

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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Local advertising at low rates per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Large for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, although the same may be written in advance to the printer.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction as all work turned out.

New communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The editor will accept of no contributions unless they are accompanied by the name and address of the contributor, and will not be held responsible for their return.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Cross Roads, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m.
Halls 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. 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. Munro, Agent.

Churches.
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh B. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, morning 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. Woman's Alliance prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7.30. Woman's Alliance prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the services are free and attendance is cordially invited.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Deane, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath, 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 services are free and attendance is cordially invited.

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 6th. All the services are free and attendance is cordially invited.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Morris, Warden.
V. J. Hutterford, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P., Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

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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.
Y. A. Dixon, Secretary.

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

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

FOREMANS.
Cent. 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, ink and brush mailed free, etc., club of the King's Co. For Printing Cards.

LONDON PEN & PENCIL STAMP.

First-class teams with all the reasonable 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 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. 25

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 respectfully attended to. Charges moderate.
Wolfville, March 11th, '97.

GLOBE
Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 25
"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 pleasant 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. Burrell is a first-class, A. I. (or anything you may wish to call him) ladies' tailor. He is ably assisted by Miss McClellan, 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.

NOW IS THE TIME

FOR

Screen Doors and Windows.

GREEN WIRE CLOTH,

DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING,

CEDAR AND SPRUCE SHINGLES.

WE HAVE THEM.

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,

WOLFVILLE.

Livery Stables!

Until further notice at Central Hotel.

First-class teams with all the reasonable equipments. Come one, come all and you shall be used right. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone.

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Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY,

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

TOWN OF WOLFVILLE.

Applications from persons desiring the position of Police-man, Supt. Act Inspector, Janitor of Schools, Town Hall, Fire Station and Jail, and to perform other duties connected with the appointment, must be made in writing, stating salary required, on or before the 15th August next, to the undersigned, who will give the particulars of duties.

FRANK A. DIXON,
TOWN CLERK.
Wolfville, 20th July, 1898.

FOR SALE.

Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on upper Gasper Avenue, Outbuilding, & acres of land mostly covered with young orchard.
For particulars apply to
MRS J. B. DAVISON.

POETRY.

The Land of "Pretty Soon."

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve:

It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon
Are stored away there in that land
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are ancient jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.

And oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is further away than the moon,
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never
Get there—
To the land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its
shining strand,
Bear skeletons on their decks.

It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon.
Oh, let us beware of that land down
there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Granted," replied Amber, with a peculiar smile, and then she added: "But he is madly in love with her, and being backed by her grandfather, is naturally eager to win the prize. So our only defense against him is to steal Violet away."

"But how to do so under that old man's watchful eyes?" he groaned.

"It is a difficult undertaking, but I hope to accomplish it," she smiled confidently.

"How clever you are, Amber!" he cried, gratefully.

"Thank you!" she beamed happily.

"Now listen, Cecil."

"I am all attention!"

"I have written to Wesley Christian, taken him into our confidence, and appointed seven o'clock to-morrow evening as the time, and his own little chapel as the place for the ceremony."

"Yes."

Amber continued:

"Violet is to be very gracious to Monsieur Millionaire to-morrow, so that when I beg grandpapa to let her go for a drive with me, he will consent. Then we will drive straight to Washington in the phaeton. You will come by train and meet us at St. Paul's, you understand. After the ceremony you and Violet will start on a little wedding tour, while I return home alone."

"But it will be late and cool for driving back alone through the woods," he objected, thinking of her comfort.

"I shall not be afraid—not in the least. I shall be thinking all the while of the good deed I have accomplished in uniting two persecuted lovers. And now, Cecil, here is the card of Rev. Mr. Christian, with his church address. You cannot fail to find it, and success is ours, unless grandpapa follows with a shot-gun," ended Amber, with a light, rippling laugh.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, grandpapa, spare me, I entreat you! I cannot, will not meet that man!" cried Violet, in a mixture of despair and entreaty.

He was urging her presence in the drawing room, to meet Harold Castello, but with streaming eyes she implored his clemency.

"Do not force me into this man's detested presence, I pray you! Oh, grandpapa, what has your poor little Violet done to you to be treated in this cruel fashion?"

"Treated cruelly! Well, of all the charges, you silly child, that I ever heard, this is the most unfounded! Is it cruel to offer you a rich and handsome young man for a husband?"

"Yes, when all my heart is given to another!" cried the girl, vehemently.

A stifled oath escaped the judge's lips.

"You shall never marry that portentous young Grant, you may be sure of that, my girl; and the sooner you realize it, the better!"

Violet trembled, but she did not reply, fearing the violence of his wrath.

"Come, now, Violet! make up your mind to meet Mr. Castello as I wish you to do," he added, enjoying, for

he really believed that a sight of the handsome and fascinating Spaniard might alter the girl's sentiments toward him.

Wary of his threats and importunities, she said, despairingly:

"If I grant him the wished-for interview it will only be to refuse his suit in the most positive terms."

"Very well, my dear; only let him see you, and you may change your mind," grinned.

"I am ready to go now," continued Violet, summoning all her courage for the dreaded interview.

"Well, but my girl, you'll change your gown first, won't you? That plain white gown isn't nice enough. Ring for Phoebe, and let her dress you in your pretty blue silk with the lace rufflings—do, Violet," coaxed the old man, who was a connoisseur in the matter of a ladies' dress.

"I shall go as I am, grandpapa, or not at all," declared Violet, peremptorily, and he had to yield.

"But your eyes show traces of tears, Violet. Hadn't you better bathe them in a little cold water?"

"No, I want him to see that I have been crying. Perhaps he will understand, then, how I loathe and hate him!" she burst out, bitterly.

"Come, then, you cross-grained little mix!" he growled, and, taking her arm, led her down-stairs to the drawing-room, where the unwelcome suitor was waiting, impatiently, for her appearance.

Judge Camden almost dragged the shrieking and reluctant girl forward to the centre of the room.

"Here she is, Mr. Castello—my spoiled, willful little girl; and now I will leave you alone with her to plod your own case," he exclaimed, thus informally introducing Violet and making his escape.

They were left alone in the long, magnificent drawing-room, the dark, handsome man, and the fair, beautiful girl. She stood still, with downcast eyes a moment, then lifted them shudderingly to his eager face.

He sprang forward and tried to take her hand, but she hid it in the snowy folds of her gown.

"Dear Violet, how glad, how rapturously happy I am to meet you again!" he exclaimed, in a low and musical voice.

She was trembling so that she could not stand, and sinking into a chair with a weary sigh, she essayed to speak:

"Harold Castello, words of love are wasted between you and me! You do not love me. Why profess to do so? It is ghastly fear for your own safety, not true love, that impels you to bind my life to yours."

CHAPTER XVIII.

As Harold Castello looked at Violet and listened to her words, his dusky complexion grew lividly pale, and his eyes dilated with something like horror.

Darting close to her side, he bent close to her ear, whispering hoarsely:

"Speak lower. What if you should be overheard, girl?"

"You have made me reckless with your persecutions, and I scarcely care," she breathed, almost defiantly.

He shut his lips tightly over a stifled oath and stood with his arms folded on his breast, regarding her with a baffled air.

Seeing that he did not speak, she looked up and said, angrily:

"Why have you come here to persecute me? You need not have feared me."

"Because betrayal would have been as bad for you as for me," he sneered, and Violet answered, despatchly:

"Yes, that is the only thing that would have sealed my lips."

"Darling, how cruel you are! Can you have no memory of the past sufferings you have caused?"

"Do not speak words of love to me, sir. I loathe, abhor, detest you, and I would die before I would become your wife."

"Violet, I love you as madly as you hate me, and I have sworn to possess you. Will you not listen to me? I am very rich, and you shall be housed like a queen if you will marry me. See what lovely jewels I have brought you!" and he held out to her a case of diamonds, sparkling on white velvet beds, the most exquisite set that could

be imagined.

She pushed the case away as angrily that it fell from his hands to the floor and lay all in a heap of cold white fire upon the rich velvet carpet.

"You despise my offering?" he exclaimed, bitterly, as he stooped to gather his scattered gift from the carpet, and restore them to the case.

"I despise it and you! How often must I reiterate that fact?" cried Violet, angrily.

"As often as you please, fair beauty, but it will make no difference in my determination to win you for my own," he cried, with a certain defiance, enraged at her scorn.

She made no answer for a few moments, but she thought, with a happy thrill at her heart, that in a few more hours she would be safe from his persecutions, the bride of her beloved Cecil.

Strong in this hope, she said, presently:

"It is useless for you to press your suit with me. I fear and loathe you so deeply that I could never even tolerate your presence. The sooner you realize this the better. But I can assure you that it is not necessary to make me your wife to insure my silence on the past. Rest easy. My lips shall be sealed."

With these words, she arose to leave the room.

He saw by her flashing eyes and compressed lips that it was quite useless to seek to detain her, and he stood in angry silence while she left the room, thinking:

"How superb she was! Her anger! Her eyes glowed like stars, and her little red mouth was so charming in its disdain that I longed to kiss it. By Heaven, I love her more dearly than ever; and, when she is mine, I will tame her if it is in the power of mortal man to do it."

He laughed aloud at thought of the clever plot that was to give her to his arms.

"How she will rage at first! But thought, but the prospect did not deter him from his purpose, perhaps only added zest to his desire to have Violet for his own. He liked the difficulty of the whole affair, and would rather have had Violet unwillingly than any other more eager bride."

With hearing bosom and flashing eyes, Violet returned to her own room, thankful that the dreaded interview was over, and hoping that never again on earth need she be called upon to speak:

It was but a few hours now to the time for her drive with Amber that was to end in the marriage with Cecil, her heart's darling, and, locking her door, she proceeded to pack a hand-satchel with such changes as she would need in her little wedding journey to Niagara Falls.

Violet loved Cecil with the unchangeable love of a life-time, and her dearest wish was to be his wife. Yet her young heart was heavy over this enforced elopement.

She deplored its necessity, and would have preferred to wait for him several years rather than incur the notoriety of an elopement, but Amber had assured her over and over that unless she married Cecil Grant this means to force her to wed Harold Castello to-morrow.

Her packing finished, she unlocked the door and sat down at the window, to pass away the intervening time with a book.

But she could not interest herself in its pages, and, laying it down, she took some embroidery from her little work-basket and sewed mechanically, her eyes on the work, her mind far away.

She was restless and unhappy, despite the fact that she would soon be the happy bride of the man she adored, and who adored her in turn.

A weight of trouble, doubt, and strange foreboding lay like lead upon her thick, curly lashes.

At length the embroidery dropped unheeded in her lap, and Violet sat turning her engagement ring round and round upon her finger, her blue eyes fixed on the far-away landscape.

CHAPTER XIX.

Suddenly the door opened and Amber entered the room.

The handsome brunette looked as

gay and smiling as if she, and not Violet, were the prospective bride.

"Ah, Violet, smiling here all alone! What is the matter?" she cried, lightly.

Violet turned her dark-blue eyes from contemplating the distant hills, and fixed them on the smiling, treacherous face of her cousin, sighing:

"Ah, Amber, I am so unhappy!"

"Unhappy? When a few hours more will see you Cecil's bride, I am surprised at you, child."

"Oh, Amber, there is a dreadful weight on my heart—a foreboding of evil that I cannot reason away!"

"Perhaps you are repeating your promise to Cecil."

"No, No!"

"You have had an interview with Mr. Castello. Perhaps his handsome face and the splendid diamonds he gave you, combined with his ardent pleadings, have caused your heart to waver between him and Cecil," mentioned Amber, in a bantering tone.

Violet looked at her reproachfully and cried:

"How can you dream of such a thing, Amber? I hate the man and his jewels. Grandpapa forced me to go down and see him, but I told him absurdly how much I hated him, and that I would rather die than marry him!"

"But he did not withdraw his suit for your hand?"

"No," Violet answered, with a deep and heavy sigh, and again turned her eyes toward the sky with a sorrowful look, while she restlessly turned the opal ring upon her finger.

Amber's eyes watched the gleaming jewel with interest, and presently she said:

"I am sorry you feel so blue, my dear, but I suppose it is the suspense of waiting that makes you so nervous. But in a few hours yet before we can start for Washington, so I will beguile your impatience by telling you the story of the opal ring you wear."

"Has it really a story, Amber?" the girl asked, listlessly.

"Yes, a very thrilling one. If I were a novelist, I could make a charming story of it; but I have no talent that way, so I must put it in plain words."

Violet's sad eyes began to look brighter. Everything about the Grants interested her, because she loved Cecil so dearly.

"Ah, I see you are looking brighter already," laughed Amber. "Well, now I am about to begin. Once upon a time—"

"Yes," Violet murmured, encouragingly, for her cousin had suddenly paused thoughtfully.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pronounced Incurable by Doctors, But Made Strong and Well by

Paine's Celery Compound.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in recommending Paine's Celery Compound for nervousness and weakness, with which I was sorely afflicted for a number of years, and for which my doctor could give no relief. I became very weak and had a stroke of paralysis. I was confined to my bed, and the doctor requested me to try a course of your medicine as the last thing that could be done. I did as recommended, and before I had finished the first bottle I experienced a change. I am glad to say that I am cured through the use of Paine's Celery Compound. I have recommended it to others, and they have benefited by it; it has worked miracles for me.

Yours truly,

Mrs. O. LUMLEY, Cobourg, Ont.

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