

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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### THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction.

All 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.,  
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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh H. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.; Sabbath School at 9.30 p. m. B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday morning the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Officers at the door to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 11.30 a. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

FREYBETRIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. H. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. At Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday 7.30 p. m. at Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Beattie, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the seats 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 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 7th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Sten's, Warden.  
Geo. A. Frab, Organist.

ST. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. F.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

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 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 2.30 o'clock.

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Count Hamilton, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7.30 p. m.

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Stock which we have secured at bottom prices, and we don't expect to have a piece left by the first of January.

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### POETRY.

True Charity.

I gave a beggar from my little store  
Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore  
And came again, and yet again, still  
Cold and hungry as before.  
I gave a thought; and through that thought  
He found himself, the man, supreme,  
Divine!  
Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessing manifold—  
And now he begs no more.  
—Ello Wheeler Wilson.

### SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XLV.

Dumb with amazement and indignation, Cecil stood passive in the clasp of her clinging arms, while she raved on:

"Oh, Cecil, he is so terrible in his wrath! He threatened such terrible things! He swore that I should never be your wife! Oh, I am so frightened, so wretched! Would that I were dead!"

"Poor Amber! All this comes of

loving me! Oh, I was wrong to accept your generosity, I was wrong to make you my betrothed; I should have known that sorrow would come of it!" exclaimed Cecil, in deep agitation and sympathy, although so throbs of love stirred his heart for the beautiful girl clinging to him in such passionate love.

"No, no," cried Amber, wildly, still holding him, though he tried to place her gently back in the chair. "No, no, dear Cecil, never say that sorrow came of our betrothal, for it is the pride and glory of my life; and I would that we might be wedded this hour that I might dismiss the haunting fears of being torn away from you by that wicked old man, my grandfather. Ah, Cecil, darling, would that you loved me enough to make me yours to day!"

The wild words were uttered, and she waited in sickening suspense and shame for his answer. She knew, though she dared not look up at his deadly pale face, how surprised and perhaps disgusted he must feel at her bold hints, almost entreaties, for an immediate marriage.

He was indeed silent a few minutes from surprise and trouble, then he said, gently:

"Calm yourself, dear Amber, for there is no cause for these tears. You need not fear Judge Camden, for you shall remain with us at Ronnycastle, in my mother's charge until—until I can make arrangements for our early marriage."

Ah, how cruelly it pained his heart, still sore and aching from Violet's loss, to promise Amber an early marriage; but her distress wounded him, and the debt of gratitude he owed her must be paid, at any cost.

But her agitation only increased, and she cried, in anguish:

"Alas, alas, he may come at any moment to tear me from you! Oh, Cecil, dear Cecil, forgive me if I occur unbiddenly—if I speak where I ought to be silent; but I swear to you that my whole life's happiness rests on your instant decision, and on keeping of your faith with me!"

"What would you have me do, Amber?" he asked in a perplexed tone, thinking to himself that although her tears were exaggerated, it was best to humor her hysterical mood.

With a great throb of hope at her heart, she answered:

"I can never be safe from that vindictive old man until I am your wife, dear Cecil; and if you care for me, if you value my happiness at all, surely you will consent to my wish. Listen! my phœton is at the gate waiting. Let us fly this hour to Washington and be married. Then we can return and defy my tyrannical guardian!"

There was a long pause. Amber hid her face against his shoulder, and the mother and son looked at each other, his eyes questioning, hers grave, but affirmative.

"You cannot refuse," her grave eyes said, sadly enough, for she was shocked and pained at the girl's boldness.

Amber lifted her head proudly.

"I am refused. Very well, I will go," she began, drawing back from him, but he answered, quietly:

"You are hasty, Amber; I was about to say that it should be as you wish. You will excuse me one moment while I get ready," and he went out, soon returning wrapped in his thick fur-lined overcoat, for a long, cold drive lay before them, and the air was thick with snow-flakes.

Surely never was elopement so quickly planned before, for in ten minutes they were seated in the phœton warmly wrapped about in heavy robes.

and the gray pony was skimming over the road to Washington, bearing the handsome pair—Amber thrilling with joy, Cecil heavy-hearted and miserable.

The air was keenly cold, and the snow began to fall so fast that the air was thick with whirling flakes. Amber held the reins herself, and urged the pony to his highest speed as they flew over mile after mile of the lonely road in the gloom of the wintry afternoon.

Every moment was an hour to her impatient heart until they should reach the minister's and be made one ere Cecil learned that his fair young love, so cruelly torn away from him, was already widowed and had always been true to him at heart. Let but this knowledge reach him ere the marriage, and Amber knew that all her hopes would be overthrown.

It frightened her to think of the letter to Cecil lying hidden on her breast inside the folds of her warm seal-skin jacket, and she determined to destroy it at the very first opportunity.

They were five miles on their way now, and they had come so fast that the gray pony was reeking with sweat in spite of the wintry cold. Cecil ventured to expostulate, but she turned on him with a white, reproachful face.

"One would think you were reluctant to reach Washington!" she exclaimed.

"You mistake me, dear Amber; but you will kill the poor animal if you keep up this rate of speed!"

For answer she touched the pony's back with the whip, and the brave little animal flew forward like the wind, maintaining its high rate of speed for half a mile.

Then—perhaps from exhaustion, perhaps from some obstruction in the road—Cecil never knew which—an accident happened.

The brave pony stumbled and fell, and Cecil and Amber were both thrown violently out of the phœton, on either side of the road into the soft white bed of snow with which Mother Nature was spreading the earth.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

Cecil was very fortunate, for he rose unscathed from the ground, with the exception of a few bruises.

But he trembled with dread when he saw Amber lying still as death on the pile of rocks where she had fallen.

Oh, horrors! was she dead? It was more than likely, for her face was death-like, her eyes closed, and there was a bleeding wound near her temple, where it had struck in falling upon a sharp rock.

The poor pony lay among the shafts of the overturned phœton, as he had fallen, and Cecil surmised that he had broken a limb; but he had no time to investigate, for Amber needed instant attention.

It seemed like a merciful provision of Providence that the accident had happened just in front of a neat, pretty cottage, and the inhabitants had witnessed it from their windows. A woman and a little girl hurried out, and helped Cecil to carry Amber into the house.

"Oh, the pretty lady; she is dead!" whispered the child, as the death-white face of Amber rested among the pillows of the sofa.

Cecil feared that she was right, and he hastily unfastened her heavy fur jacket, and threw it back to place his hand on her heart. As he did so, the hidden letter slipped from its concealment and fell to the floor. He noticed it, but went on with his investigation, feeling anxiously for the pulsation of Amber's heart.

"Does it beat?" asked the woman

of the house, anxiously.

"Very faintly, I think. This may be only a deep swoon. Will you bring some water and bathe her head, please?"

The frightened woman obeyed, and then Cecil said, courteously:

"I will go for a doctor if you will direct me to the nearest one."

"There is one two miles away, sir," and while she was giving explicit directions, the little fair-haired girl crept up timidly with the letter she had picked up from the floor.

"The letter, sir, that dropped from the lady's jacket."

"Don't pester the good man, Millie," said her mother, reprovingly, but Cecil patted the little sunny head kindly, and took the letter from her hand with a careless glance at the superscription.

He gave a start of surprise, and his heart leaped strangely into his throat.

The letter was addressed to himself in the beautiful, beloved, familiar writing of his lost Violet!

He comprehended that Amber had lied to him and kept back this letter, the mere touch of which made his blood whirl in dizzy waves through his throbbing heart.

But there was no time to read it now. Thrusting it against his heart, he dashed out of the door, and hurried in quest of the doctor.

Within half a mile he encountered the person he was seeking, riding rapidly toward him on horseback, followed by the gardener from Golden Willows.

"Doctor Perry, I was just going in quest of you. Miss Laurens has been thrown from her phœton half a mile back from here, and seriously injured, I fear," cried Cecil.

But the old physician answered, brusquely:

"My God, man, I can't stop! I have been summoned post-haste to Judge Camden, who has been very strangely seized, and is thought to be dying. Let Tom Smith here ride back for my neighbor, Doctor Jenner, and the old physician galloped past like the wind toward Golden Willows.

"Will you bring the doctor for Miss Laurens, Smith, as I am on foot, and should make poor progress?" asked Cecil, anxiously.

"Certainly, Mr. Grant, and glad to oblige you," answered the gardener, turning his horse's head and galloping back in the direction he had come.

Cecil walked quickly back through the high wind and flying snow-flakes to the cottage, where he found Amber still wrapped in deep unconsciousness, despite all the efforts the mistress of the cottage had put forth for her recovery.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

During Cecil's absence, Jasper Melrose, the husband of the kind woman at the cottage, returned on horseback from the village, and his wife begged him to see to the poor pony, lying so still in the road, under the upturned phœton.

A moment's examination told the truth. The gray beauty was dead, driven to exhaustion by the merciless haste of his despotic mistress.

Cecil had scarcely returned, before Tom Smith arrived with Doctor Jenner, who looked grave, as he examined the unconscious Amber, and declared that she was suffering from concussion of the brain.

"It is impossible to say just now whether she will ever rally from her swoon or not. She must be put to bed, and we will do what we can, and hope

### Housekeepers

have been vexed when using cream of tartar and soda to find their work uneven. If sometimes good, at others the biscuit and cake will be heavy or sour or full of lumps of soda that set the teeth on edge. Flour, eggs and butter wasted. This is because the cream of tartar is adulterated or cannot be used in the proper proportions.

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He deftly sewed up the gaping wound on her temple, remarking that it was a great misfortune she had received it, since if she lived, it must disfigure her beauty for life with a deep scar.

Mrs. Melrose put Amber to bed in her best room, and the physician declared his intention of remaining all night. He supposed that there would be a handsome fee from Judge Camden for attendance on his granddaughter, and determined to spare no attention.

The cottage people supposed that the accident had been the result of a runaway, and Cecil did not undevote them. He did not wish any one to know of the elopement that had ended so tragically.

He did not love Amber, but his heart was full of grief and pain over her fate; and if she had died, and the truth of her treachery had never come to light, he would have cherished her memory always as something sweet and sacred.

Given now he had no conception of the great importance of the letter she had intercepted from Violet. For why should she write to him, the heartless girl, who had deserted him so cruelly, and was now the bride of another? It was only to taunt him with her happiness, of course.

So he felt no real resentment against Amber for her deceitfulness. He judged her mercifully, thinking she had withheld the letter to spare him pain.

And, in his anxiety over her perilous condition, he scarcely remembered Violet's letter, although it lay, unread, upon his breast. Why should he think of fickle, selfish Violet, when her noble cousin lay stricken down in all her youth and beauty, never, perhaps, to rise again.

In those moments of his sorrow and gratitude, he was very near to loving Amber, at last, for pity is akin to love.

Suddenly, Doctor Jenner approached him, and said:

"It is very probable that she will lie in this comatose condition all night, and as you can do no good by remaining, might it not be a good plan to go and break the news to the family at Golden Willows, and bring Mrs. Shirley here to see after the young lady?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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