

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1897.

No. 12.

Vol. XVII.

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 advertisements. Station 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.

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

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Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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Mails are made up as follows:
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PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed
on Saturday at 1 P. M.
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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Croter,
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. F. U. Young
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at 7.30 O'clock and regular Church
prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at
7.30. Woman's Mission and Society
meets on Wednesday after the first Sun-
day of the first Sunday in the month at
8.30 P. M.

St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every
Sunday at 11 A. M., and at 7 P. M. Sunday
School at 1.30 P. M. Gladstone Church,
Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday
at 3 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph
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at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school
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on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the
deeds 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 Wednesdays.

St. John's Church—Sunday services
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion
at 11.45 A. M. at 11 A. M.; 1.45 and 5th at
6 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7.30
P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Farris, {
S. J. Rutherford, {
Wardens.

St. Francis (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
F. P., Mass 11.00 A. M. the fourth Sunday of
each month.

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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 No. 617 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 at 3.30 O'clock.

Forsters.
Court Blomidon, K. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the first and third
Fridays of each month at 8 P. M.

White Sewing Machine Co.

Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Organs

FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pinese,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil,
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

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

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.



FALL STOCK AND FALL STYLES!

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.,
Are already in full swing with fall orders.
—FRESH NEW PATTERNS IN—
Imported and Domestic Cloths,
And the latest ideas in Style, Fit and Finish,
Combining to make us the most popular
Custom Tailors of Kings County.

SEE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

The Wolfville Clothing Company,
NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.
Sole Agency of Empire Laundry.

Property for Sale in Wolfville!

Dwelling containing nine rooms, be-
sides bath-room and kitchen, with hot
and cold water, and all modern improve-
ments; good outbuildings; three acres of
land with apple, pear, plum and cherry
trees, small fruits. Conveniently situated
near schools, churches, post office, etc.
Part of purchase money may remain on
mortgage if desired. For further particu-
lars apply to
MRS. H. D. HARRIS.

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

First-class Work Guaranteed.

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

AT IT AGAIN

This Season of the Year Prepare
for Fall and Winter.

Will give us pleasure to show you
our late Importations and

N. L. McDONALD, MERCHANT TAILOR.

"Acadia Corner,"
Cor. Belle Lane and Water St.

FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale the farm
on which he resides at Wallbrook, con-
taining 200 acres of upland and 20 acres
of dike. Has an orchard which has borne
600 barrels of apples, and a young one
just coming into bearing, besides peaches,
plums, and pears.

Apply to
CHAS. PAINE,
Wallbrook, Sept. 20th, 1897. 17

Land For Sale.

About three acres of cultivated land
on west side of Highland avenue, south
of Foster property. Apply at
ACADIAN OFFICE.

WANTED—Agents for Queen Victoria, Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee.

Containing with latest and richest pictures. Contains the
entire history of Her Majesty, with
authentic history of the Diamond
Jubilee, and full account of her remarkable
life and reign. Only \$1.50. Big book. Tre-
mendous demand. Bonuses for agents.
Commission 50 per cent. Credit given.
Freight paid. Outfit free. Duty paid.
Write quick for outfit and territory.
THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. V
256 Dearborn St., Chicago.

POETRY.

Success.
I built a palace by the troubled sea,
Broad walls of spotless white, and tur-
rets tall.
Great colonnades, the towers of mine own
strength.
I did not dream my palace fair could
fall.
But, at the open gate an angel knelt,
And, sorrow that I knew not of, be-
wailed.
"Come, friend," I cried, "rejoice in my
success."
"I weep," was the reply, "that thou
hast failed."
When months had come and gone, I saw
the walls
Of my poor palace blackened by the
fire,
Its mighty towers in ruins at my feet.
My head was bowed in sorrow and in
shame,
And at its shattered gate I knelt and
wept.
My angel friend now stopped a palm
Upon my brow. She bade me look
above.
"Rejoice," she cried, "in this thy first
success."
SELECT STORY.
When a Man's Single.
BY JAMES M. BARRIE.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Sir Clement's entrance was some-
thing of a sensation, and Rob saw
several ladies raise their eyebrows. All
seemed to know him by name, and some
personally. The baronet's nervousness
had evidently passed away, for he
bowed and smiled to everyone, claiming
some burly farmers as old acquaintances
though he had never seen them
before. His host and he seemed already
on the most cordial terms, but the
colonel was one of the few persons in
the room who were not looking for
Miss Abinger. At last Sir Clement
asked for her.
"I believe," said some one in answer
to the colonel's inquiring glance round
the room, "that Miss Abinger is speak-
ing with the waiter."
"Perhaps I shall see her," said Dow-
ton, stepping out at one of the windows.
Colonel Abinger followed him to the
window, but no farther, and at that
moment a tall figure on the snowy lawn
crossed his line of vision. It was Rob,
who, not knowing what to do with
himself, had wandered into the open.
His back was towards the colonel, and
something in his walk recalled to that
obscure officer the angler whom he had
encountered on the Dome.

"That is the man—I was sure I
knew the face," said Colonel Abinger.
He spoke in a whisper to himself, but
his hands closed with a snap.

Unconscious of all this, Rob strolled
on till he found a path that took him
round the esplanade. Suddenly he caught
sight of a blue dress, and at the same
moment a girl's voice exclaimed, "Oh,
I am afraid it is lost!"
The speaker bent, as if to look for
something in the snow, and Rob blundered
up to her. "If you have lost
anything," he said, "perhaps I can
find it."

Rob had matches in his pocket, and
he struck one of them. Then, to his
surprise, he noticed that Nell was not
alone. Greybrooke was with her and
was looking foolish.

"Thank you, very much," said Nell,
sweetly; "it is a—"

Rob went down on his knees to look
for the bracelet, but it surprised him a
little that Greybrooke did not follow
his example. If he had looked up he
would have seen that the captain was
gazing at Nell in amazement.

"I am afraid it is lost," Nell repeat-
ed, "or perhaps I dropped it in the
dining-room."

Greybrooke's wonder was now lost
in a grin, for Nell had but nothing
unless perhaps for the moment the
sense of what it was fit and proper. The
captain had followed her on to the
lawn, and persuaded her to come and
look down upon the river from the top
of the cliff. She had done so, she told
herself, because he was a boy; but he
had wanted her to do it because she
was a woman. On the very spot where
Richard Abinger, barrister-at-law, had
said something to her that Nell would
never forget, the captain had presump-
tuously kissed her hand, and Nell
had allowed him, because after all it
was soon over. It was at that very
moment that Rob came in sight, and
Nell thought she was justified in de-
ceiving him. Rob would have remain-
ed a long time on the snow if she had
not had a heart.

"Yes, I believe I did drop it in the
dining-room," said Nell, in such a tone
of conviction that Rob rose to his feet.
His knees were white in her service, and
Nell felt that she liked this young man.

"I am so sorry to have troubled you,
Mr.—Mr.," began the young lady.
"My name is Angus," said Rob; "I
am a reporter on the 'Sibchester
Mirror.'"

Greybrooke started, and Nell drew
back in horror, but the next second she
was smiling. Rob thought it was kind-
liness that made her do it, but it was
really a smile of triumph. She felt
that she was on the point of making a
discovery at last. Greybrooke would
have turned out a question, but Nell
stopped him.

"Get me a wrap of some kind, Mr.
Greybrooke," she said, with such sweet
impudence that the captain went
without a word. Half-way he stopped
to call himself a fool, for he had re-
membered all at once about Raleigh
and his cloak, and seen how he might
have adapted that incident to his
advantage by offering to put his own
coat round Nell's shoulders.

It was well that Greybrooke did not
look back, for he would have seen Miss
Merodith take Rob's arm—which made
Rob start—and lead him in the direc-
tion in which Miss Abinger was suppos-
ed to have gone.

"The literary life must be deligh-
ful," said the ardent Nell, looking up into
her companion's face.

Rob appreciated the flattery, but his
pride made him say that the literary
life was not the reporter's.

"I always read the 'Mirror,'" con-
tinued Nell, on whom the moon was
having a bad effect to night, "and often
I wonder who writes the articles.
There was a book review in it a few
days ago that—I liked very much."

"Do you remember what the book
was?" asked Rob, jumping into the
pit.

"Let me see," said Nell, putting her
head to the side, "it was—yes, it was
a novel called 'The Scorn of Scorns.'"

Rob's good angel was very near him
at that moment, but not near enough
to put her palm over his mouth.

"That review was mine," said Rob,
with unsolicited satisfaction.

"Was it?" cried his companion,
pulling away her arm violently.

The path had taken them to the top
of the pile of rocks, from which it is a
sheer descent of a hundred feet to the
Dome. At this point the river is joined
by a smaller, but not less noisy stream,
which rushes at it at right angles.
Two of the castle walls rise up here as
if part of the cliff, and though the walk
goes round them, they seem to the
angler looking up from the opposite
side of the Dome, to be part of the
rock. From the windows that look to
the west and north one can see down
into the black waters, and hear the
ferret, as the smaller stream is called,
fling itself over jagged boulders into
the Dome.

The ravine coming upon him sud-
denly, took away Rob's breath, and he
hardly felt Nell snatch away her arm.
She stood back, undecided what to do
for a moment, and they were separated

By a few yards. Then Rob heard a
man's voice, soft and low, but passion-
ate. He knew it to be Sir Clement
Downton's, though he lost the words.
A girl's voice answered, however, a
voice so exquisitely modulated, so clear
and pure, that Rob trembled with de-
light in it. This was what it said:
"No, Sir Clement Downton, I hear
you no ill-will, but I do not love you.
Years ago I made an idol and worshipped
it, because I knew no better; but I
am a foolish girl no longer, and I
know now that it was a thing of clay."
To Rob's amazement he found him-
self murmuring these words even before
they were spoken. He seemed to
know them so well that had the speaker
missed anything he could have put her
right. It was not sympathy that
worked this marvel. He had read all
this before, or something very like it,
in "The Scorn of Scorns."

Nell, too, heard the voice, but did
not catch the words. She ran forward,
and as she reached Rob, a tall girl in
white, with a dark hood over her head,
pushed aside a bush and came into
view.

"Mary," cried Miss Merodith, "this
gentleman here is the person who wrote
'that' in the 'Mirror.' Let me intro-
duce you to him. Mr. Angus, Miss—"
then Nell shrank back in amazement,
as she saw a man with a beard
friend.

"Sir Clement Downton!" she exclaim-
ed.

Rob, however, did not hear her, nor
see the baronet, for looking up with a
guilty feeling at his heart, his eyes met
Mary Abinger.

CHAPTER VI.

Daybreak on the following morning
found the gas blazing in Rob's lodgings.
Rob was seated in an arm-chair, his
feet on the cold hearth. "The Scorn
of Scorns" lay on the mantelpiece,
carefully done up in brown paper, let
a speck of dust should fall on it, and
he had been staring at the ribs of the
fireplace for the last three hours with-
out seeing them. He had not thought
of the gas. His bed was unmade on
the wall. His boots had dried on his feet.
He did not feel cold. All night he
had sat there, a man mesmerized. For
the only time in his life he had forgot-
ten to wind up his watch.

At times his lips moved as if he
were speaking to himself, and a smile
lit up his face. Then a change of
mood came, and he beat the fender
with his feet till the fire-irons rattled.
Thinking over these remarks
the rapture to his face:

"How do you do, Mr. Angus?"
"You must not take to heart what
Miss Merodith said."
"Please don't say any more about it.
I am quite sure you gave your honest
opinion about my book."
"I am so glad you think this like
Scotland, because, of course, that is the
highest compliment a Scotman can pay."
"Good-night, Mr. Angus."

That was all she had said to him,
but the more Rob thought over her
remarks the more he liked them. It
was not so much the words themselves
that thrilled him as the way they were
said. Other people had asked, "How
do you do, Mr. Angus?" without mak-
ing an impression, but her greeting was
a revelation of character, for it showed
that though she knew who he was she
wanted to put him at his ease. This
is a delightful attribute in a woman,
and was worth thinking about.

Just before Miss Abinger said,
"How do you do, Mr. Angus?" Rob
had realized what people meant by
calling her proud. She was holding
her head very high as she appeared in
the path, and when Nell told her who
Rob was she flushed. He looked
hopelessly at her, bereft of speech, as
he saw a tear glisten on her eyelid;
and as their eyes met she read into the
agony that he was suffering because he
had hurt her. It was then that Mary
made that memorable observation,
"How do you do, Mr. Angus?"

They turned towards the castle doors,
Nell and the baronet in front, and Rob
blurted out some self-reproaches in
the rear.

Ask your grocer for
Windsor Salt
For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

sentences that had neither beginning
nor end. Mary had told him not to
take it so terribly to heart, but her
voice trembled a little, for this had
been a night of incident to her. Rob
knew that it was for his sake she had
checked that tear, and as he sat in his
lodgings through the night he saw that
she had put aside her own troubles to
assist his. When he thought of that
he drew a great breath. The next
moment his whole body shuddered to
think what a brute he had been, and
then she seemed to touch his elbow
again, and he half rose from his chair
in a transport.

As soon as he reached his lodgings
Rob had taken up "The Scorn of
Scorns," and reread it in a dash.
There were things in it so beautiful
now that they caught in his throat and
stopped his reading; they took him so
far into the thoughts of a girl that to
go further seemed like eavesdropping.
When he read it first "The Scorn of
Scorns" had been written in a tongue
Rob did not know, but now he had the
key in his hands. There is a universal
language that comes upon young people
suddenly, and enables an English girl,
for instance, to understand what a
Chisaman means when he looks twice
at her. Rob had mastered it so sud-
denly that he was only its slave at
present. His horse had run away with
him.

Had the critic of "The Scorn of
Scorns" been a bald-headed man with
two chins, who did not know the
authentic, he would have smiled at the
severity with which she took perfidious
man to task, and written an indulgent
criticism without reading beyond the
second chapter. If he had been her
father he would have laughed a good
deal at her heroics, but now and again
they would have touched him, and he
would have looked the book away in
his desk, seeing no particular cleverness
in it, but feeling proud of his daughter.
It would have brought such thoughts
to him about his wife as suddenly fill a
man with tenderness—thoughts he
seldom gives expression to, though she
would like to hear them.

Rob, however, drank in the book,
his brain filled with the writer of it.
It was about a young girl who had
given her heart to a stranger, and one
day when she was full of the joy of his
love he had disappeared. She waited,
wondering, fearing, and then her heart
broke, and her only desire was to die.
No one could account for the change
that came over her, for she was proud
and her relatives were not sympathetic.
She had no mother to go to, and her
father could not have understood. She
became listless, and though she smiled
and talked to all, when she went to her
solitary bedchamber she turned her
face in silence to the wall. Then a
lover came to her, and after that she
had to be taken to the Continent.
What shook her listlessness was an ac-
cident to her father. It was feared
that he was on his deathbed, and as
she nursed him she saw that her life
had been a selfish one. From that
moment she resolved if he got better
(as it is not terrible this, that the best
of us try to make terms with God?) to
devote her life to him, and to lead a
nobler existence among the poor and
suffering ones at home. The sudden
death of a relative who was not a good
man frightened her so much that she
became ill again, and now she was so
fearful of being untruthful that she
could not make a statement of fact
without adding, "I think so," under
her breath. She let people take ad-
vantage of her lest she should be taking
advantage of them, and when she pas-
sed a cripple on the road she walked
very slowly so that he should not feel
his infirmity.

Years afterwards she saw the man
who had pretended to love her and
then ridden away. He said that he
could explain everything to her, and
that he loved her still; but she drew
herself up, and with a look of ineffable
scorn told him that she no longer loved
him. When they first met, she said,
she had been little more than a child,
and so she had made an idol of him.
But long since the idol had crumbled
to pieces, and now she knew that she
had worshipped a thing of clay. She
loved him well, but she no longer
loved him. As Lord Caltanbridge
listened he knew that she spoke the
truth, and his eyes dropped before her

strenuous but contemptuous gaze.
Then, concludes the author, dwelling
upon this little triumph with a satis-
faction that hardly suggests a heart
broken beyond mending, he turned
upon his heel, at last realizing what he
was; and, feeling smaller and meaner
than had been his wont, left the Grange
for the second and last time.

How much of this might be fiction,
Rob was not in a mind to puzzle over.
It seemed to him that the soul of a
pure-minded girl had been laid bare to
him. To look was almost a desecration,
and yet it was there whichever way he
turned. A great longing rose in his
heart to see Mary Abinger again and
tell her what he thought of himself
now. He rose and paced the floor,
and the words he could not speak last
night came to his lips in a torrent.
Like many men who live much alone,
Rob often held imaginary conversations
with persons far distant, and he de-
nounced himself to this girl a score of
times as he paced backward and for-
ward. Always she looked at him in
reply with that wonderful smile which
had pleaded with him not to be un-
happy on her account. Horrible fears
laid hold of him that after the guests
had departed she had gone to her room
and wept. That William Sir Clement
had doubtless left the castle for the
second and last time "feeling smaller
and meaner than had been his wont"
(Rob clutched his fists at the thought
of him), but how could he dare to rage
at the baronet when he had been so
great a sounder himself? Rob look-
ed about him for his hat; a power not
to be resisted was drawing him back
to Dome Castle.

He heard the clatter of creakery in
the kitchen as he opened his door, and
it recalled him to himself. At that
moment it flashed upon him that he had
forgotten to write any notice of Colonel
Abinger's speech. He had neglected
the office and come straight home. At
any other time this would have started
him, but now it seemed the merest trif-
le. It passed for the moment from his
mind, and its place was taken by the
remembrance that his boots were muddy
and his coat soaking. For the first
time in his life the seriousness of going
out with his hair unbrushed came home
to him. He had hitherto been content
to do little more than fling a comb at
it once a day. Rob returned to his
room and crossing to the mirror, looked
anxiously into it to see what he was
like. He took off his coat and brushed
it vigorously.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Marriage was derived from a French
word signifying husband. Wedding
is from the Saxon, the word meaning
to plodge.

Would Any Sane Housekeeper Use
Oleomargarine?

DANGER IN ANOTHER DIRECTION.

Would any sane housekeeper in Canada
accept oleomargarine or imitation butter
instead of the finest production of the
creamery or dairy? We think our Cana-
dian women are too wise to be deceived
in this important matter. Lard colored
to resemble good butter will never be ac-
ceptable to our people.

There are, however, other deceptive
agents that sometimes find their way into
our homes; we refer to imitation and
adulterated package dyes for home dye-
ing. Some dealers sell imitations of the
celebrated Diamond Dyes. The contents
of these imitation packages carry rules
and disappointment to every user.

A few dealers, for the sake of long
profits, are now selling cheap dyes com-
posed of a very large amount of common
grease and an infinitesimal quantity of
coloring matter. Such dyes, after trial,
have been found weak and unclearly
giving dull and muddy colors, fading
quickly in washing and sunlight.

As millions of thrifty and experienced
women already know, the Diamond Dyes
are the only reliable home package dyes,
having stood the tests of long years.
Diamond Dyes are easy to use, and give
brilliant and lasting colors that cannot be
equalled by any other make.



Royal makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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room and crossing to the mirror, looked
anxiously into it to see what he was
like. He took off his coat and brushed
it vigorously.