

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1897.

No. 21.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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**\$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.

Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment for such 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.

New 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.

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.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, 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.

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

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Offices Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 a. m.  
Express west close at 2:30 a. m.  
Express east close at 2:30 p. m.  
Kentville close at 3:30 p. m.  
Geo. V. Rans, Post Master.

### PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 1 p. m.  
W. W. Munro, Agent.

### Churches

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 p. m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. Y. F. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3:30 p. m.  
C. W. Ross, Chgo. U. Sabers  
A NEW BAPTIST

FRESHYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9 p. m. Prayers Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayers Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayers Meeting on Thursday 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 Wednesdays.

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 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Doctor.  
Robert W. Storr, J. Warden.  
J. J. Rutherford, J.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. M.—Mass 11:00 a. m. 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

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

### Foresters

Court Blomfield, J. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 p. m.

### 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. 28

### The Wolfville Clothing Co.

Are Clearing Out Their Stock.

Trouserings BELOW COST

to make room for

EARLY SPRING GOODS.

Call early as they are going fast!

Your choice for \$3, \$4, \$5.

NOBLE CRANDALL,  
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.



ways. We both understood the night he went away, although he only asked me not to forget him. I knew then that he was the only one in the world who could ever come between you and me. And," raising her head proudly, "whatever the cause of his silence, I believe him and trust him as I would trust myself. For my father," she pleaded, clinging closer to him, "promises me that you will do the same. How can you doubt anyone so good, so noble as Graham?"

Before the Doctor could make any reply the silence of the still summer night was broken by a clashing sound in the thick shrubbery near them, dividing the lawn from the kitchen garden and a narrow lane beyond, used by the servants, leading to the high road. It was followed by a half-stifled moan, and then all was silent again.

"What was that," half-whispered Louise breathlessly, her eyes dilated with sudden terror, fixed on her father's face. The Doctor's nerves and self-command were perfect. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, though his keen eyes had seen a white face for a moment behind the leafy screen and then instantly vanish. Slowly drawing Louise to the opposite end of the terrace he said, calmly, "Some animal among the shrubbery perhaps. 'Nothing at all to be afraid of, you silly child. There are no bears or wolves prowling about the country now,' giving her a re-assuring pressure of his strong arm.

They were near the house, and at this moment Miss Wayland's figure appeared at one of the low French windows opening out of the lighted drawing-room on the wide verandah.

"Frederick," she called anxiously, "do you know it's ten o'clock, and Louise in that thin dress is out in the heavy dew?"

"Oh!" said the Doctor, taking his daughter's face between his hands, as she looked appealingly at him, and speaking in low, earnest tones, "in my inmost heart I think I have always believed and trusted Graham. From this night I share your perfect trust and no shadow of suspicion shall ever darken my faith in him again. 'Perhaps,' he added gravely, 'he may be in need of all the love we can give him.'"

Stooping he kissed her face, grown suddenly radiant at his words.

"Good-night, father dear. Don't stay out long," she called, looking uneasily back at the dark line of shrubbery as she went up the steps. The Doctor only waited till she had passed into the drawing-room, then crossing to a garden seat, took up a heavy cane he had noticed lying there the early part of the evening, and striding across the terrace parted the shrubbery and disappeared into the lane beyond.

It seemed to Louise that night as if sleep would never come. Her room was next her father's, and she lay listening for his footsteps till long past midnight and the rest of the household were wrapped in slumber. Suddenly she started up, wide awake, from what she supposed a few minutes' sleep. The moonlight was streaming into the room and a bright ray fell across the toilet clock, the hands of which were pointing to three. Turning towards the door, which was in shadow, she saw a light shining through the crevice at the bottom, and listening caught the faint subdued murmur of voices.

The light could only come from one room, Graham's study, which was a little distance down the hall, on the opposite side; hastily donning her white dressing gown she noiselessly opened the door and went softly along the passage.

The study door was partly open, and in the middle of the room, by the study table, with its shaded lamp, she could see two figures. One was the Doctor's, who sat partly facing her, his head leaning on one hand, while the other lay on his face. Accompanied from her childhood to people coming to her father for advice, both for bodily and mental trouble, Louise drew quickly back, feeling this was something she had no right to look upon. At the same moment her father's arm fell across the table. He dropped his head upon it, and as she swiftly retraced her steps, the sound of a deep sob fell on

her startled ears. "It's only too true," he groaned. "Oh, my lad—my poor lad!"

Next morning Miss Wayland remained shut up in her darkened room with a severe headache, and upon inquiring, Louise found her father had gone away very early in the gig, and had left word he would not be home till evening. A strange feeling of awe came over her at the recollection of the scene she had witnessed in the study, and when, according to her every day custom, she went to see that the room was in its usual perfect order, awaiting Graham's return, it puzzled her to find it locked and the key gone.

"It must have been some one in great trouble," she reflected, fastening some roses in her gown as she dressed for dinner. "How father feels for every one," with a tender smile, as she thought of the emotion he had displayed.

"Dr. Neville is in the drawing-room, Miss," said the neat little housemaid, tapping at the half open door.

"Did you tell him my aunt was not able to see any one?" demanded Louise quickly.

"He asked for you, Miss," returned the girl with a faint smile.

"Very well, Mary. Say I will be down directly," but at the same time proceeding leisurely with her toilet, and experiencing a decided sensation of relief when the sound of carriage-wheels came up the drive, and a few moments later the Doctor, with his slow firm step, crossed the court yard and came towards the house.

She went slowly down stairs, and came in at the back of the large old room. Between the heavy portieres she could see her father and Neville standing facing each other. Something in their attitude made her pause. Neville was speaking, and his clear, handsome face was white and wore a cruel dental expression.

"Don't try to tell me anything but the truth," interrupted the Doctor sternly. "For I know it all now. Graham was here last night, and today Joyce confessed everything to me. You may try to silence your conscience with a lie, but you know as well as I do that he contracted the beginning of that fatal disease the night he went away, when you deliberately allowed him in the devilish hope that things might turn out as they have, to spend his last hour with that poor vagrant at the hospital. Yes," continued the Doctor, in a terrible voice, "though no human law can reach you, Frank Neville, in the sight of God you are as much Graham Corysten's murderer as though you had driven a dagger through his heart."

Neville winced, but a scornful smile curled his lip and his face became cold and hard.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

### Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Pausing a moment, the Doctor went on in a changed voice, and shading his grief-stricken face with his hand.

"Yet you, standing there in health and strength, might well be thankful to change places with him to-day, for he had a soul worth millions such as yours. With every hope in life stranded and broken behind him, he went away into lonely exile with the step of a crowned king, and his face like one of God's own angels." He broke off abruptly, and paced up and down, a struggle evidently going on in his mind. At last he came back and looked steadily into the unmoved face before him.

"It is the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life, but for Graham's sake," he said mournfully, in a voice he strove in vain to steady, "for Graham's sake, I forgive you. Only, you must leave the country. I never wish to look upon your face again." He pointed to the door, and Neville passed silently through, and out of the lives of all who had formerly known him.

The Doctor turned, and Louise, her face white as her dress, was standing close to him.

"Tell me what you have done with Graham," she demanded in a strange, far away voice.

"Not here," said the Doctor quietly, taking her cold hands in his own and leading her upstairs. He paused at the study door, and unlocking it, drew her in and softly closed it. Louise could see, without looking, the chair close to the study table, and the room littered with books and papers scattered about in confusion. She knew now who the bowed figure kneeling there in that empty space the night before had been. Her face was as if carved in marble, as she turned and looked at the Doctor.

"Father," she said, in a firm voice, "I know everything, except what it is."

He silently took a little packet from a drawer in the table and gave it to her. "Graham left it for you last night," he said huskily.

She slowly removed the wrapping and took out a small, well-worn pocket Bible. It opened of itself, where a withered crimson rose, and a copy of the poem on "Les Huguenots" she had given him long ago, marked the place. Half way down the page was a verso deeply underlined. Her heart suddenly stood still as she read the words,—"And he went out from his presence as leper as white as snow."

"Father," she cried wildly, "got that, Oh, say it is not that."

He folded her in his arms, with his deep compassionate eyes on her face, but remained silent. After a moment her white lips faltered "Where?"

"My child," he answered solemnly, "he is where no one will ever see him again in this world. His renunciation was complete. He went to the Lazaretto, in the Terre aux Lepreux at Traoued, this morning."

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Ten years later came the news they prayed for, yet dreaded to hear. He was dead. Louise and her father were alone at "The Cedars"; Miss Wayland had passed quietly away some years before. The Doctor's head was white and his step much slower as they paced the terrace that evening. He was urging Louise to accept an invitation from some friends, and go away for a change. She leaned her head on his shoulder as she looked at the fading western sky.

"There shall be no separation between us now, father," she said softly, "until one of us goes to be with Graham."

Perhaps no one but the writer knows the history of the beautiful nurse in a hospital of one of our large Canadian cities,—her life, for the sake of one dear memory, devoted to the sacred ministry of tending the sick and dying, and the wealth left by both father and lover spent in helping the destitute and sorrowful among humanity.

A New Year's Cry.

An old man stood on New Year's night in a window and looked with deep despair up to the motionless, ever

### Livery Stables!

Until further notice at "Bay View."

First-class teams with all the seasonable equipments. Come one, come all, and you shall be used right. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone.

W. J. BALCOM,  
PROPRIETOR.

Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

### Mantle & Dress Making.

Work in this line done at the shortest notice, in the latest styles, and most approved manner.

Perfect work guaranteed.  
Rooms in ACADIAN building.

F. E. DAVIDSON. M. A. ZINK.

### LAST CHANCE

FOR—  
The Orphan's Prayer.

Without any doubt, the premium picture offered by the *Family Herald* and *Weekly Star* is the greatest picture ever offered newspaper readers. There is a perfect scramble from all parts of the world to secure a copy. Some subscribers who have received it must not part with it for a \$10 bill. The publishers will withdraw the premium shortly. We have made arrangements, however, with the *Family Herald* publishers, whereby they guarantee to supply the "ORPHAN'S PRAYER" to all names sent in by the ACADIAN, on or before the 15th February. The *Family Herald* and *Weekly Star* is the recognized leader of all weeklies in America.

We offer

"The Orphan's Prayer"

THE  
The Family Herald and Weekly Star  
(One Year), and  
The ACADIAN (one year),  
all for \$1.75.

Don't Fail to Secure a Copy.

Send subscriptions to:  
ACADIAN, Wolfville, N. S.  
Sample Picture can be seen here.

### DAVID THOMPSON.

PAINTER & PAPER HANGER,  
WOLFVILLE, - N. S.

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### DR. BARSS,

Residence at Mr Everett  
W. Sawyer's; Office adjoining  
Acadian office.

OFFICE HOURS: 10—11, a. m.; 2—3, p. m.  
Telephone at residence, No. 38.

### 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. 24th, 1895. 11

### POETRY.

Send Them to Bed With a Kiss.

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,  
Worn out with the cares of the day,  
You often grow cross and impatient,  
Complains of the noise and the play;  
For the day brings so many vexations,  
So many things going amiss;  
But mother, whatever may vex you,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,  
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,  
The dear little hands find new mischief  
To try you from morning till night.  
But think of the desolate mothers,  
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,  
And, as thanks for your infinite blessing,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,  
The silence will hurt you far more,  
You will long for the sweet children  
Voices.

For a sweet childish face at the door,  
And to press a child's face to your bosom,  
You'd give all the world just for this!  
For the comfort 'twill bring you in  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

—Selected.

### SELECT STORY.

A RENUNCIATION.

(CONTINUED.)

One evening towards the end of June, the Doctor and Louise were walking on the western terrace at the side of the house, watching the sunset.

The Doctor was smoking, and his eyes looked thoughtful as they followed the blue wreaths that curled upward for a few moments, and then melted into the soft summer air.

"How I wish that boy were back again," he said at last, half irritably.

"What can be keeping him over there," Louise was silent.

A little more mature, her graceful figure, in its white evening dress, a little taller and sligher, but looking more beautiful than ever, she stood with her hands clasped in front of her, and the spray of June roses she held in her hand. Her faith in Graham had never for a moment wavered, and she grieved her to think that her father, under any circumstances, could doubt him. As she looked at the roses she seemed to hear his voice again, and to see the look in his steadfast blue eyes the night he went away; and as the Doctor, in the softness of his heart, speculated rather bitterly on his conduct, and spoke sorrowfully of change and estrangement, her whole soul went out in faithful love and loyalty to the absent one.

"Well," ended the Doctor, blowing a long ring of smoke away, "perhaps he has a surprise in store for us in the shape of a dark-eyed Eastern charmer, or something of that kind. I wish with all my heart he had never gone abroad at all. Really, Louise," he continued, reproachfully, "as she still remained silent, 'you can't care half so much for the poor lad as your aunt and I to take all this so coolly.'"

She bent her head lower over the roses, and glancing at her curiously, the Doctor suddenly stopped, and by the fading summer twilight was startled to see the tears running down her cheeks. Turning quickly she dropped the flowers, and clasping her hands on his shoulder hid her face.

"Fathers," she sobbed brokenly, as he put his arm round her in consternation. "I have never had a secret from you before. You think I do not care, and all the time it has nearly broken my heart to have you speak so of him. For it has been Graham always—al-

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures colds and coughs; an unequalled anodyne expectorant.

### A RETAION

OF THE  
MERITS  
—OF—  
AYER'S  
Cherry Pectoral

would include the cure of every form of disease which affects the throat and lungs. Asthma, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and other similar complaints have (when other medicines failed) yielded to

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

There shall be no separation between us now, father," she said softly, "until one of us goes to be with Graham."

Perhaps no one but the writer knows the history of the beautiful nurse in a hospital of one of our large Canadian cities,—her life, for the sake of one dear memory, devoted to the sacred ministry of tending the sick and dying, and the wealth left by both father and lover spent in helping the destitute and sorrowful among humanity.

A New Year's Cry.

An old man stood on New Year's night in a window and looked with deep despair up to the motionless, ever

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