommend K. D. C. very strongly; in my case it has proved singularly efficient; when I could find nothing else to give relief, it was a prompt remedy. I should be unwilling to be without it."

"Aley and May have tabbed ham-mocks." "Why?" "One was the cause of their first falling out."

**ECONOMY IS WEALTH.**

If your clothes show signs of wear have them dyed at

**UNGAR'S.**

You won't have to buy new ones.

All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry Work done at Halifax prices. Ungar's gives satisfaction.

LOCAL AGENTS: 31  
**Rockwell & Co.,**  
Wolfville, N. S.