

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1898.

No. 52.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
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.

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.

Newspapers from all parts of the country, 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 10 p. m.
B. Y. E. U.
G. W. Monro, 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.

FREBYTERIAN 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, R. 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, \$1.00. 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 to see us.

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
chick-a-bloob 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 woes
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 ain't
No more for me than 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
Ab 'out the rows and squabbles that
they've had.

But I know Luther Wixon well, 'ginch!
I know the barn,
And know it needed paintin' mighty bad.
I like to read "Ab 'out Polly Hodge is visit-
in' her son."

And "Julkitt'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 allers heads the colyum with a
vase.

And though I ain't no judge myself,
I'm told by them that is,
That better poets than her are pretty
sure.

And, 'p'raps, maybe, I'll set, yer know,
a-readin' 'twa on loud,
And down across the pages chance to
sneak.

And see my name, and though 'ginch!
I ain't by no means proud,
Must say I feel 'bout as good as in
pink.

So, as I say, I seldom read them city pa-
pers 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.

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

She gray pony Beauty whinnied
with fear, and Amber held the reins
tight while she called, eagerly:
"Ceell! Ceell!"

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

It was Cecil Grant as she had sus-
pected, and she noted with a throbbing
heart how handsome 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, excit-
edly. "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:

"Ceell, 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, Ceell;
she was bitterly angry," Amber re-
plied, 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, Ceell, 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, Ceell, 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 com-
forting 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
ride. See how the sweat pours from
Prince's flanks, and my blood is rush-
ing 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, Ceell? For I, too can
sympathize with you in sorrow," mur-
mured 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 shall think that you would
excuse her!" burst forth Amber, in-
dignantly.

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

"No! I cannot cur-e sweet Violet,
for I can enter somewhat into her feel-
ings, 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, warn-
ingly. "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
suspect!"

Her eager eyes scanned his face
closely, taking in all its agony without
one throeb of remorse at her hard heart.
She even smiled to herself at the ac-
complishment of all her plan, remem-
bering that not only had she secured
her revenge on Ceell 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 pha-
eton, 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 Ceell!
What under Heaven could my grand-
father 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

with one exception,
She had hoped ardently to secure
the opal ring, and to give it to Ceell 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 pov-
erty 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 Ceell did not
dream of doubting her plausible state-
ments.

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 Ceell
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 rankled in his quiver-
ing heart.

He had uttered one terrible cry, and
recoiled in his saddle so that she feared
he was going to fall; then his strength
returned, he sat erect again, his hand-
some face ghastly pale in the moon-
light, 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
excuse her!" burst forth Amber, in-
dignantly.

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

"No! I cannot cur-e sweet Violet,
for I can enter somewhat into her feel-
ings, 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, warn-
ingly. "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
suspect!"

Her eager eyes scanned his face
closely, taking in all its agony without
one throeb of remorse at her hard heart.
She even smiled to herself at the ac-
complishment of all her plan, remem-
bering that not only had she secured
her revenge on Ceell 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 pha-
eton, 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 Ceell!
What under Heaven could my grand-
father 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

CHAPTER XXII.

Amber's deep-laid scheme had suc-
ceeded 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 Ceell 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 pov-
erty 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 Ceell did not
dream of doubting her plausible state-
ments.

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 Ceell
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 rankled in his quiver-
ing heart.

He had uttered one terrible cry, and
recoiled in his saddle so that she feared
he was going to fall; then his strength
returned, he sat erect again, his hand-
some face ghastly pale in the moon-
light, 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
excuse her!" burst forth Amber, in-
dignantly.

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

"No! I cannot cur-e sweet Violet,
for I can enter somewhat into her feel-
ings, 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, warn-
ingly. "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
suspect!"

Her eager eyes scanned his face
closely, taking in all its agony without
one throeb of remorse at her hard heart.
She even smiled to herself at the ac-
complishment of all her plan, remem-
bering that not only had she secured
her revenge on Ceell 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 pha-
eton, 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 Ceell!
What under Heaven could my grand-
father 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

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.

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 Ceell. "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, sym-
pathetically.

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
hopelessly, 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 re-
s