

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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Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient 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 same 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.
Express east close at 4:00 p. m.
Kentville close at 6:40 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday M. P. M.
B. Y. E. U.
G. W. Munro, 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. E. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30. Woman's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month at the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES--Sunday, 10:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Monday, 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

FREYBETTERIAN CHURCH--Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, at Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. 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. Dinkin, 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 2 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 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storr, & Warden.
Geo. A. Frazer, & Warden.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)--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. D. 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 afternoon at 8:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court Dominion, 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.

The stamp, your own name, ink and brush mailed from \$50. Club of 10, \$4.00. For Printing Cards, Making Clothes, etc.

LONDON BUSINESS STAMP CO., 10, SOUTH BROADWAY, LONDON, E. C. 4, ENGLAND. Manufacturers of Notary Stamps, Stencils, Rubber Stamps, etc.

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 moderate.

Wolfville, March 11th, '97. 27

GLOBE
Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 28
"THE BEST."
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.



AN IRRESISTIBLE LINE!

GRAND THIRTY DAYS

Cheap Sale!

A Grand Midsummer Sale for 30 days, everything going at reduced prices to make room for Fall Stock. Remember only 30 days. (See below). Just now you are safe in running against anything in our irresistible

\$12.00, \$13.00 or \$14.00
and **\$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00**

Line of Suits and Pants. They have touched the popular pulse and are going out like shots from a gatling gun.

People continue to come, their friends come, and are pleasantly surprised, for one and all say, "We get more than we expected." Mighty pleased to run against that kind of a line, isn't it?

These are not the only bargains or pleasant surprises we have for the public. Mr. Barrell, our ladies' tailor, has bombs to explode in this Province that will show the ladies that they can get Better Work, Better Styles, and Smaller Prices than they can get in any city.

Mr. Barrell is a first-class, A. 1. (or anything you've a mind to call him) ladies' tailor. He is ably assisted by Miss McCrellin, another artist in this line, who can make you a fancy summer or evening dress as well as a fine tailor-made costume.

See our Window with the handsome Ladies' Military Costume that is all the Rage now.

It will be the envy of many and worn by more.

DEWEY, HOBSON, SCHLEY or SHAFER are not in it with us. Call and see us. We will be glad to see you, and you will be glad you came.

Telephone No. 35. Laundry Agency in connection.

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

For Sale.

To Rent.

Repaired.

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 used right. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Hotel.

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

DR. BARSS,

Residence at Mr Knowles', Cor. 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 Business 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 teams will be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week.
T. M. DAVIDSON.
Dec. 9th, 1897.

POETRY.

"The Weekly Clarion."

FOR AMBER.

Of course there's fifty papers here, but I don't get the time

To read a dozen papers every day, And then there's fifty dailies are so

chuck-a-block with crime That they just give meebvies, anyway. I'm pretty busy 'round the place, I can't be settin' down.

And I've got all the other things to do, But when the Weekly Clarion comes, that's printed in our town,

I gin'rally contrive to read her through. Them dailies give yer 'furrin' news,

And tell yer all the woe And troubles of the folks across the sea.

The Clarion tells what's happened to the folks a feller knows.

And that's the kind of news that pleases me.

"Victory" had a jubilee. Well, what of that? She hasn't.

No more for me then is the Pope of Rome.

But "Luther" Wixon gives his barn a bran new coat of paint,

Why, thunder! now yer gettin' home.

And as to Cuba and Japan, I'd never care a darn

About the rows and squabbles that they've had.

But I know Luther Wixon well, 'gin'ish I and know the barn,

And know it needed paintin' mighty bad. I like to read "Abt Polly Hodge is visitin' her son."

And "Julkim's" carrel mare is goin' lame."

Of course I knew it all before, but still it kinder fun

To see it in the paper just the same.

And there's the "Poet's Corner." Well, my eldest darter, 'Liz,

Most alters heads the colyum with a new one.

And though I ain't no judge myself, I'm told by them that is,

That better poets than he are pretty scarce.

And, 'p'raps, maybe, I'll set, yer know, a-readin' 'em out loud,

And down across the pages chance to squint.

And see my name, and though 'gin'ish I ain't by no means proud,

Must say I feel 'em 'round me in print. So, as I say, I seldom read them city papers now.

Their editors and me is out of touch. For scandals, yes, and murders, (those of strangers, anyhow),

They hain't the things that interest me much.

Martha cuts them journals up for patterns for her gown,

The children they make pipe-lights of 'em, too.

But when the Weekly Clarion comes, that's printed in our town,

I gin'rally contrive to read her through.

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XX--Continued.

The approaching rider thundered into view, mounted on a splendid black horse, ostentatiously beautiful and powerful.

He was coming straight toward her, but the animal sided suddenly at sight of the phantoms waiting in the moon-lighted road, and reared upward, almost throwing its rider.

She gray pony reared whinnied with fear, and Amber held the reins tight while she called, eagerly:

"Ceel! Ceel!"

With some difficulty the young man restrained his frightened steed and rode forward to the side of the phantom.

It was Cecil Grant as she had suspected, and she noted with a throbbing heart how hand some he looked, sitting so straight in the saddle, the moon-light on his pale, eager, excited face.

Did no pang of remorse touch her cruel heart for her treachery toward this man whom she called friend?

Alas, no; she only rejoiced in her sin that left him still free to love and win, if every effort did not fail.

"Amber, is it you?" he cried, excitedly. "Good Heaven! why are you returning, and alone? Where is Violet?"

Oh, what love and even worship breathed in his tone as he pronounced that name! It thrilled Amber's heart with rage, but she held it in check and said, quickly:

"Ceel, we waited more than half an hour in the chapel and you did not come. Why were you so tardy?"

"I will explain later, Amber. Let us go on to Violet now. She must be very uneasy over my detention."

"Uneasy does not express it, Ceel; she was bitterly angry," Amber replied, with a hard, bitter laugh.

"Angry with me, my sweet little Violet! I can scarcely believe it, for surely she would know that I was un-

avoidably detained. But let us hasten

to her so that I can beg her pardon, for I am eager, oh, so eager, Amber--to call my little love my wife."

"Wait, Ceel, there is really no hurry now," cried Amber, meaningly.

CHAPTER XXI.

"But, Amber, I differ with you. Every moment is an hour until I reach my darling," cried the impatient lover.

"And I repeat, Ceel, that there is no hurry. Oh, why did you make that fatal delay? Do you not know that a bridegroom can offer his bride no greater affront than to be late at the marriage hour?"

"I know that you speak the truth, Amber; but, oh, Heaven! the cause that detained me was so pressing and sacred and distressing that even a bride could excuse it. Oh, Amber, there is cruel sorrow at Bonnycastle this night, and my mother lies low on a bed of anguish. I was summoned to her side just as I was about to go to the train, and in my horror and distress at my mother's illness, and while I was comforting her with all my poor power, the train left the station. I tore myself from my poor mother's couch, rushed to the stable, saddled Prince, and started for Washington at the maddest pace that ever man galloped to his bride. See how the sweat pours from Prince's flanks, and my blood is rushing through my veins like fire. Violet will forgive me, I know, for my darling cannot help but sympathize with me in the blow that has almost killed my mother."

"What is it, Ceel? For I, too can sympathize with you in sorrow," murmured Amber, very sweetly.

"It will pain you to hear it, Amber, my gentle friend. Spare me the rental. Let us hasten to sweet Violet. Is she waiting at the chapel?"

"I had by no means pruned, Ceel. It is not waiting at the chapel."

"Then where? For surely she came with you to the city! You said just now--" he began, but she interrupted, with a voice of anguish:

"Ask me no more questions, Ceel, for I have cruel news for you--news I would far sooner die than tell you."

He cried out in alarm:

"Violet is not ill--not dead! Speak quickly, Amber!"

The girl answered with consummate tragic force:

"She was better dead than false!"

"Oh, Heaven!" he gasped, hollowly.

"False!" repeated Amber, most bitterly, and went on:

"Oh, Ceel, I tried to prevent it; I told her you would come; I begged them to wait, but--"

"Go on!" he implored, and she continued, sadly:

"Oh, Ceel, call all your strength and pride to your aid, for it is cruel news I have for you. Violet was bitterly resentful at your delay. She wept wildly, hysterically, and raved out that she was a forsaken bride, flung at the very altar."

"My poor Violet, my sensitive little love," he groaned; but Amber went on:

"While she was raving in her anguish, Harold Castello suddenly entered the chapel. He had suspected the plot and followed us."

"The serpent!" Ceel cried, angrily, and she murmured:

"You may well say so, for no arrival was ever more fatally inopportune. Of course he was delighted at what looked like deliberate skulking and perfidy on your part. He made the most of it, and boldly offered to take your place with Violet."

Some sounds of inarticulate fury came from Ceel's lips, and she smiled to herself as she went on, stabbing his heart:

"Oh, Ceel, forgive me that it is my cruel task to bring you this news! She listened to him, poor Violet--she was always weak, and vain, and childish--and he made her believe that you would never come, that she was really jilted. She was wild with resentment, she would not listen to me. Before I could realize it, they turned to the preacher. He married them, and they sprang into his carriage and drove away."

CHAPTER XXII.

Amber's deep-laid scheme had succeeded beyond her wildest hopes. Every detail had been carried out,

with one exception.

She had hoped ardently to secure the opal ring, and to give it to Ceel at this moment, saying, cruelly:

"Violet tore this ring from her finger in scorn, saying: 'Give this to Ceel! Grant, and tell him I despise him, and am glad I have escaped a life of poverty as his wife!'"

Violet had clung so faithfully to the ring that this master-stroke was not possible to Amber, but, after all, it was not necessary, for Ceel did not dream of doubting her plausible statements.

But oh, the torturing agony of love betrayed! The anguish of loss and despair! The burning jealousy that filled his soul at Amber's disclosures, no words could tell!

She had craved revenge upon Ceel Grant, because he had turned from her dazzling charms, to sun himself in the tender light of Violet's dark-blue eyes. She had full measure of revenge now in the deadly blow she had struck at his loving heart.

A dagger in his heart would have been more welcome and less painful, for the keen thrust would have soon been over, and then merciful oblivion.

Amber's gleaming eyes did not lose one change of the pale, writhing face of her victim as the poisoned blade of her keen revenge riddled in his quivering heart.

He had uttered one terrible cry, and reeled in his saddle so that she feared he was going to fall; then his strength returned, he sat erect again, his handsome face ghastly pale in the moonlight, his eyes dark with despair.

There was a moment's blank silence, then Amber heard him murmur, in a voice of bitter anguish:

"God have mercy on poor Violet and me!"

"I should think that you would curse her!" burst forth Amber, indignantly.

With a sigh from the bottom of his heart, he cried:

"No! I cannot curse sweet Violet, for I can enter somewhat into her feelings, and I know that villain taunted and tempted her, or she would not have lost faith in me so quickly! Oh, Heaven, why could she not trust my love a little longer?"

"It looked so strange--the dirty you know--for we knew the train had come in, and we could think of no reason for your absence," reminded Amber.

"No one could have thought of such a reason, no one could have suspected such a fiendish deed!" he cried, warmly.

"Oh, Amber, how it will pain and grieve your gentle heart to hear this new proof of Judge Camden's wickedness!" he almost groaned.

"Oh, what has grandpapa done? Tell me quickly, for I cannot bear the suspense!"

Her eager eyes scanned his face closely, taking in all its agony without one trace of remorse at her hard heart.

She even smiled to herself at the accomplishment of all her plan, remembering that not only had she secured her revenge on Ceel and Violet, but gained a large sum of money for her treachery.

While she waited anxiously, he said:

"My horse is very restless. Suppose we ride on toward home, and I can explain as we go. There is no need of lingering here," sighing heavily, "and my poor mother needs me by her side."

He turned his horse's head and cantered along by the side of the phantom, while Amber exclaimed:

"Your mother is not ill, I hope!"

"Yes, she is ill--of grief and worry; and that terrible malady, an aching heart. She has received a terrible blow dealt by the ruthless hand of that heartless old man, Judge Camden."

"You astonish me, my dear Ceel! What wonder Heaven could my grandfather do to distress your gentle mother?"

"He has done what no one could have dreamed of doing, for it was the act of a fiend, and must have been put into his head by the Evil One himself! Out of wrath and resentment against me, he has bought up the mortgage upon Bonnycastle, and foreclosed it. We are ordered to vacate the place in one week."

"Good Heaven!"

Amber uttered that one cry and

relapsed into silence, like one too dazed for further speech.

How often she had rehearsed this scene, how often laughed to herself at the tragic voice in which she would cry:

"Good Heaven!"

"I do not wonder at your horror!" exclaimed Ceel. "It was a wicked--nay, an infernal deed! It will break my poor mother's heart to go from the home, to which she went a young and happy bride, and where she had hoped to stay until death closed her eyes on the trials of life! For myself, I could bear it all; but Amber, I am heart-broken for my mother's sake!"

"Can nothing be done, can no one help you?" she cried, tenderly, sympathetically.

No, it cannot be helped. It is too large an amount of money for me to raise. I could give no securities for such a sum. I have been barely able to pay the interest on the debt--the young man answered, gloomily and hopefully, for his burden of debt had weighed heavily on his young mind. He had borne it bravely for his mother's sake, but he had long ago resolved that at her death he would sacrifice everything, let the old place go, and, forsaking the neighborhood, seek a new place for himself in the wide world outside the simple country town.

Alas, the cruel, unexpected blow had fallen heavily on his poor mother's heart, and he could not avert it; he was helpless, hopeless!

Amber gasped at him with wide, dark eyes, full of tender pity.

"How much is the whole amount of the debt, Ceel?" she asked, gently.

"A trifle to your grandfather, Amber, but a fortune to me. It is twenty thousand dollars!"

"Twenty thousand dollars! Only twenty thousand dollars, Ceel. Why, then, you shall not lose Bonnycastle! You shall pay off the mortgage and keep the old home for your mother!" cried Amber, joyously.

"My dear friend, I do not comprehend you!" cried Ceel, in perplexity.

"I will explain, Ceel, for oh, I am so happy that I can help you. Why, it is perfectly easy. I have some money of my own--more than twenty thousand dollars--and I will give it to you to pay off the debt and outwit that wicked old man who made me vent his spite against you by aiming a cruel blow at your mother's heart!" cried Amber, eagerly.

He gazed at her in mournful surprise and gratitude as he replied:

"This is very generous and noble in you, dear Amber, as well as most unexpected; but it would be very improper for me to accept your offer. Still, I thank you from my heart, although I must decline!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pronounced Incurable by Doctors, But Made Strong and Well by Faine's Celery Compound.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.

GENETEMEN--Having been given up to die some time ago by some of the best doctors of the United States, I came to Canada last autumn terribly ill, and had lost all hope. Suffering agonies from indigestion, rheumatism, I was strongly urged to use Faine's Celery Compound. I gave it a trial as recommended, and the first bottle did me so much good I continued with the medicine until I had used seven bottles, when I found myself perfectly cured; indeed, I never felt better in all my