

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, SEPTEMBER 9, 1898.

No. 2.

THE ACADIAN.

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

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction at 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 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 A.M.
Express west close at 10.00 A.M.
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Geo. V. Ryan, 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. Musso, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh R. 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 Wednesday evening at 7.30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 8.30 P.M. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M.A., Pastor. of Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A.M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P.M. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A.M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 P.M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Dobbin, 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 Greenwick, 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. 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 A.M. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.

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

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. P.—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 o'clock P.M.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Timedays of each month at 7.30 P.M.

LONDON PEN & PENCIL STAMP.
This stamp, your own name, size and handwriting, is a fine gift, and is made up of the finest materials, and is a most valuable possession.

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

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 a
\$4,000

Stock which we have secured at bottom prices, and we do not 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 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.

DR. BARSS,
Residence at Mr Knowles', Cr. Acadia street and Highland avenue; Office over E. 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 Business recently carried on by Mr O. L. Eagles, the subscriber will be prepared to supply customers with the best of everything in his line. My teams will be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week.
R. M. DAVIDSON,
Dec. 9th, 1897.

POETRY.

The Stepping Stones.

Do you remember, dear, the day we
laid
Below the dark door by old Sandy's
mill,
And how we crossed the ford on stepping
stones,
Your hand in mine? I feel it's warm
to this
My toll-worn palm would all too harsh
and hard
To hold within its grasp a thing so
fair,
Yet there it nestled like a frightened
bird,
And filled me first with joy and then
despair.

How could I ever hope to call it mine!
How could I ever live if you the hope
denied!

Thus as we crossed I wrestled with my
heart,
Yet wished the stream a thousand
times as wide.

And then you slipped. I somehow lost
your hand,
But caught you in my arms and held
you tight;
And drunk with rapture reeled from
stone to stone,
While all the river seemed a flood of
light.

And when at last we reached the other
shore
And climbed the bank, I would not
let you go.

Do you remember, dear! I'm sure you
do,
Though that glad day was forty years
ago.

Ah, many a deeper stream we've crossed
since then,
And still within my hand I hold your
own,
And sweetheart, I will never lose my
clasp.
Till we have passed the last great
stepping stone.

And still within my hand I hold your
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late for education. I know your flinty
heart too well. I realize my fate too
thoroughly. Only tell me why Cecil
did not come; tell me who detained
him; tell me who plotted this terrible
thing?"

"Suppose I answer that it was all
my own doing, Violet?"

"All your own? Then how did
you keep Cecil away? It seemed to
me that nothing but death would have
kept my beloved from my side in our
bridal hour! Did you—did you?"

her face blanching to yet more deadly
pallor—"meet him and murder him on
his way to me?"

"Good heavens, no! Cecil Grant
is alive and well."

"And loves me still," she cried,
suddenly lifting her hand on which the
magnificent oriental opal glowed in
rainbow hues. Then she saw above
it a plain gold band, and wrenching it
off, flung it far from her in disgust.

"How dare you?" she half sobbed, in
sudden, futile passion.

Harold Castello laughed lightly.

"As for loving you still, that is
doubtful. He believes you false to
him, and your cunning rival will per-
chance catch his heart on the rebound."

"Rival? I have no rival!" she
panted, wildly.

"Do you forget your cousin, beau-
tiful Amber Laurens?"

"My cousin Amber, my best friend
—you are mad!"

Harold Castello laughed again
harshly, significantly.

"Ah, Violet, what an innocent baby
you are! Can you dream that an
angry, jealous rival can be turned into
a friend?"

Something came into her throat and
seemed to choke her like a murderous
hand.

"Do you not remember," he contin-
ued, that Amber once loved Cecil
Grant, and was angry because you
won him? She only duped you when
she pretended forgiveness. All the
while she was working against you."

It was Amber who helped her grand-
father in his pet scheme of making you
my bride. It was her revenge."

"Revenge?" echoed Violet's pale,
writhing lips.

"Yes, she wanted you out of the
way, that she might have another
chance with Cecil. She has told him
you were false, that you married me
willingly, out of resentment at his de-
lay—the delay that she planned so con-
tingently."

Her intent blue eyes invited further
confidence, and without hesitation he
told her all that he knew, eager to di-
vert her wrath against himself to
Amber.

She did not doubt one word of his
story, false and wicked as she knew
him to be.

But the past rushed over her in di-
sarray waves—Amber's rivalry, Amber's
jealousy, Amber's hate, with later looks
and tones that had wounded, although
scarcely understood. Now she real-
ized their dreadful import.

"She was false to your trust and
plotted against you, Violet. Can you
wonder that I took advantage of the
situation to win you for my own. I
loved you madly, and love is my ex-
cuse. Forgive me dearest," pleaded
Harold Castello.

"Leave me!" she answered, with a
look of proud disdain, pointing to the
door.

"You forget you are my own now.
My place is by your side."

With cold scornful lips she replied:
"I acknowledge no right over me
given by that fraudulent marriage cer-
emony. I will never be your wife
save in name."

"Nonsense, Violet. These lofty
airs do not become you. You had
better reconcile yourself at once to cir-
cumstances. I may as well tell you
that you are virtually a prisoner, and
will remain so until you give yourself
to me with a wife's obedience. As for
your last lover, why grieve for him?
He has not a roof to shelter his per-
fume-striken head to-night, since Bon-
nycastle has been wrested from him
by Amber's arts. But doubtless she
will find means to console him and to
make herself his bride."

"That is enough. Now go," the
stricken girl answered, with icy calm-
ness; but he laughed mockingly and
answered:

"Forgive me for disobeying you,

sweet one, but I should be desolate
without your company. Come Violet,
one kiss, and let us get reconciled to
each other."

He advanced a step, but her out-
stretched white hands waved him back.

"No nearer, as you value your life!"
she cried, wildly.

He halted in consternation.

"What do you mean, Violet?
Have you a hidden dagger about
you?" he demanded.

"No, I have no weapon to defend
myself, Harold Castello, and yet I en-
tensely swear that your life shall pay
the penalty if you force your love
upon me. Do not stare, for I will
find a way to kill you unless you leave
me. I am desperate, maddened. I
am your prisoner, but I shall never be
more to you than I am now! So go
and leave me to my misery!" she an-
swered, in such a voice and with such
a face, that he deemed it politic to
obey, momentarily awed by the contact
with a desperate woman at bay.

CHAPTER XXVI.

As the door closed on Harold Cas-
tello's form, Violet flung herself on the
couch with a choking sob.

"Oh, Heaven, how wicked I feel!
There is murder in my heart!"

The wrongs she had suffered had in-
deed almost maddened gentle Violet.

Torn from her lover, betrayed by
her cousin and her grandfather into
the power of the man she hated, hers
was indeed a terrible fate. No wonder
that her gentle nature was almost fren-
zied by the shock, and that she felt
a mad, guilty longing to take the life of
the man who had come so fatally be-
tween her and happiness.

"I could kill him if I only had a
weapon, and rejoice in my crime. Oh,
they have changed me into a fiend!"
she cried, wildly.

Her leathery eyes wandered about
the beautiful room that her hated hus-
band had prepared for her, and shud-
dered in disgust, hating it all with sick-
ening horror.