

# 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, SEPTEMBER 23, 1898.

No. 4.

### THE ACADIAN

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

TERMS:  
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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

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

Rates for standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office, and payment must be made in ad-  
vance, unless by special arrangement.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-  
stantly receiving new type and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
on all work turned out.

Very communications from all parts  
of the county, or articles upon the topics  
of the day are cordially solicited. The  
same of the party writing for the ACADIAN  
must invariably accompany the communi-  
cation, although the same may be written  
over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.  
Office Hours, 8.00 A. M. to 8.30 P. M.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15  
P. M.  
Express west close at 10.00 A. M.  
Express east close at 4.00 P. M.  
Kentville close at 8.40 P. M.  
Geo. V. Rand, 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. Munro, 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. B. Y. F. U.  
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at  
7.30, and Church prayer-meeting on Wed-  
nesday evening at 7.30. Women's Mis-  
sionary 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 2.30  
P. M. All seats free. Ushers at the  
door to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday  
at 10 P. M. and Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.  
Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F.  
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 1.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Wed-  
nesday at 7.30 P. M. Chalmers Church,  
Lever Horton: Public Worship on Sunday  
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at  
10 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at  
7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.  
Dunkley, 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 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  
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. on the fourth Sunday  
of each month.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Stearns, Warden.  
Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

REV. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,  
F. L.—Mass 11.00 A. M. on 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 8.00 O'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the  
Temperance Hall every Friday after-  
noon at 3.30 O'clock.

Foresters.  
Court Blomidon, I. 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, in  
black and blue ink, and a full set of  
writing materials, for 25c. only.  
Making Clothes, &c.

LONDON PEN & PENCIL STAMP CO.,  
Manufacturers of Notary Seals, Business  
Rubber Stamps, &c.

### UNDERTAKING!

CHAS. H. BORDEN  
Has on hand a full line of COFFINS,  
CASKETS, etc., and a FIRST-CLASS  
HEARSE. All orders in this line will  
be carefully attended to. Charges moder-  
ate.  
Wolfville, March 11th, '97.

### GLOBE

Steam Laundry  
HALIFAX, N. S.

"THE BEST."  
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

## WE ARE ALWAYS At the Front.

NOT ONLY IN STYLE, FIT & WORKMAN-  
SHIP, 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 a

\$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.

### HAYING TOOLS.

### DOOR SCREENS.

### WINDOW SCREENS.

### SUMMER LAP ROBES.

### FULL LINE OF WHIPS.

ALSO—

## BICYCLES

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,  
WOLFVILLE.

## Livery Stables!

Until further notice at  
Central Hotel.

First-class teams with all the season-  
able 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.

## DR. BARSS,

Residence at Mr Know-  
les', Cr. Acadia street  
and Highland avenue;  
Office over F. J. Porter's  
store.

OFFICE HOURS: 10—11, A. M.; 2—  
3, P. M.  
Telephone at residence, No. 38.

## Wah Hop,

CHINESE LAUNDRY,  
Wolfville, N. S.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

## 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.

## Change in Business.

Having purchased the Meat Busi-  
ness recently carried on by Mr. O. L.  
Eagle, the subscriber will be prepared  
to supply customers with the best of  
everything in his line. My terms will  
be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday  
and Saturday of each week.

T. M. DAVIDSON.  
Dec. 9th, 1897.

### POETRY.

#### The City of Sleep.

Over the edge of the purple dawn,  
Where the single lamp-light gleams,  
Know ye the road of the Merciful Town  
That hidly the Sea of Dreams  
Where the poor may lay their wrongs  
Away.

And the sick may forget to weep?  
But we—pity us! ah! pity us!  
We waken; ah! pity us!  
We must go back with Policeman Day—  
Back from the City of Sleep!

Wear thy robe from the scroll and  
crown,  
Fetter and prayer and glow—  
They that go up to the Merciful Town,  
For her gates are closing now.

It is their right in the baths of Night  
Body and soul to sleep;  
We—pity us! ah! pity us!  
We waken; oh! pity us!  
We must go back with Policeman Day—  
Back from the City of Sleep!

Over the edge of the purple dawn,  
Ere the tender dawns begin:  
Look—we may look—at the Merciful  
Town,  
But we may not enter in.

Ontests all, from her guarded wall,  
Back to our watch we creep;  
We waken; oh! pity us!  
We waken; oh! pity us!  
We must go back with Policeman Day—  
Back from the City of Sleep.

—Audyard Kipling.

### SELECT SERIAL.

#### Sweet Violet.

##### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Lena Lavarre!" cried Violet, with  
a start and a shudder, and the woman  
abruptly still farther.

"You have heard my name—my  
story! You shrink from me!" she  
cried, humbly.

"No, no, my poor girl, I pity you!"  
cried Violet, and held out her hand.

Lena Lavarre took it in both her  
own and kissed it gratefully; then  
continued:

"You know that I eloped with  
Harold Castello and was deceived by a  
mock marriage in Chicago and then  
pursued the villain, and was murdered  
by him. You witnessed the deed,  
lady, for I heard you declare as much  
to Harold Castello. You taunted  
him with the ruin of an innocent girl  
and the murder of her father."

"It is true, I was a witness to  
that old man's death at Harold Cas-  
tello's hands," shuddered Violet, turn-  
ing deadly pale, and almost swooning  
again at the recollection.

"Oh, lady, why did you not de-  
nounce the murderer, for your evi-  
dence would have convicted him?  
Why did you let the case baffle all  
Chicago and remain a mystery to this  
day, when you should have brought the  
flood to justice?" almost wept Lena  
Lavarre.

Violet flushed crimson, then grew  
deadly pale again.

"I did wrong in keeping silence,  
Miss Lavarre, but I will tell you how  
it was. My own safety, my own hon-  
or, made me keep the awful secret."

"Your honor, lady?"

"Yes; but you must not believe  
evil of me," answered Violet, crimson-  
ing painfully again. She added: "I  
happened to be in Harold Castello's  
company by an accident that I will  
fully explain at another time. But  
my situation was a terribly compromis-  
ing one; and when I became unwitting-  
ly a witness to the murder, Harold  
Castello threatened to blacken my  
name irrevocably if I dared to betray  
him. I was young and innocent, and  
terribly afraid of the world's verdict,  
so I kept his secret, and let that old  
man's blood cry out in vain against  
his destroyer for the sake of my own  
good name."

"But you are sorry you did not  
risk it all, lady, now that you see what  
a terrible fate it brought on you. And  
it is not yet too late. I will help  
you to escape, and you shall denounce  
him to the law for the black-hearted mur-  
derer that he is!"

A terrible groan was Violet's only  
reply, and Lena continued, eagerly:

"Oh, lady, you will not surely re-  
fuse my prayer, for I have sworn to  
bring home justice to my father's slay-  
er! And you are the only one who  
can help me! Oh, when I heard you  
taunting him to-night my soul rejoiced,  
for I knew that now I was near to my  
vengeance—that Heaven itself had sent  
you to my aid."

"Oh, this is dreadful!" sobbed  
Violet. "Hush, Miss Lavarre; let  
me explain."

"Oh, for sweet pity's sake do not  
refuse me!" wailed Lena Lavarre  
wildly.

"But, my poor, unhappy girl, you  
do not understand my position. He  
has married me, that kind, to keep me  
silent, because no wife can testify  
against her husband. Do you not  
know that this is the law?" explained  
Violet, her heart racked with pity for  
the wronged girl, and stung with re-  
morse for the silence she had kept too  
long, and which now could never be  
broken.

The rage and despair of poor Lena  
Lavarre were beyond description.

She paced up and down the beau-  
tiful apartment, raving in excitement  
and breathing maledictions on her de-  
stroyer and the murderer of her father.  
Her beautiful brown eyes, once so ten-  
der with the light of love, now glared  
wildly, almost insanely, and she  
seemed to forget Violet entirely until  
she crept timidly to her side, and  
whispered:

"Is it not time for us to go, if we  
hope to escape our enemy?"

"Yes, oh, yes,—I was forgetting  
everything in my passion! Come,  
Lena," cried Violet, catching the girl's  
hand and drawing her softly forward  
to the hall, "you must go as noiseless-  
ly as a cat," she continued, as they  
stole along the corridors and down the  
stairs to a little side entrance.

"I have found a key to this door,"  
whispered Lena. "The master did  
not trust me very much, although I ex-  
patriated loudly on my fidelity. But,  
all the same, he locked us all in the  
house before he left. But I had this  
key ready before he arrived, with his  
bride to-night, for I meant you to es-  
cape. I did not trust his story of a  
cray-woman who would swear that she  
had been carried off against her will.  
Step softly, dear, lest Monsieur Cook  
catch our footsteps as he dozes in the  
kitchen. There is a high sign of  
the bridge that pushed the fugitive bride out  
before her into the moonlight garden.  
She drew Violet quickly along in  
the shade of some dense shrubbery.

"Do you see that high stone wall?  
We shall have to scale it, because that  
cunning fox has locked the gate and  
carried off the key. Do you dare it?"

"I should dare it if almost certain  
death awaited me on the other side,  
so that I escaped my enemy!" Violet  
whispered, faintly.

"Bravo! Come, then, for it may  
not be so dangerous in the secret. I  
know there is an old step-ladder close  
by. Now, then, we go up easily  
enough, and drop down on the other  
side. There is the risk in the descent.  
Let us pray Heaven to save us."

"Amen!" murmured Violet, as she  
poised her lithe form on the wall for a  
spring.

"Let me go first. Perhaps I can  
catch you," cried Lena Lavarre; but  
both of them landed almost simultane-  
ously on the yielding grass of the field  
at the back of the wall.

##### CHAPTER XXIX.

"Thank heaven, we made the jump  
safely," cried Lena. She caught Vio-  
let's hand and drew her forward, say-  
ing, breathlessly: "There is an old  
deserted cabin in the woods about two  
miles from here where we can stay in  
hiding to-night. Harold Castello will  
not dream of searching for us there.  
Indeed, he will be sure to think we  
have gone straight to Mr. Cecil Grant,  
while in fact we shall be in quite an  
opposite direction."

Hand in hand they hurried toward  
the woods, their hearts beating wildly  
with the joy of escape. Poor Violet;  
she was dreaming of her love again,  
her dark-eyed Cecil, the idol of her  
dreams.

"I shall seek my own relatives, the  
Meads, as soon as I can, and they will  
call in the law to free me from these  
hateful fetters. Then I can marry my  
own love, my Cecil," she thought,  
fondly, as she hurried pasting on by  
the side of her friend, poor, wronged  
Lena Lavarre.

When they reached the safe, quiet  
abshelter of the lonely woods, they slack-  
ened their pace and talked softly to-  
gether.

"Oh, if I were only free of this  
bated marriage!" cried Violet, and  
added: "Miss Lavarre, you told me  
Harold Castello deceived you by a  
mock marriage. Are you sure it was  
not legal?"

"Call me Lena, dear lady; it  
sounds more friendly; and I am but a  
little older than yourself, not yet nine-  
teen," answered the girl.

"Very well, Lena; and you shall  
call me Violet."

"But I should not so presume—I  
on whom the shadow of such deep dis-  
grace is resting," half sobbed the poor  
girl in her wretchedness.

"It is not a real disgrace, for you  
were pure and innocent at heart, not  
dreaming of sin, when that villain de-  
ceived you; therefore you are not  
really to blame, and I can take your  
hand and call you friend, and love  
you," answered Violet from the depths  
of her grateful heart, and she slipped  
her arm around Lena's waist and  
nestled closer to her side.

Her tenderness went straight to  
Lena's heart and soothed some of its  
sore and aching chords. Sliding back  
a sob, she exclaimed:

"You are like an angel to me, Vio-  
let, and I will always love you. But  
now let us go back to your question,  
dear."

"I asked if you were sure that your  
marriage was illegal?" reminded Violet.

"It seemed very solemn to me, Vio-  
let, and the man looked just like a  
preacher; but Harold Castello swore  
to me two weeks afterward that it was  
his valet in disguise, and that he had  
performed the same ceremony for his  
several times before with silly, trusting  
girls like myself. Oh, Violet dear, I  
was mad with shame and despair, for I  
had worshipped my hand-ome husband  
and he seemed to adore me. And, in-  
deed, I was called a beautiful girl,  
with my dark-brown eyes, rosy cheeks,  
and golden hair. But he must have  
worried of my devotion, for he soon  
threw me over."

"Oh, Lena, I wish we could prove  
your marriage legal. Then I should  
be free from my bonds and could tes-  
tify against your father's murderer,"  
cried Violet, thoughtfully.

"Alas, it is vain to hope it; not  
that I could wish him for my husband  
now, only to lift the burden of shame  
and grief that is killing me, for I no  
longer love him. My heart turned  
against him when he cast me off so  
heartlessly. But here we are at our  
refuge, dear," said Lena, as they came  
upon an old, dilapidated cabin in the  
very heart of the thick woods.

She pushed open the door, and they  
entered the dreary place—an empty  
room with a broken window, through  
which the moonlight poured in ghastly  
gleams upon the floor.

"I have been here before," said  
Lena. "There is a loft with some  
broken chairs in it, and we can stay up  
there to-night and talk over our plans  
for the future."

##### CHAPTER XXX.

At Golden Wills: Judge Camden  
and Amber were quietly triumphant,  
and Mrs. Shirley weakly dazed at the  
news of Violet's elopement with Har-  
old Castello.

"I never could have believed that  
Violet would jilt Cecil Grant!" cried  
the little widow, in surprise.

"And why not?" cried Amber,  
tartly. "Mr. Castello was as hand-  
some as Cecil, and much richer; so I  
suppose that when Violet saw him,  
his wealth turned the scale in his  
favor."

"Perhaps so," was the meek re-  
sponse of the down-trodden little wid-  
ow, who would not presume to argue  
with any one in that house.

But in her secret heart she was  
surprised at Violet, who had always  
been her favorite cousin, and she was  
very sorry for Cecil Grant. Her  
sympathies went out to him because he  
was poor and an unfortunate like herself,  
and she could not help suspecting that  
there had been foul play somewhere.

"For why need Violet elope with  
Mr. Castello when her grandfather  
was willing and anxious for her to  
marry him at home?" she asked her-  
self; but she did not dare to breathe  
the thought aloud, although she ob-  
served with suspicious eyes the great  
friendship that had grown up between  
the judge and Amber.

"How did she manage to get on the  
good side of the old sinner? I am  
sure he used to regard Violet as his  
favorite," she thought, in wonder.

But Amber cared nothing for Mrs.

Use in place  
of Cream of Tartar  
and Soda.

ROYAL  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure

More convenient,  
Makes the food lighter  
and more healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Shirley's suspicions. She was jubilant  
over the success of her plans for get-  
ting rid of her rival.

Judge Camden had given her the  
promised check for twenty-five thou-  
sand dollars, and she was now ready to  
carry out the second part of her scheme  
to lend the money to Cecil Grant, and  
so place him under a heavy obligation  
that he could only requite by the offer  
of his hand.

Even her grandfather had been sur-  
prised at the fertility of her brain for  
conceiving wickedness, and had almost  
shrunk at first from her advice to buy  
the mortgage upon Bonnycastle and  
turn the Grants out.

"The whole county would be down  
on me, Amber, for the Grants are  
highly esteemed by everybody," he  
objected.

"No one would dare to blame you  
to your face, grandpa, and what  
would you care for their inward  
thoughts? You are the richest man  
in the county, and it would be a tri-  
umph to let that proud Mrs. Grant  
feel the weight of your power," cried  
the wily Amber.

"That's so! I'll do it!" cried the  
old man, still smarting under the sting  
of his rejection by the mistress of  
Bonnycastle, and thus Amber gained  
her wish.

She waited eagerly all the morning  
after the elopement for a note from  
Cecil to tell her he would accept the  
loan of her money, but none came, and  
she began to grow alarmed for the suc-  
cess of her scheme.

"He shall take it, I will go to his  
mother and tempt her so that she can-  
not refuse," she decided, and set out  
for a stolen visit to Bonnycastle, not  
daring to let her grandfather suspect  
her design.

It was a chilly afternoon in October,  
and Amber made herself as charming  
as possible, putting on her handsomest  
carriage gown and a stylish new hat  
just received from New York, hoping  
to impress Mrs. Grant with her beauty  
and grandeur.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A Friend's Advice

Leads to Health  
and Happiness.

Faine's Celery Compound  
Used by a Mother and  
Her Daughter.

Rheumatism, Nervousness and Kid-  
ney Disease Banished.

A LETTER THAT SHOULD  
INSPIRE HOPE.

A Guarantee of New Life to  
Every Sufferer.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.

Dear Sir:—I think it a duty to write  
to you regarding the benefits derived by  
my daughter and myself from use of  
your Faine's Celery Compound.

For years I was troubled with rheuma-  
tism and nervousness. I was treated by  
doctors, and tried medicines after medi-  
cines without any good results. I re-  
cently a friend of mine advised me  
to try Faine's Celery Compound. I  
did so, and after using four bottles I  
found I was stronger and better than I  
had been for years. My daughter was  
suffering from kidney disease after suffering  
for twelve years, by using a few bottles  
of Faine's Celery Compound, I advise  
all suffering from rheumatism, nervous-  
ness and kidney troubles to give the  
compound a trial.

Yours sincerely,  
MRS. LOUIS LEFAVE,  
Chaplain, Ont.