

# 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, APRIL 26, 1895.

No. 34.

### THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

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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.

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

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

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ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 A. M.; 4th and 5th at 8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector, Robert W. Stott, Church Warden, S. J. Robertson, Organist.

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ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:30 o'clock.

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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

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KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Main St., Wolfville.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,  
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SUITABLE FOR

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

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DRESSED GRANITE.

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10,000,000 feet best grades Pine, now in yards. Pine and Spruce Clapboards.

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You will find us at our new stand in

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Sausages, and all kinds  
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E. S. Crawley,  
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OFFICE IN HIS RESIDENCE, MAIN ST.  
WOLFVILLE.

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

### POETRY.

The Angelic Husband.

There are husbands who are busy. There are husbands who are witty. There are husbands who in public are smiling as the moon.

There are husbands stout and healthy. There are husbands who are wealthy. But the real angelic husband, he has never yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted. Who are really so devoted. That when'er from home they wander they are life-giving and fervent.

And while now and then you'll find one Who's a really good and kind one, Yet the real angelic husband, he has never yet been born.

So the woman who is mated To a man who may be rated As "pretty fair" should cherish him forever and a day.

For the real angelic creature Perfect quite in every feature. He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.

—Nixon Waterman in Chicago Journal.

### SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

To-night, after her confession, when they went up to the drawing-room, his heart immeasurably softened and heaved, and her soft with a wonderful joy which the beginning of true love can give, he remembered "Waves" and thought he would play it for her again. It did not sound so melancholy this time, but strange to say the gay notes were not quite so gay, the waltz of a light heart had deepened. As Wyndham played and Valentine sat silent, for she offered no accompaniment to this little fugitive piece, he found that he must slightly reconstruct the melody.

There was a ring of victory in them now; they were solemn, but not despairing.

"He that loveth his life shall find it," Wyndham said suddenly, looking full into her eyes.

The violin slipped from his hand, coming down with a discordant crash, the door was flung open by the servant as Lillias Wyndham and Adrian Carr came into the room.

In a minute all was gay bustle and confusion. Gerald forgot his cares, and Valentine was only too anxious to show herself as the hospitable and attentive hostess.

A kind of improvised meal between dinner and tea was actually brought up into the drawing-room. Lillias sat shikken and ham holding her plate on her lap. Carr, more of a stranger, was not allowed to feel this. In short, no four could have looked merrier or more free from trouble.

"It is delightful to have you here—Lillias," Lillias said to Valentine, taking her sister-in-law's hand and squeezing it affectionately.

"Do you know, Lillias," said Gerald, "that this little girl-wife of mine, with no experience whatever, makes a most capable housekeeper. With all your years of knowledge I should not like you to enter the lists with her."

"With all your years of failure, you mean," answered Lillias. "I always was and always will be the most incompetent woman with regard to beef and mutton and pounds, shillings and pence who walks this earth."

She laughed as she spoke; her face was cloudless, her dark eyes serene. For one moment before he went away Carr found time to say a word to her. "Did I not tell you it was simply a case of nerves?" he remarked.

### CHAPTER XX.

Either Helps was certainly neither a prudent nor a careful young woman. She meant no harm, she would have shuddered at the thought of actual sin, but she was reckless, a little defiant of all authority, even her father's most gentle and loving counsel, and very discontented with her position in life.

Morning, noon, and night, Esther's dream of dreams, longing of longings, was to be a lady. She had some little foundation for this desire. The mother who had died at her birth had been a poor half-educated little governess, whose mother before her had been a clergyman's daughter. Esther quickly discovered that she was beautiful, and her dream of dreams was to marry a gentleman, and so go back to that situation in life where her mother had moved.

Esther had no real instincts of ladyhood. She spoke loudly, her education had been of a very flashy and superficial order. From the time she left the fourth-rate boarding-school where her father alone had the means to place her, she had stayed at home and idled. Idling was very bad for a character like hers, and she was naturally energetic—she had plenty of ability, and would have made a capital shop-woman or dressmaker. But Esther thought it quite beneath her to work, and her father, who could support her at home, was only too delighted to have her there. He was inordinately proud of her—she was the one sunbeam in his dull, clouded timorous life. He adored her beauty, he found no fault with her Coquetry swang, and he gave her in double measure the love which had lain buried for many years with his young wife.

Esther, therefore, when she left school, sat at home, and made her own dresses, and chatted with her cousin Cherry, who was an orphan, and belonged to Helps' side of the house. Cherry was a very capable, matter-of-fact heavy little girl, and Esther thought it an excellent arrangement that she should live with them, and take the drudgery and the cooking, and in short all the household work off her hands. Esther was very fond of Cherry, and Cherry, in her turn, thought there was never anyone quite so grand and magnificent as her tall, stately cousin.

"Well, Cherry," said Esther, as the two were going to bed on the night after Wyndham's visit, "what do you think of him? Oh, I needn't say, there's but one thing to be thought of him."

She was silent, interrupted by a heavy yawn, and her broad face with her light grey eyes was all one smile.

"An elegant young man, Estie—a sort of cavalier, now, wouldn't you say so?"

"It's just like you, Cherry, you take up all your odd moments with those poetry books. Mr. Wyndham ain't a cavalier—he's just a gentleman, neither more nor less—a real gentleman, oh dear. I call it a cruel disappointment, Cherry," and she heaved a profound sigh.

"What's a disappointment?" asked unsuspecting Cherry, as she tumbled into bed.

"Why, that he's married, my dear. He'd have suited me fine. Well, there's an end of that."

Cherry thought there was sufficient in an end to allow her to drop off to sleep, and Esther, after lying awake for a little, presently followed her example.

The next day she was more restless than ever, once or twice even openly complaining to Cherry of the dullness of her lot, and loudly proclaiming her determination to become a lady in spite of everybody.

"You can't, Estie," said her father in his meek, though somewhat high-pitched voice, when he overheard some of her words that evening. "It ain't your lot, child; you warn't born in the genteel line; there's all lines and all grooves, and yours is the narrowest one of the poverty-struck clerk's child."

"I think it's mean of you to talk like that, father," said Esther, her eyes flashing. "It's mean of you, and unkind to my poor mother, who was a lady born."

"I don't know much about that," replied Helps, looking more despondent than ever. "She was the best of little wives, and if she was born a lady, which I ain't going to deny, for I don't know she warn't a lady bred, I might know she thought it a fine bit of a risk to leave off teaching the baker's children, and come home to me. Poor little Estie—poor, dear little Estie. You don't take much after her, Esther, my girl."

"If she was spiritless, and had no mind for her duties, which were in my opinion to uphold her station in life, I don't want to take after her," answered Esther, and she bounced out of the room.

Helps looked round in an appealing way at Cherry.

"I don't want to part with her," he said, "but it will be a good thing for young men you speak of are honest

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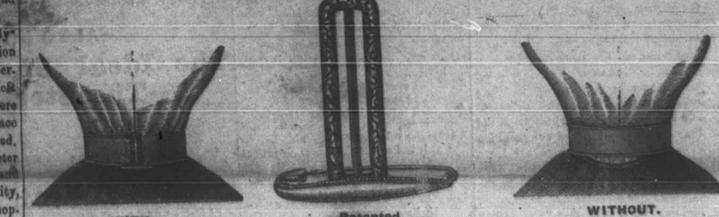
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## THE HOLDFAST.

DO YOU SEE THE DIFFERENCE?

WELL, THE WOMEN DO! They want it, they must have it, and if you have not got it, another merchant in your city will have it. Better be the leader, not the tail-end. You can get it without the belt to sell over your NOTION or JEWELRY counters.

NOW if the above does not tell you vividly enough why the Holdfast is a good thing here are a Woman's Reasons:

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The HOLDFAST does away with the troublesome belt pin.  
The HOLDFAST prevents the skirt from sagging and parting.  
The HOLDFAST Belt has a patent catch regulating the size, and  
The HOLDFAST Belts are made of the best material.

AND THE BEST OF IT ALL IS

The HOLDFAST does not increase the cost of the belt, and it is advertised in a number of the leading magazines and fashion papers.

Henry G. Marr, Moncton, N. B., Sole Agent for Canada. Write for Wholesale Prices!

RETAIL PRICES: 2 inch, 15c; 2 1/2 inch, 20c—mailed to any address on receipt of price.

LE BON MARCHE, HALIFAX, N. S. HALIFAX, N. S.

us all when Estie is wed. I must try and find some decent young fellow who will be likely to take a fancy to her. Her words fret me on account of their ambition, Cherry, child."

"I wouldn't be put out if I was you, uncle," responded Cherry in her even, matter-of-fact voice. "Esther is took up with a white, and it will pass. It's all on account of the cavalier."

"The what, child?"

"The cavalier. Oh, my sakes alive, there's the milk boiling all over the place, and my heart done up so beautiful. Here, catch hold of this saucy pan, uncle, while I fetch a cloth to wipe up. My word, ain't this provoking. I thought to get time to learn a verse or two out of the poetry book to-night; but no such luck—I'll be brushing and blacking till bed-time."

In the confusion which ensued, Helps forgot to ask Cherry whom she meant by the cavalier.

A few days after this, as Helps was coming home late, he was rather dismayed to find his daughter returning also, accompanied by a young man who was no better dressed than half the young men with whom she walked, but who had a certain air and a certain manner which smote upon the father's heart with a dull sense of apprehension.

"Estie, my girl," he said, when she had bidden her cousin good bye, and had come into the house, with her eyes sparkling and her whole face looking so bright and beautiful, that even Gerry dropped her poetry book to gaze in admiration. "Estie," said Helps, all the tenderness of the love he bore her trembling in his voice, "come here. Kiss your old father. You love him, don't you?"

"Why, dad, what a question. I should rather think I did."

"You wouldn't hurt him now, Estie? You wouldn't break his heart, for instance?"

"I break your heart, dad? Is it likely? Now, what can the old man be driving at?" she said, looking across at Cherry.

"It's this," responded Helps, "I want to know the name of the fellow—yes, the fellow, who saw you home just now?"

"Now, father, mightn't he be Mr. Gray, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Abbott; some of those nice young men you bring up now and then from the city? Why mightn't he be one of them, father?"

"But he wasn't, my dear. The young men you speak of are honest

Oh, thank the good Lord for bringing you over to speak to me when no one was looking. You can save Esther for me—that's what you can do, Mr. Wyndham. No one can save her but you. So you will, sir; oh, you will. She's my only child, Mr. Wyndham."

CHAPTER XXI.

"I will certainly do what I can," responded Wyndham, in his grave, courteous voice.

He was leaning against the window-ledge in a careless attitude; Helps looking up at him anxiously, noticed how pale and wan his face was.

"Ah," he responded, rising from his seat, and going up to the younger man. "Tis them as bears burdens knows how to pity. Thank the Lord there's compassion in all things. Now look here, Mr. Wyndham, this is how things are. You have seen my Estie, she's a troublesome and spirited—oh, no more so."

Helps paused.

"Yes, answered Gerald, in a quiet, waiting voice. He was not particularly interested in the discussion of Esther Helps' character.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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If your clothes show signs of wear have them dyed at

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You won't have to buy new ones.

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

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The Subscriber offers for sale or to let his house and land in Wolfville known as the Andrew DeWolf property, containing house, barn and out-buildings, and 1 1/2 acres of land including orchard. Sold at once or in lots. Apply to

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