

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, JUNE 25, 1897.

No. 42.

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

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Rates for standing advertisements will

be made known on application to the

office, and payment on insertion 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.

Newspaper 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 name 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 3.30 p. m.

Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15

a. m.

Express west close at 9.50 a. m.

Express east close at 3.50 p. m.

Kentville close at 3.35 p. m.

Geo. V. HARR, 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. T. Trotter,

Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11

a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

Half hour prayer-meeting after evening

service every Sunday. B. Y. P. 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. Woman's Mission Aid Society

meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday

in the first Sunday in the month at

3.30 p. m.

COLIN W. ROBERTS, Treasurer

A. H. HARRIS, Secy.

PRESBYTERIAN 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 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-

nesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers 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. Joseph

Hale, 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

sets 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 3rd at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at

3 p. m. Sunday School every Wednesday at 7.30

p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Storey, Warden.

S. J. Rutherford, Secy.

St. FRANCIS (R.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,

P. P.—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 after-

noon at 7.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, I. 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 Pinea,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil

Machines and Organs repaired. 25

GEO. G. HANDLEY,

Merchant Tailor,

9 BLOWERS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Wanted.

Men and Women who can work hard

and writing six hours daily, for

3 days a week, and will be content

with ten dollars weekly. Address

NEW IDEAS CO., Stratford, Ont.

NEW GOODS!

We are all ready for
Our Friends and Customers,
—WITH THE FINEST ARRAY OF—
Spring Suitings,
that has ever been shown in
KINGS COUNTY.
Our duty alone on Scotch and English
Cloths was nearly \$1000.00.
That means the largest import order given
in Nova Scotia this year.
Will you benefit by it?
Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

Wolfville Clothing Company,
NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.

A DRESS FOR \$1.49!

6 Yards of Double Width Summer Dress Goods for \$1.49.

WRITE FOR A SAMPLE

W. L. Kane & Co.

61 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Wah Hop,

CHINESE LAUNDRY,

Wolfville, N. S.,
First class Work Guaranteed.

\$18,000 in Cash. \$18,000
—GRAND—
PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION
—AT—
HALIFAX,
SEPT. 28, TO OCT. 1, 1897.
Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals.

POETRY.

The Country Road.

From the busy haunts of farmer-folk
It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill and across the brook,
Where the minnows love to play;
Beside the mill with its water-wheel,
And the pond so dark and deep,
Then up to the tavern and village store,
And the church where the dead lie
In sleep.

SELECT STORY.

Wildmere.

CHAPTER III.
DRAWN FROM THE LAKE.
(CONTINUED.)

A. B. S. DeWolf,

133 Upper Water St.,
HALIFAX.
Commission merchant in Butter, Eggs,
Cheese and Fruit. Prompt returns. Importer
of Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, etc.

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.

W. H. DUNCANSON.

Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

Minards Liniment for Rheumatism.

strange," he said.
"Everything is till we understand,
you know," she smiled bravely.
"I'm glad you thought of me,
Dimple. It is good of you to come.
It comforts me to see you."
"I thought it would," she said,
naively.
And then they sat down and she
listened patiently as he went over all
the strange occurrences.
"What did Loys say?" he asked.
"Nothing—at least not much. She
seemed not to understand."
"Not to understand what?"
"About poor Eppy Wilde," she said,
her eyes growing darker.
He looked at her and laughed a
little.
"It is a long time since yesterday,"
he said, brushing back the short curls
from Dimple's forehead with a hand
that trembled a little.
"Yes. A long, long time. And
you have grown older, Mr. Weldon. I
am so sorry for you. I shall go home
and send Loys to you."
"Loys? Will she come? I can't
fancy her in trouble. She doesn't seem
to be made for it, somehow. There
are some things I'd like to tell you,
Dimple. Can you listen now?"
"Not now, unless another time will
not do. Loys will come. I think my
father is here now. Good-bye, Mr.
Weldon."
She held out her little hand and he
took it in both his own.
"Good-bye, little woman. You are
good to me, dear, and you don't know
how I need your sympathy."
Without speaking again she left
him, and he watched her as she went
down the terrace with the strange feel-
ing of loneliness her going always
brought him.
He wanted to tell her about the new
will. She would understand his feel-
ings about it. He wanted to tell her
how his mother had been wronged and
let her comfort him. But she was
going to send Loys. He smiled as he
tried to fancy Loys listening to his
sorrows.
They were dragging the lake net,
the bridge. Dimple stopped and watch-
ed them. At the other end of the
bridge Vashti Brenton and the curate
stood talking earnestly. After a while
she passed them. The curate raised his
hat, but Vashti seemed not to see
her.
Dimple shivered as she passed them.
She had never made friends with Mr.
Drayton's ward.
"She has been to see Maurice,"
Vashti said as Dimple passed on. "I
shouldn't wonder if they worry the life
out of him."
"No doubt he would like to be de-
livered from his friends," Mr. Blair said
with one of his angelic smiles. "Do
you think it could have been suicide?"
he went on glancing down at the silent,
telling men.
"When they find the body you will
know," she answered, her eyes follow-
ing his.
"I don't see that. How could we
decide between suicide and accident?"
He hesitated before the last word
and then spoke it slowly as if it was
hardly the one he wanted.
"Or murder," she said, her eyes on
his face.
"In that case it would go hard with
somebody," the curate said.
"With whom?" Vashti's eyes were
like a tiger's.
"Who is likely to be benefited by
the death of Mr. Drayton?"
"I wish your people could see that
look. If you hadn't made a preacher
of yourself the Devil would have used
you to excellent advantage. It's a
pity you hate Maurice as you do."
"It's a pity that you love him," he
said slowly.
"However, I can always count upon
your sympathy. If harm comes to
Maurice you may wish Loys, even yet."
"Is that why you thought of murder?"
"And you?"
"He might come to me if she was
lost to him. It would be something to
take him from her."
"Then, although we are not the best
of friends, suppose we help each other?"
"There is nothing that you can do,"
she answered.
"Maybe there is. Good-bye."
"What a hypocrite you are!"
"Not exactly. All things are fair in
love and war, you know."

"What is it that you would do?"
"Perhaps I can tell you another
time. Just now I must go to the
widow Bates. Her son Fred was
buried yesterday. Again good-bye."
It was three days later that a body
was dragged from the lake. A body
so ghastly and horrible that people
turned away in disgust. Could this
repulsive mass ever have been the
fastidious master of Wildmere?

CHAPTER IV. CONDEMNED.

The coroner's jury decided at last
that the body must be that of Howard
Drayton.

There was no evidence except that
the body was, or had been, that of a
human being. That Howard Drayton
was lost and that a body had been
found. After a long and learned dis-
cussion the matter was settled. The
body of Howard Drayton had been
drawn from the lake and he had come
to his death by drowning.

The awful thing that had once been
a man was buried under the dark
cedars in the Wildmere burying ground
where the masters of Wildmere, from
the wicked old Scotchman down, were
quietly sleeping.

The people from the Rectory attend-
ed the funeral. The Rector, aroused a
little from his wonted calm, read the
solemn service.

The good old man felt greatly re-
lieved. The anxiety of the last few
days had distressed him sorely. It was
a comfort to settle down on any sort of
a certainty.

Loys was perfectly calm—a little
paler and more marble like than usual,
but Dimple appeared with red eyes and
a swollen nose and an air of deepest
dejection.

It seemed so terrible to her that
Maurice should now come to fill the
place of the man who had lived wicked
lives and had gone by strange ways in
to the great Beyond leaving no loved
one to shed a tear!

Aunt Lizzie disapproved of the
whole thing. She wailed Mr. Dennis
and gave him what she called a piece
of her mind. In vain Dr. Sykes
explained how utterly impossible it
would have been for Mr. Drayton to
have walked down stairs. He must
have fallen from one of the windows.

"But what was he doing in the win-
dow? If he fell he must have thrown
himself, or somebody must have thrown
him down!" Miss Lizzie said, and the
lawyer cleared his throat and looked at
the doctor.

The detective was lingering still at
Wildmere. Miss Lizzie passed him
with a scornful sniff, not deigning to
speak to him.

After the funeral came the reading
of the will. Maurice had not been able to
tell Loys of his changed fortunes. It was
so much more than the loss of wealth.
The reading of the new will would an-
nounce his mother's disgrace. He had
tried to tell Mr. Anceby, but his
courage failed him. It seemed better
to wait and let them hear it in cold
legal form.

Mr. Dennis had taken charge of the
private papers. He entered the room
and unfolded the heavy parcel.
"There was a later will than this,"
he said looking over his glasses, "but
I suppose Mr. Drayton destroyed it.
This one I found locked safely in his
desk, and there is no other among his
papers."
And then he read the will that made
Maurice the heir.

But Maurice was not satisfied.
He wanted to do his whole duty—his
duty to the dead man and to the de-
serted child. But there was not a
scrap of writing anywhere to prove
that there ever had been such a child
or such a marriage as Mr. Drayton had
spoken of.

Here was the will written years ago,
and that was all. The lawyer talked
to Dr. Sykes and Mrs. Westerman about
the will they had witnessed, and people
began to ask questions and wonder if
the paper had been tampered with.

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky
Ask your grocer for
Windsor Salt
For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

came Maurice Weldon's arrest, a few
days after the funeral.
Maurice was at the Rectory when
the warrant was read to him. He
listened like a man in a dream.
"Is it possible that I have heard
aright?" he said, throwing his hair
back with a hand that was not quite
steady.
"I don't seem to be able to get hold
of it, you know. Is that a warrant
for my arrest?"
"I'm afraid it is, Mr. Weldon," the
officer said gravely.
"And I am charged with the murder
of my step-father?"
"It says that, sir."
"More of that tomfoolery! Amos
Jones, I'd think you'd be ashamed
of yourself," Miss Lizzie said glaring
at the officer.
Dimple laid her hand on Mr. Weldon's
arm.
"You know that it must all come
right," she said.
"Is it possible that you are accused
of a crime?" Loys said coldly.
"Yes. This is a warrant for my
arrest," he answered quietly.
"And are you guilt—"
Dimple interrupted her quickly.
"Loys, how can you?"
Maurice pressed the little hand that
had been resting on his arm, and fol-
lowed the officer.

To his surprise Vashti appeared
against him. Her evidence was suf-
ficient to ruin him. She told of the
stormy interview which she had over-
heard. Of Maurice Weldon's oath
and Mr. Drayton's confession.
"And this was your last interview
with Mr. Drayton?" the magistrate
asked Maurice.
"No. I was with him after the
arrival of Dr. Sykes. I begged him to
reconsider the matter and let the old
will stand. I promised to find his
child and take care of her if he would
not molest me further. I think he
intended to do so, but he was de-
stroyed the new will."

The Rector's daughters waited anx-
iously at home. Mr. Blair came at last.
"Tell us all about it," Dimple cried.
And he told them. Loys listened
quietly to it all.

He told what each witness had said,
and how Maurice spoke in his own
defense, and how he had been found
guilty of the murder of his step-father.
Bail had been refused and he was
locked up in a common prison cell to
await his trial in the autumn term of
court.

"But it can't be. He couldn't do
it," Dimple cried. "I don't believe Mr.
Drayton meant all that. I know Mr.
Weldon couldn't have done it."
"It is thought that he did, however.
The walls of the room are so arranged
as to give out no sound. The late Mr.
Drayton was a very fastidious man.
His tastes were luxurious," the curate
said.
"But Dr. Sykes must have known if
any one entered the room," Dimple
argued.

"A cautious man might have passed
him stealthily. Weldon had no in-
tention of being seen."

Disfigured Faces.

HOW GOOD LOOKS, PERFECT
HEALTH AND PURE
BLOOD
Can be Obtained and Maintained.
Paine's Celery Compound Removes
Every Trace of Disease.

If your face disfigured by eczema,
pimples, blotches and blackheads? If so,
your blood is sluggish, impure and
poisoned. While the life-stream is reek-
ing with impurities you cannot be
healthy and good looking.
If you would renew the system, cleanse
the blood, and rid yourself of disease, you
must use Paine's Celery Compound, the
great system-cleanser and blood purifier.
The following letter from Mr. D. Mc-
Mahon, Peterboro, Ont., proves that
Paine's Celery Compound possesses
virtues and life-giving qualities unknown
to the ordinary medicines and doctors'
prescriptions:

"I have great pleasure in testifying to
the fact that Paine's Celery Compound
has caused a remarkable change in my
condition.
"I was troubled with a very bad type
of eczema on my face and in patches
over my body for four years. I was
under treatment of three doctors at
different periods, and had also tried
many remedies, but all proved useless.
At last I bought a bottle of Paine's
Celery Compound and put in bottles of
Potassium, as recommended on the label.
The one bottle did me so much good that
I bought five bottles more, and now am
happy to say I am perfectly cured and
completely free from the troublesome
disease."

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening
strength and healthfulness. Assures the
food against alum and all forms of adul-
teration common to the cheap brands.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Attention of yielding up so rich an inheri-
tance to an unknown female!"
The curate smiled like an angel and
went on:
"There were no witnesses to the con-
versation Weldon reports to have taken
place after the arrival of Dr. Sykes.
The locked door is a silent witness
against him. The doctor's evidence,
though given with great reluctance, is
damning. He says that another key,
and not the one found on Drayton's
dressing case, was used in locking the
door. It is not likely that Drayton
would lock himself in and remove the
key.

"Weldon is the only man to be
benefitted by Drayton's death. The
house was not robbed. There is not
the shadow of a chance for him."
"Oh, it is awful! And I know he
never could have done it!" Dimple ex-
claimed.
"He loved his mother. Her memory
is precious to him. He is a proud
man. I think he would stop at nothing
to save his mother's name," the
curate said piously.

And then for the first time
spoke.
for poor Maurice—
"And Loys, dear, you'll stand by
him now that he needs you so sorely?"
Dimple said, her eyes full of pleading
love.
"You are exciting yourself unnece-
sarily, Dimple. Maurice would hardly
expect—"
"O, Loys; how can you be so cold
and calculating? How can you think
of anything but his trouble and dan-
ger?" Dimple exclaimed.

"Your sister is right," Mr. Blair said
to her. "She has much to be thankful
for."
Dimple turned her back squarely to
him, and with flashing eyes faced her
sister.
"I'm ashamed of you Loys, I am.
It is he who has escaped. You never
loved him, or you could not be so in-
different. Even this is not so bad as
an unloving wife. Don't speak to me,"
she went on, turning to Mr. Blair.
"You wanted Loys. You have had a
hand in this. Yes, go," as the curate,
smiling serenely, bowed himself out of
the room.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim
As the swift years steal away.
Beautiful, willowy forms so slim
Lose fairness with every day.
But she still is queen and half charms to
spare
Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful
hair.

Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth.
"A woman is as old as she
looks," says the world. No
woman looks as old as she is
if her hair has preserved its
normal beauty. You can keep
hair from falling out, restoring
its normal color, or restore the
normal color to gray or faded
hair, by the use of
Ayer's Hair Vigor.