

THE ACADIAN AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1898.

No. 8.

THE ACADIAN

Published on FRIDAY at 11 o'clock.
WOLFVILLE, 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 must be made in advance, and 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 as all work turned out.

News 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 under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8:00 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 A. M.

Express west close at 10:00 A. M.
Express east close at 4:00 P. M.
Keewille close at 6:40 P. M.

Geo. V. Rasm, 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. Murray, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh B. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday School at 2:30 P. M. Y. P. U. paper-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 P. M. All seats free. Others at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 1 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F. E. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday School at 10 A. M.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. All seats free. Others at the doors to welcome strangers.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Duffin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.; Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All seats free. Others at the doors to welcome strangers.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Holy Communion at 10 A. M.; Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Services every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robt. W. St. John, Warden.

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 10 o'clock P. M.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION, W. T. C. 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 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Bloniden, L. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7:30 P. M.

LONDON PEN & PENCIL STAMP.

This stamp, your own name, by each letter mailed free, also club of five, \$1.00. For Printing Cards, Wedding Invitations, etc.

WOLFVILLE REUBEN STAMP CO., 58 South Street, Halifax, N. S., Manufacturers of Notary Seals, Business Cards, etc.

UNDERTAKING!

CHAS. H. BORDEN
Has on hand a full line of COFFINS, CASES, etc., and a FIRST-CLASS HEARSE. All orders in this line will be promptly attended to. Charges moderate.

Wolfville, March 11th, '97. 27

GLOBE

Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 28

"THE BEST."

Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

WE ARE ALWAYS At the Front.

NOT ONLY IN STYLE, FIT & WORKMANSHIP, BUT ALSO IN OUR FINE STOCK OF TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS.

We have just received one of the Finest Stocks of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds and Worsteds that has ever been in the Province. All our English Goods have been bought since the duty has been lowered 25 per cent., therefore we are able to offer you better bargains than ever in these goods, which is saying a good deal.

We have now on hand \$4,000

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

Our Ladies' Covert Coatings and Beavers are Daisies!

We have the latest styles in Beaver and Melton Overcoating. Come and examine our stock and learn our prices.

We manufacture ladies' as well as gentlemen's Clothes.

We are sole local agents for the famous Tyke and Blenheim Serges.

Laundry Agency in connection. Telephone No. 35.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, Manager.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

NEW STOCK!

HORSE RUGS,
STOVES, TINWARE,
STOVEPIPE,
LUMBER & LATHS.

APPLE BARRELS Kept in Stock.
STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
WOLFVILLE.

Wah Hop,
CHINESE LAUNDRY,
Wolfville, N. S.
First-class Work Guaranteed.

Livery Stables!
Until further notice at Central Hotel.

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

W. J. BALCOM,
Proprietor.
Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

Fred H. Christie
Painter and Paper Hanger.

Best attention given to Work entrusted to us.
Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

POETRY.

What Shall It Profit?

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt,
The blessed fields of heaven where once
I dwelt,
Possessed myself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void
The place
Within me where he dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.
"Come, now, that is a fit, old lady. Tell me the truth immediately! Has anybody been trading on your feelings?" cried the old man, whimsically.
"No-o, sir."
"Is anybody dead, then?"
"Oh, I hope not, sir; but—" and the meek little widow's voice broke in a stifled sob. Judge Camden eyed her in silence a moment, then thumped his stick on the floor and made her jump, thus revealing her reddened eyes and grief-stricken countenance.

"Aha! so there is something the matter! Out with it now!" he exclaimed, in his earnest way.
"Oh, sir—please, it is nothing—only—only—I don't want to offend, sir—but—I'm troubled over—Violet."
His grim countenance reddened with anger.
"Troubled over Violet, eh? And why may I ask?"
"Oh, I don't know, but I'm afraid she isn't happy!" and the poor old woman trembled all over.
"Not happy! I don't see why," he muttered, grimly. "Wouldn't it be happy, Mrs. Shirley, if you were young and beautiful and off on your bridal tour with a rich and handsome husband?"
"Not if I didn't love him, judge," she quavered, faintly.
"What the deuce do you mean? Didn't Violet love Mr. Castello?"
"Oh, sir, you know she didn't. She told me every day how much she hated him, and how much she adored Cecil Grant."

Mrs. Shirley had gone too far to retreat now, although her teeth were chattering with terror of his anger. But her whole sympathies were with Violet, and she could not keep back the words.
Judge Camden's eyes snapped viciously, and he cried: "If she didn't love Mr. Castello, why did she marry him, eh?"
"That's what is troubling me," returned Mrs. Shirley, frankly. "I know she hated him; and when Amber told me she had run off to marry him, it gave me a dreadful turn, for I thought what if he stole her off against her will?"
"Tut, tut, tut! What a silly old woman! Violet married him for spite, if you must know the truth! It was Grant she was going to cleave with, but he failed to meet her at the church, and Castello followed her there and pleaded his cause so well that she forgot her legendar love and married him instead. That is the story, as Amber told it, and I think myself that Violet did a wise thing in giving young Grant the slip; although I ought to cane him for not keeping his appointment with my granddaughter."

Mrs. Shirley was dashed at this plausible explanation, but, true to her colors, she cried, sadly:
"Oh, I am very, very sure that something dreadful must have happened to keep Cecil away, for he is a very noble young man, and—" she was going on tremulously, but he interrupted, with a frowning brow:
"That will do, madame; no more praises of that young scamp, if you please! I know," sarcastically, "that the young ladies of my family were both in love with the beggar; but an old woman like you ought to be thinking of something else besides a handsome young man!"
"Judge Camden, I—"

But the tormenting old wretch added, teasingly:
"You need not encourage his attentions, madame, for I should refuse my consent, just as I did in Violet's case."

The insulted old lady hurried from the room, weeping indignantly, and Judge Camden laughed maliciously at the way in which he had routed Cecil's friend.
But it made him unreasonably angry to know how every one admired the manly young fellow, who was so noble and true, and who was struggling against such overwhelming odds in the battle of life. The judge was not really a wicked man, and he would have pitied and admired any other such hero, and have offered him a helping hand; but he hated Cecil for his mother's sake, and was bitless. Only that day the young man had argued and gained a case in court before him, and the judge would have admitted his mastery speech had it been any one else; but for Cecil he had only anger, and perhaps a spice of envy; for the old man well knew that any girl, rich or poor, in the whole county, would have been glad to marry the handsome and noble though impoverished heir of Bonnycastle.

While he sat fuming over his unpleasant thoughts the clang of the door-bell penetrated to the library where he sat, and presently a servant entered with a card.
"Mr. Grant begs the favor of a short interview," he said.
The judge viewed the card with round-eyed wonder and astonishment.

"Well, well, well! What business can the young jackanapes have with me? But show him in," he ejaculated, and the next moment Cecil Grant bowed himself over the threshold, and in the presence of his surprised and wondering enemy.

From her window above Amber had watched Cecil approach, and her heart beat tumultuously as she drew back into the shadows, picturing to herself the surprise and chagrin of the old judge at learning the object of the young man's call.

"How he will fume and wonder!" she thought, maliciously, for Amber had triumphed again.

Mrs. Grant's entreaties had overcome Cecil's sturdy pride, and to save her heart from breaking at leaving the dear old home, he had reluctantly accepted the loan of the twenty thousand dollars to pay off the debt on Bonnycastle.

"And I wish," cried Amber, fervently, "that I had twenty thousand more to give you to restore the dear old place to its pristine splendor; for I do love Bonnycastle, with all my heart!"

Mrs. Grant beamed with pleasure and gratitude on the fair schemer, and Cecil murmured his thanks in a husky voice, and with a heavy heart, for although he said no word to his mother, he had an innate conviction of what Amber would expect in return for her generosity. He knew that the old love, so cleverly masked for a while under the guise of friendship, still lived in her heart, and how could he pay the loan he had accepted from her but by the sacrifice of his life, by offering his hand and name, without the heart that still belonged to Violet?

So it was a heavy heart that he carried with him into the old judge's presence; and when the wicked girl saw him come forth again fifteen minutes later, his head drooped dejectedly on his breast, and there was no triumph in his walk, although he had paid off his debt to Judge Camden and saved Bonnycastle for his dotting mother. He was indeed overwhelmed with shame and pain at having accepted such a favor from a woman—and especially a woman he did not love.

Amber guessed something of the humiliation that bowed that dark head toward the earth, and her lips contracted with pain.

"He is writhed because his mother forced him to accept a favor from me; but if it had been Violet instead, how differently he would have felt!" she thought, bitterly; then broke into a choking sob. "Oh Heaven, why is it that I cannot win his love when I worship him so dearly?"

"At that moment her maid appeared at the door.
"Judge Camden wishes to see you in the library."
Assuming an indifferent look, although her heart beat wildly, she sought her grandfather's presence.
"He was pacing the library in high excitement. Turning, at her entrance, he exclaimed:
"I have startling news for you! Cecil Grant has just left here!"
"Yes, grandpapa, I saw him from my window leaving the house, and I was wild with curiosity to know what had brought him to Golden Willows."
"You could not guess in a year," he replied, with an air of conviction.
"I am sure I could not, dear grandpapa, for of course he did not come to accuse you of treachery in Violet's marriage to Mr. Castello."
"Violet's name was not mentioned between us. He did not stay above fifteen minutes, and the interview was purely a business one."
Amber, with knitted brows and a puzzled air, exclaimed:
"Surely he was not proud to plead with you to let him stay longer at Bonnycastle! I have heard that his mother's heart is breaking because she has to leave it; but I did not think that Cecil would humble himself even for her dear sake."
How superbly she acted her surprise and wonder. If the old man had had the least lurking suspicion that she had lent Cecil money, her innocence completely deceived him, and he replied, angrily:
"No, indeed; my Lord Grant of Bonnycastle, Virginia, would not humiliate his proud crest to living man, you may be sure. It was a mission of triumph, not humiliation, that brought him this afternoon to Golden Willows. In short, the young beggar had got hold of twenty thousand dollars—the Lord only knows where!—and he paid off the debt on Bonnycastle, and took my receipt!"

"Grandpapa, you amaze me, you astonish me! Where in the world did Cecil Grant get the money?"
Amber's surprise was grandly acted. She was a consummate actress, and met his gaze with innocent eyes of wonder.
"I have no idea where he got it," the judge rejoined, testily. "But he borrowed it, I suppose. He gave me a cheque on a Washington bank where he said the money was on deposit."
"I have never had such a surprise in my life!" declared Amber; but her further protestations were interrupted by a knock at the door.
A servant appeared, saying that there was a strange man at the door, who would not come in, but wished to see the judge on business.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Amber could not understand the uneasy thrill that went through her at the mention of this stranger wanting to see the judge. She sank almost terrified into a chair, while the old man went to the hall door to receive the visitor.

Yet there was nothing unusual about the matter, nothing that could possibly affect her, she thought over and over, to allay her strange excitement; but when her grandfather returned, the spring up, pale and trembling, dreading she knew not what.

But he spoke very quietly:
"Amber, I am summoned to the bedside of a sick friend in Washington, and shall start at once. If I do not return until to-morrow, you need not be alarmed, as I may be obliged to

remain even longer. Goodbye," and he hurried away, leaving her to the company of her own thoughts.
On the whole, she was relieved. A sick friend did not matter. She was rather glad to have him out of the way so that she might visit often at Bonnycastle without fear of detection.

She was eager to force Cecil into a declaration, she could not see how she was going to bring the old judge to consent to the marriage. She did not wish to run the risk of offending him and losing her chance of inheriting his money, but she was determined to have Cecil, and trusted in her usual good luck to bring matters about as she desired.

Her thoughts followed Cecil longingly on his way back to Bonnycastle, and she smiled as she thought how she would rejoice at the news that the debt on Bonnycastle was paid, and she would not be ousted from the home she loved so dearly.

"Ah," thought Amber, in triumph, "she will be very grateful to me, and of course she will be forever sounding my praises in Cecil's ears. Surely then his heart will turn to me!"
She forgot the perversity of love that has puzzled all the wise ones of the earth—forgot that love exists like jealousy—
"We are not jealous for a cause.
But jealous for we are jealous!"
Cecil Grant might marry Amber through gratitude for her seeming kindness, but the feeling would be far different from the passion he felt for his only love, sweet Violet—the passion that lived in his heart despite her desertion.

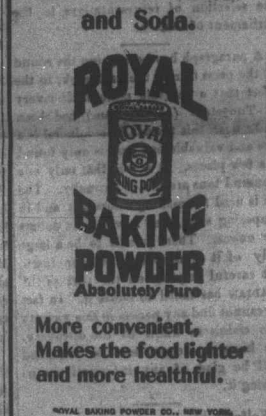
Amber could not believe in the constancy of Cecil's love for Violet now that he believed her false and fickle. She was wildly determined to push this love from her breast by the force of her own will.

She hurried over to Bonnycastle the next morning and succeeded in her design of intercepting Cecil on his way to town as he walked along the bank by the murmuring river that always seemed to whisper to him of Violet's fair, lost love.

It was a chilly morning in November. The frost-blighted willows drooped forlornly over the stream, and the lonely path was strewn with dead leaves that rustled to the tread.
When Cecil saw Amber coming toward him, he reproached himself for the feeling of regret that arose in his heart at the meeting with the brilliant beauty whose eyes beamed so jealously at his approach. He knew, although he despised himself for the instinctive thought, that she had come out purposely to intercept him on the way to the office.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Use in place of Cream of Tartar and Soda.



More convenient, Makes the food lighter and more healthful.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE
We clothe Complete the Seven Ages of Womankind,
ALL BUT BOOTS.
OUR EXHIBITION SHOW DAYS! NOW ON, OF
FALL MILLINERY AND CHILDREN'S CLOAKS & REEFERS,
ETC., ETC.
A. O'CONNOR, 47 & 49 Barrington St., Halifax.
Milliner and Outfitter.