

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1895.

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Vol. XIV

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office,
WOLFFVILLE, 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 on all work turned out.

News communications from all parts of the county, 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,
Wolffville, N.S.

Legal Decisions.

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.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until the amount is paid, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a period of evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8.30 A.M. to 2.30 P.M.

Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 8.30 A.M.

Express west close at 10.15 A.M.

Express east close at 4.30 P.M.

Keen close at 4.45 P.M.

GEO. V. RAND, 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. MURPHY, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Higgins, Pastor. Services on Sunday, preaching at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sunday School at 10.30 A.M. Half hour prayer meeting after evening services every Sunday. Prayer meetings at 7.30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
COLIN W. ROBERTS, { Usher
A. NEW BARR, {

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. at Andrew's Church, Wolffville. Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sunday School at 1.30 P.M. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton. Public Worship on Sunday at 10.30 A.M. and 7 P.M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 P.M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Groatland, B.A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sabbath School at 12.30 P.M. on Wednesdays at 7.30 P.M. on Thursdays at 7.30 P.M. on Fridays at 7.30 P.M. on Saturdays at 7.30 P.M. on Sundays at 7.30 P.M. on Mondays at 7.30 P.M. on Tuesdays at 7.30 P.M. on Wednesdays at 7.30 P.M. on Thursdays at 7.30 P.M. on Fridays at 7.30 P.M. on Saturdays at 7.30 P.M. on Sundays at 7.30 P.M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Stora, { Warden,
S. J. Rutherford, {

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

Masonic.

St. George's Lodge, F. & A. M. meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.45 o'clock P.M.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION of M.T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 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.

APPLE TREES for SALE!

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N.S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW, PROPRIETOR.

Bonnett H. Armstrong, LL.B.

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office: Main St., Wolffville.

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

Kine Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works has 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 ELLINE,

NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,

HALIFAX.

White is King of All.

White Sewing Machine Co.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Thomas Organs

—FOR SALE BY—

Howard Pineo,

WOLFFVILLE, N.S.

N.B. Machine Needles and Oil.

Machines and Organs repaired. 25

Halifax, N.S.

NEW BAKERY!

The subscriber having opened a first-class Bakery at the Wolffville 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,

Wolffville, 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.

Wolffville, Jan. 17th, 1894.

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,

Wolffville, Jan. 17th, 1894.

HARRISON

TELEPHONE NO. 949.

Harrison Bros.

Agents for

Canada Stained Glass Works.

Dealers in Sand-cut, 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.

Wolffville, May 23d, 1894. A

Dr. DeWitt,

OFFICE IN HIS RESIDENCE, MAIN ST.

WOLFFVILLE.

7-4

Miss F. E. Davison,

DRESS-MAKER,

Wolffville, N.S.

All kinds of Mantle and Dress Making in the Latest Styles. Rooms in F. J. Porter's building, up-stairs.

Money to lend on mortgage.

POETRY.

Growing Brighter.

The world is growing brighter as it rolls

White daisies blossom whiter—blue vio-

lets strew the ground.

And we're thankful that we're living,

since no blessing heaven deems,

While the heart's divine thanksgiving

drifts in glory to the skies!

The world is growing brighter as it rolls

and rolls around.

There's not a heart but's lighter and gives

out a happier sound.

And we're thankful that we're living,

since to live is perfect bliss,

And 'twill be a bright hereafter if it's

half as bright as this!

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Gerald wondered vaguely what had

put his sweet-tempered Valentine out.

He stirred the fire, and then stood with

his back to it. She looked up at him

his face was very grave, very calm.

Her own Gerald—he had a nice face.

Surely there was nothing bad behind

that face. Why was he silent? Why

didn't he begin to tell his story? Well

she would—she would—help him a

little.

She cleared her throat, she essayed

twice to find her voice. When it came

out at last it was small and timidous.

Was it—was it business kept you

from coming with me to-night, Gerry?

"Business? Yes, my darling, cer-

tainly."

Her heart went down with a great

bound. But she would give him

another chance.

"Was it—was it business connected

with the office?"

"You speak in quite a queer voice,

Valentine. In a measure it was busi-

ness connected with the office—in a

measure it was not. What is it, Val-

entine? What is it, my dear?"

She had risen from her seat, put her

arms round his neck, and laid her soft

young head on his shoulder.

"Tell me the business, Gerry. Tell

your own Val."

He kissed her many times.

"It doesn't concern you, my dear

wife," he said. "I would tell you

gladly, were I not betraying a trust.

I had some painful work to do to-night,

Valentine. Yes, business, certainly.

I cannot tell it, dear. Yes, what was

that you said?"

For she had murmured "Hypocrite!"

under her breath. Very low she had

said it, too faintly for him to catch the

word. But he felt her loving arms

relax. He saw her face grow grave

and cold, something seemed to go out

of her eyes which had rendered them

most lovely. It was the wounded soul

going back into solitude, and hiding its

grief and shame in an impenetrable

of her being.

Would Gerald ever see the soul, the

soul of love, in his wife's eyes again?

CHAPTER XXIV.

A few days after the events related

in the last chapter Mr. Paget asked his

son-in-law to have a few minutes' private

conversation with him. Once

more the young man found himself in

that inner room at the rich merchant's

office which represented more or less

a torture-chamber to him. Once more

Valentine's astounded girlish innocent

eyes looked out of Richmond's beauti-

ful picture of her.

Wyndham hated this room, he al-

most hated that picture; it had sur-

rounded itself with terrible memories.

He turned his head away from it now

as he obeyed Mr. Paget's summons.

"It's this, Gerald," said his father-

-in-law. "When a thing has to be done

the sooner the better. I mean nobody

dares to make a long operation of the

drawing of a tooth for instance!"

"An insufficient metaphor," inter-

rupted Wyndham roughly. "Say,

rather, the plucking out of a right eye,

or the cutting off a right hand. As

you say, these operations had better be

got quickly over."

"I think so—I honestly think so.

It would convenience me if you sailed

in the *Esperance* on the 25th of March

for Sydney. There is a *bona fide*

reason for your going. I want you to

sample—"

all that kind of hounding can come later.

You want me to sail on the 25th of

March. That is the main point.

When last you spoke of it, I begged of

you as a boon to give me an extension

of grace, say until May or June. It

was understood by us, although there

was no sealed bond to the matter, that

my wife and I should spend a year

together before this—this temporary

parting took place. I asked you at

one time to shorten my season of grace

but a few weeks ago I asked you to

extend it."

"Precisely, Wyndham, and I told

you I would grant your wish, if possi-

ble. I asked you to announce to

your own relatives that you would

probably have to go away in March,

for a time; but I said I would do my

utmost to defer the evil hour. I am

sorry to say that I cannot do so. I

have had news from India which

obliges me to hasten matters. Such

a good opportunity as the business

which takes you out in the *Esperance*

will probably not occur again. It

would be madness not to avail ourselves

of it. Do not you think so? My dear

fellow, do take a chair."

"Thank you, I prefer to stand.

This day—what is this day?" He

raised his eyes; they rested on the

office calendar. "This day is the 24th

of February. A spring-like day, isn't

it? Wonderful for the time of year.

I have, then, one month and one day

to live. Are these Valentine's violets?

I will help myself to a few. Let me

say good-morning, sir."

He bowed courteously—no one could

be more courteous than Gerald Wynd-

ham—and left the room.

His astonished father-in-law almost

gasped when he found himself alone.

"Upon my word," he said to himself,

"there's something about that fellow

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