THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

VOL. XIV. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1895. No. 31.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 trancient advertising will 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 with work turned out.

All money 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.

All Letters and communications to

DAVISON 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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BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 9 30 a m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service 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 ROSCOE, } Ushers
A DEW BARSS. }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. L. Fraser, Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's 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. Oskar Cleveland, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening 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 Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Starr, } Wardens.
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ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. 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 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of 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

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KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
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Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
Office: Main St., Wolfville.
Money to lend on mortgage. (4

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with pale or sallow complexions or suffering from skin eruption or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. All of the stages of Emaciation, and general decline of health, are speedily cured.

Scott's Emulsion

takes away the pale, haggard look that comes with General Debility. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, creates healthy flesh and brings back strength and vitality. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for our pamphlet. Mailed FREE.

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DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

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MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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White Sewing Machine Co
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Thomas Organs

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

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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 outbuildings, and 1½ acres of land—including orchard. Sold en bloc or in lots. Apply to

R. W. STORRS,
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W. J. Balcom

has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell oil 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.

Dr. DeWitt,

OFFICE IN HIS RESIDENCE, MAIN ST.
WOLFVILLE. 7-t

POETRY.

Kismet.

Somewhere in the world, some day in the year—
What year?—No matter; sometime—'tis planned,
A word will be spoken for me to hear,
And never another will understand.

Somewhere—and the world is small of girth;
Sometime—and life is a finger snap;
However stretches the wide, wide earth;
However the years on long years lap;

Be it land I have traversed or land unknown,
Through time grown weary or time blown fair;—
There waiteth that wonderful undertone
To strike on my hearing, sometime, somewhere.

—*Charles Washington Coleman.*

SELECT STORY.

A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Helps buttoned on his great coat, said a few words to one of the clerks, and stepped out into the foggy night. He hailed a passing omnibus, and in the course of half-an-hour found himself fumbling with his latch-key in the door of a neat little house, which, however, was at the same moment thrown wide open from within, and a tall girl with a pale face, clear grey eyes, and a quantity of dark hair coiled about her head stood before him.

"It's father, Cherry," she said to a little cousin who popped round the corner. "Put the sausages on, and dish up the potatoes. Now don't be awkward. I'm glad you're in good time, father—here, give us a kiss. Do I look nice in this dress? I made it all myself. Here, come up to the gas, and have a good look at it. How does it fit? Neat, eh?"

The dress was a dark green velveteen, made without attempt at ornament, but fitting the slim and lissom figure like a glove.

"It's neat, but plain, sure-ly," replied Helps, looking puzzled, proud, and at the same time dissatisfied. "A bit more color now;—more flouncing—Why, what's the matter, Essie? How you do frown, my girl."

"Come in out of the cold, father. Oh, no, not the kitchen, I've ordered supper to be laid in the dining-room. Well, perhaps the room it does smoke, but that will soon clear off. Now, father, I want to ask you an important question. Do I look like a lady in this dress?"

She held herself very erect, the pure outline of her grand figure was shown to the best advantage, her massive head had a queenly pose, and the delicate purity of her complexion heightened the effect. Her accent was wrong, her words betrayed her—could she have become dumb, she might have passed for a princess.

"Do I look like a lady?" she repeated.

Little Helps stepped back a pace or two—he was puzzled and annoyed.

"You look all right, Essie," he said. "A lady? Oh, well—but you ain't a lady, my girl. Look here, Esther, this room is mortal cold—I'd a sight rather have my supper cosy in the kitchen."

"You can't then, father. You must take up with the genteel ways. After supper we're going into the drawing-room, and I'll play to you on the pianner, pa; I have been practising all day. Perhaps, too, we'll have company—there's no saying."

"Company?" repeated Helps. "Who—what?"

"Oh, I'm not going to say, maybe he won't come. I met him in the park—I was skating with the Johnsons, and I fell, and he picked me up. I might have been hurt but for him. Then he heard George Johnson calling me by my name, and it turned out that he knew you. Oh, wasn't he a swell, and didn't he look it! And hadn't he a name worth boasting of! 'Mr Gerald Wyndham.' Why, what's the matter, father? He said that he had often promised to look you up some evening, to bring you some stupid book or other. He said maybe he would come to-night. That's why I had the drawing-room and dining-room all done up. He said perhaps he'd call, and took off his hat most refined. I took an awful fancy to him—his ways was so aspiring. He said he might come to-night, but he wasn't sure. I didn't know you had young men like that at your office, father. And what is the matter?—why, you're quite white!"

"I never talk of what goes on at the place of business," replied Helps, in quite a [illegible] voice for him. "And as to that young gent, Esther, he's our Miss Valentine's husband."

"Married? Oh, lor, he didn't look it! And who is 'our Miss Valentine?' if I may be bold enough to ask."

"Mr Paget's daughter. I said I didn't mention matters connected with the place of business."

"You always were precious close, father. But you're a dear, good, old dad, all the same, and Cherry and I would sooner die than have you scolded about anything. Cherry, my fine beau's a married man—pity, aint it? I thought maybe he'd suit me."

"Then you needn't have lit the fire in the drawing-room," answered Cherry, a very practical and stoutly-built little maid of fifteen.

"Maybe I needn't, but there's no harm done. I suppose I can talk to him, even if he is married. Won't I draw him out about Miss Valentine, and tell him how father always kept her a secret from us.

"Supper's ready, uncle," said Cherry. "Oh, bother that fire! It's quite out. Don't the sausages smell good, uncle? I cooked them myself."

The three sat down to the table, poor Helps shivering not a little, and casting more than one regretful glance at the warm and cosy kitchen. He was feeling depressed for more than one reason this evening, and a sense of dismay stole over him at Esther's having accidentally made Wyndham's acquaintance.

"It's a bad omen," he said, under his breath, "and Esther's that contrary, and so taken up with making a lady of herself, and she's beautiful as a picter, except when she talks folly.

"I liked that young man from the first," he murmured. "I took to speak, a fancy to him, and warned him, and I quoted scripter to him. All to no good. The glint of a gel's eye was too much for him, he sold himself for her—body and soul he sold himself for her. Still, I went on keeping up a fancy for him, and I axed him to look me up some evening, and have a pipe—he's wonderful on words too—he can derivate almost as many as I can. I'm sorry now I asked him—Esther's that wilful, and as beautiful as a picter. She talks too much to young men that's above her. She's set on being a lady. Mr Wyndham's married, of course, but Esther wouldn't think nothing of trying to flirt with him for all that."

"Esther," he said, suddenly, raising his deep set eyes, and fixing them on his daughter, "of the young man calls, it's to see me, mind you—he's a married man, and he has got the most beautiful wife in the world, and he loves her. My word, I never heard tell of nobody loving their wife so much!"

Esther's big grey eyes opened wide.

"How you look at me, dad," she said, "one would think I wanted to steal Mr Wyndham from his wife! I'm glad he loves her, it's romantic it pleases me."

"And there's his ring at the door," suddenly exclaimed Cherry. "Esther was right to prepare the drawing-room. I'm glad he have come. I like to look at handsome gents, particular when they are in love."

Gerald's arrival was accidental after all. He and his wife were dining in Queen's Gate, and after dinner he remembered his adventure on the ice, and told the story in an amusing way.

"A most beautiful girl, but with such an accent and manner," he said. "And who do you think she turned out to be, sir?" he added, turning to his father-in-law. "Why, your cracked clerk's daughter. She told me her name was Esther Helps, and I found they were father and daughter."

"Has old Helps got a daughter?" exclaimed Valentine. "How funny that I should never have known it. I have always been rather fond of old Helps."

"He has an only daughter, as I have an only daughter," replied Mr Paget. Valentine was sitting close to him; he put his arm round her waist as he spoke.

"How queer that I should never have known," continued Valentine. "And her name is Esther? It is a pretty name. And you say that she is handsome, Gerry? What is she like?"

"Tall and pale, with an expressive face," replied Wyndham, lightly. "She is lady-like, and even striking-looking until she opens her lips—then——" he made an expressive grimace.

"Poor girl, as if she could help that," replied Val. "She has never been educated, you know. Her father is poor, and he can't give her advantages. Does old Helps love his daughter very much, dad?"

"I suppose so, Val. Yes, I think I may say I am sure he does."

"I am so interested in only girls with fathers," continued Mrs Wyndham. "I wish I had seen Esther Helps. I hope you were kind to her, Gerald."

"I picked her up, dear, and gave her to her friends. By-the-bye, I said I'd call to see old Helps this evening. He has a passion for the derivation of words, and I have Trench's book on the subject. Shall I take Esther a message from you, Val?"

"Yes, say something nice. I am not good at making up messages. Tell her I am interested in her, and the more she loves her father, the greater my interest must be. See, this is much better than any mere message—take her this bunch of lilies—say I sent them. Now, Gerald, is it likely I should be lonely? Father and I are going to have two hours all to ourselves."

But as Valentine said these light words, her hand lingered on her husband's shoulder, and her full brown eyes rested on his face. Something in their gaze make his heart throb. He put his arm round her neck and kissed her forehead.

"I shan't be two hours away," he said.

He took up the flowers, put "Trench on Words" into his pocket, and went out.

Wyndham had a pleasant way with all people. His words, his manner, his gentle courteous smile won for him hearts in all directions. He was meant to be greatly beloved; he was born to win the most dangerous popularity of all—that which brought to him blind and almost unreasoning affection.

He was received at No. 5 Acadia Terrace with enthusiasm. Esther and Cherry were open-eyed in their admiration, and Helps, a little sorrowful—somehow Helps if he wasn't cynical was always sorrowful—felt proud of the visit.

Gerald insisted on adjourning to the kitchen. He and Helps had a long discussion on words—Cherry moved softly about, putting everything in order—Esther sat silent and lovely, glancing up now and then at Gerald from under her black eyelashes. Valentine's flowers lay in her lap. They were dazzlingly white, and made an effective contrast to her dark green dress. It was a peaceful little scene—nothing at all remarkable about it. Gerald felt more contented than he had done for many a day. Who would have thought that out of such innocent materials mischief of the deadliest sort might be wrought to him and his.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Wyndham came back to Queen's Gate his wife met him with sparkling eyes.

"How much time can you give me to-morrow?" she said. "I want to go out with you. I have been speaking to father, and he accedes to all our wishes—he will give us an income. He says he thinks a thousand a year will be enough. Oh, he is kind, and I feel so excited. Don't let us drive, let us walk home, Gerry. I know the night is fine, I feel that everything is bright just now, and you will come with me to-morrow, won't you, Gerry? Father, could you spare Gerald from business to-morrow? You know it is so important."

Mr Paget was standing a little in the shadow, his face was beaming, his eyes smiling. When Valentine turned to him, he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder.

"You are an inconsistent little girl," he said, "You want to become a business woman yourself. You want to be practical, and clever, and managing, and yet you encourage that husband of yours to neglect his work."

Gerald flushed.

"I don't neglect my work," he said. "My heavy work has never a chance of being neglected, it is too crushing."

Valentine looked up in alarm, but instantly Mr Paget's smiling face was turned to the young man, and his other hand touched his arm.

"Your work to-morrow is to go with your wife," he said gently. "She wants to shop—to spend—to learn saving by expenditure. You have to go with her to give her the benefit of your experience. Look out for cheap sales, my dear child—go to Whiteley's, and purchase what you don't want, provided it is a remnant, and sold under cost price. Save by learning, Val, and, Gerald, you help her to the best of your ability. Now good-night, my children, good-night, both of you, bless you."

"It almost seemed to me," said Valentine, as they walked home together—it was a starry night and she clung affectionately to her husband's arm—"it almost seemed to me that father was put out with you, and you with him. He was so sweet while you were out, but although he smiled all the time after you returned I don't think he was really sweet, and you didn't speak nicely to him, Gerald, about the work I mean. Is the work at the office very heavy, Gerald? You never spend more than about two hours a day there."

"The work is heavy, Val, and it will grow more so. I don't complain, however—I have not the shadow of a right to complain. I am sorry I spoke to your father so as to vex you, dearest—I won't do so again."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

MILLINERY! $12,000.00 COST PRICE. Scattered Profusely Around our premises. MILLINERY!

On Wednesday last we extended a cordial invitation to you all to visit our first grand display of Spring Millinery and we thank you heartily for the liberal way you responded, our show rooms being thronged all day. We promised you great attractions in Millinery creations and from the many compliments bestowed upon us from one and all, we concluded our labors were far from being in vain and that our display was never surpassed in this city.

We value your compliments most highly and have stored them away in our golden casket where we shall ever treasure them with most sacred feelings. Notwithstanding all the pleasant remarks you have cheerfully given us, we must adhere to the old quotation "Eternal Vigilance is the price of liberty"—and though the past few days would lead us to believe that we are nearing the goal of fame, in Millinery, yet we shall not be content to rest upon our oars, but shall be found always in the lead as to Millinery and Millinery Novelties.

STEEL CROWNS,
STEEL PINS,
" ORNAMENTS,
STEEL OSPREY,
GOLD BANDS,
JETS, JETS,
JET CROWNS.

JET BONNETS,
GOLD CROWNS,
GOLD PINS,
" ORNAMENTS,
GOLD OSPREY,
FANCY BUCKLES,

JET BANDS,
JET OSPREY,
STEEL BANDS,
RHINE STONE PINS,
" " BUCKLES,
BELT BUCKLES,
FANCY HAIR PINS.

FLOWERS, FLOWERS, FLOWERS, FLOWERS.

We are showing one of the largest assortment of Flowers ever seen at one time in City of Halifax, comprising all the newest colorings and designs, imported direct from the makers.

STRAW HATS, STRAW HATS!

Our assortment of Straw Goods is perfect this season, all the very latest productions from the largest factories in the Old World.

CHILDREN'B HEADWEAR.

This class of goods, we are showing a large and varied assortment, bought from the makers in London City direct, and the shapes we import (and have imported for the past 5 year-) in Children's Headwear, are noted throughout the city as being the correct things, perfect fit and perfect style. Infants' Robes, Corsets, Hosiery and small ware.

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TELEPHONE 1041.

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Steam Laundry

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Kline Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works is now prepared to supply

Rough & Dressed Granite

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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, HALIFAX.