

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, JULY 22, 1898.

No. 47.

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 ar-
rangement 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 con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

Newspapers 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 com-
munications, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

Address communications to
DAYTON 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: Sunday,
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 4.40 p.m.

Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed
on Saturday at 1 p.m.

G. W. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R.
Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,
School at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.; Sun-
day School at 2.30 p.m. B. Y. P. U.
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at
7.30. Church prayer-meeting on Wed-
nesday evening at 7.30. Women's Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
morning at 10.30 a.m. in the month
and the Women's prayer-meeting on the
third Wednesday of each month at 2.30
p.m. All seats free. Others at the
door 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. St. Andrew's
Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every
Sunday at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Sunday
School 9.45 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7.30 p.m. Chalmers Church,
Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday
at 10 a.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
services 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
at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at
8 a.m. Services every Wednesday at 7.30
p.m.

KEY, KENNETH G. HIND, Rector.

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 N. O. T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 2.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomdon, 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 lead nibbed free, 25¢; club of
10, 25¢. For Printing Cards,
Marketing Circulars, etc.

LONDON NUMBER STAMP CO.
Printers and Stationers, 10, Abchurch Lane,
London, E.C. 4, England.

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 moder-
ate.

Wolfville, March 11th, 97.

GLOBE

Steam Laundry

HALIFAX, N.S. 25

"THE BEST."

Wolfville Agents, Lockwell & Co.

A Fine Range of Summer Tweeds.

We have in stock now the finest range of
spring and summer Tweeds ever seen in
the County, and as stylish an assortment as can
be shown in the Province.

They are marked at a surprisingly low figure which
is bound to sell them.

See our Stock and our Work!
You can't do better anywhere!

We can give you a Suit from \$12.00 up.

We are the local agents for the famous Tyke and
Blenheim Serge.

We have a range of the famous Oxford Tweeds
always on hand.

LAUNDRY AGENCY in connection.

Telephone No. 85.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING COMPANY,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

WOLFVILLE.



Ladies' Dresses.

Our Ladies' Tailoring and Dressmak-
ing department has been a grand suc-
cess and we are now getting ready for a
large summer trade.

We have a well equipped workroom
and

Guarantee Entire Satisfaction!

We have made several dresses for the Countess of Aber-
deen, which is proof that our work is the best that can be done.

We have a lady always at hand to assist at fitting. She
is a first-class dressmaker and any lady wishing fancy or
plain made dresses may call on MISS MCKELLEN, who
will be pleased to show every attention to them. Go in the
side entrance, go up stairs and knock at the door.

PLEASE A CUSTOMER ALWAYS A CUSTOMER!

Mr Burrell, who has charge of this de-
partment, is working under the patron-
age of the Countess of Aberdeen.

NOW IS THE TIME

—FOR—

Screen Doors and Windows.

GREEN WIRE CLOTH,
(ALL WIDTHS).

DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND
SHEATHING,

CEDAR AND SPRUCE SHINGLES.

WE HAVE THEM.

STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
WOLFVILLE.

POETRY.

The Farmer's Wife.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glistens like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning;
But she's never a moment to look at them,
The men are waiting their breakfast
early;

She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that
are sure,
Are what men give when meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turn-
ing,
If she would but look over hills and
trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the
churning.

Those things must always yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of
beauty
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure she says must wait for
duty—

Neglected work is committed sin.
The days grow hot, and her hands grow
weary
Oh, for an hour to cool her head,
Out with the birds and the wind so
cheery!

But she must get dinner and bake the
bread.
The busy men in the hay-field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hands,
Would think her lazy and call it shirking,
And she never could make them
understand.

They do not know that the heart within
her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime;
They only know that they want their
dinner—
Plenty of it—and just "on time."
And after the sweeping and churning
and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is
aching,
Till time for supper and "chores"
draw nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks
and hose;

For the world is quick to construe mother's
clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of
labor;

He gives no praise to his weary wife;
She's done no more than her nei-
ghbor—
"Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary toils
With life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and soul—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her
blest.

And I think the sweetest joys of heaven,
The rarest bliss of mortal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given
Unto the wife who weeps farmer's wife.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in
Cows.

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Now I must beg you to set me
down at my office door, and I will at
once write Violet a letter, so that I
can have it ready when you go back
from your drive, if you will be so
kind," he said, and Amber assented
very readily to his wish.

Accordingly, within the hour, the
light phaeton stopped at the corner,
and Cecil brought out a letter for Vi-
olet.

"I will bring you an answer to-
morrow morning, and perhaps we can
yet outwit grandpapa and Harold
Castello," declared Amber, archly, and
drove away, after giving him an en-
trancing smile, and a glance that was
almost too fond for friendship.

CHAPTER XI.

Amber did not intend to break faith
with Cecil in the promise she had
made.

She carried his fond love letter to
Violet that evening.

But she had taken it to her own
room first, carefully extracted it from
the envelope, and read every word.

Her dark cheek paled with anger,
her heart throbbed with jealous pain at
the words of love that Cecil had writ-
ten to his darling.

"How I hate her for this!" she
cried, bitterly. "How I would like to
write her heart as she has done
mine!"

And the dark flush of her eye boded
no good to her innocent rival.

She replaced the letter so carefully
in its envelope that no one would have
guessed the seal had been tampered
with, and carried it to Violet.

"I have brought you a treasure—a
letter from Cecil," she exclaimed,
gayly.

How the blue eyes sparkled, how
the cheeks flushed with joy as Violet
caught the letter and pressed it to her
warm lips, murmuring:

"My darling!"

She tore it open and read it eagerly
through twice, then looked up at Am-
ber, her eyes shining through happy
tears.

"Oh, how can I thank you, dear
Amber?" she cried, gratefully.

"By believing that I am your true
friend," replied the crafty girl.

"Oh, I know now, I am sure of it,
or you would not have brought me this
letter, that has made me so happy!"
and again Violet kissed her love-letter
with blushing cheeks.

Ah, how bitterly, how jealously
Amber envied her that exquisite hap-
piness, she did not dream, or she would
have started in a fright at the evil in
her cousin's heart.

She thought that Amber had over-
come her love for Cecil, and was con-
tent to be only his friend, and to for-
ward his love affair with another with
generous self-forgetfulness.

But sweet-Violet had never felt the
pain of a slighted love, or she might

have known that only the noblest
hearts can forget or forgive a wrong
either real or fancied.

Alas, a hopeless love is one of the
things seldom forgotten and rarely
cured, coiling like a serpent around
the heart, and stinging it to death.

Amber Laurens could have knelt in
the dust at Cecil's feet for one tithe of
the fond love-words he had written to
Violet, and she hated her successful
rival with a bitterness that no words
could have pictured.

Yet with rankling hate and jealousy
in her heart, she stood there and smiled
upon Violet—smiled at the thought
of the dark schemes weaving in her
own brain for revenge upon the hapless
pair of lovers whose love was her tor-
ture.

"Ah, Violet, don't you wish you
could have been in my place? I had
a charming drive with your precious
Cecil," she cried. "But don't be
jealous, dear; we were talking of you
all the time. Cecil wanted me to bring
this letter to you and from you to
him. In short, Violet, I've promised
to be Cecil's postman. You two are
to write to each other as often as you
please, and I'll deliver all the billet-
doux. Are you pleased?"

"Pleased! Oh, Amber, I am
happy! I see a rift of light in the
darkness of my awful despair. I can
never thank you enough for your
goodness, but I pray Heaven to send
you a lover as handsome and noble as
my Cecil, to reward your generous
heart!"

Amber gave a strange laugh that
grated harshly on her own hearing,
and answered:

"Never mind wishing me a lover
now, Violet, but get your pen and
write Cecil a letter that I can deliver
in the morning."

"I will—oh, I will!" cried Violet,
gladly, and Amber flew away to vent
her rage in secret.

When the letter was committed to
her care, she read it in the seclusion of
her chamber before she carried it to
Cecil, and she longed to tear it into
a thousand pieces and scatter it to the
winds of heaven before it should glad-
den his eyes.

"How silly they both are!" she
cried to herself, disdainfully. "What
a soft, forgiving little fool they must
think me, to forget the injury they did
me and befriended them, helping them
to a happiness they cheated me of so
heartlessly. Ah, it is another game I
am playing, and when I am done, I
fancy I can cry quits all around."

She made herself as lovely as pos-
sible to carry the letter to Cecil, with
some faint lurking hope, perhaps, of
yet outwitting Violet.

But Cecil scarcely looked at the
dark, eager face, the rich attire, or the
longing dark eyes. He almost at-
tached the letter from her jeweled hand,
then recollected himself, with a deep
flush, exclaiming:

"I beg your pardon for my rudeness,
I was so anxious to read my darling's
letter. Will you honor my den by
taking a seat, Miss Laurens?"

No, Amber could not stay to see
him read her rival's letter. The look

of joy in his eyes would have driven
her mad.

She said quietly that she must go;
she had only stepped into the office on
her way to the druggist's for some eau
de cologne for Violet—poor thing, her
head ached so—and she would take
another letter for him that evening, if
he would have it ready when she took
her afternoon drive.

He thanked her gratefully, and for-
got her the next moment, as he turned
gladly to the perusal of Violet's letter.

CHAPTER XII.

While Judge Camden dawdled over
the newspapers in his elegant library
that evening, Amber came in and drew
a chair to his side.

He glanced around at the superb
young beauty, with her glowing cheeks
and flashing eyes, and inquired, sar-
castically:

"Well, what is it? A big dry-
goods bill for me to pay?"

"Not this time, dear grandpapa,"
cooed Amber, sweetly.

"Then it's a big check to buy jewel-
ry or fiddlers. You never come
wheeling around me like this for
nothing," retorted the crusty old judge
in a tone of conviction.

"Oh, how cruelly I am misunder-
stood," sighed the girl, and after a
moment of profound silence for effect,
she continued:

"I came to talk to you about Vi-
olet."

"Umph!"

"Are you determined to make her
marry Mr Castello?"

"I have sworn it!" curdy.

"In spite of her love for Cecil?"

"Cecil be—hanged!" retorted the
old man, violently.

"Then you entirely ignore his claim
on Violet?"

"I ignore it utterly! Now look
here, my girl," and he wheeled around
on her, wrathfully, "if you come to me
to wheedle me into consenting to the
affair between Violet and that fortune-
hunting Cecil Grant, you're wasting
words, let me tell you, and also mak-
ing matters worse for yourself! I
won't be interfered with, I tell you
squarely; and you will mind your own
business if you know which side your
bread is buttered on, miss!"

"Yes, sir," meekly.

"So now, if you satisfied, you can
go back and tell Violet what I said,
and leave me in peace to read my
papers!"

"I'm not satisfied yet, sir," de-
murely.

"The mischief you are not? But
I won't hear another word, I tell you
—not another word! And mind you,
Amber, I may leave you out of my
will if you persist in meddling with my
business," furiously.

Amber smiled slyly at his perturba-
tion, and answered in a low, deep, and
measured voice:

"Grandpapa, you are more hasty
than wise. You have simply jumped
at the conclusion that I came here to
plead my cousin's case."

He stared at her in amazement and
exclaimed:

"Didn't you ask me if I was deter-
mined to ignore that fellow's claim on
Violet?"

"Certainly."

"And didn't you mean to take his
part?" dubiously.

"Certainly not!"

"Then, by gad, what did you mean,
girl? Explain yourself!"

"Don't speak so loud, grandpapa,
please. If we are heard, everything is
lost," breathed Amber, glancing
timorously at the door, with her taper
fingers at her lips.

He suppressed another growl and
contented himself with glaring impati-
ently at her from the shade of his
heavy, boisterous white brows.

Secure of her victory, Amber smiled
archly at him, and cried, gayly:

"Don't look at me so angrily, like a
great lion about to gobble me up; for
though I am only a little mouse I am
going to help—on to your wish."

"You," contemptuously. "You
can't persuade Violet to marry Castello,
I know, and you can't lure Grant
away from her, for I think you've al-
ready tried that game, and failed, eh?"

The burning crimson flooded Am-
ber's olive cheeks and brow to the
edges of her beautiful hair at this
coarse jeer, but, with an effort, she

Royal makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

kept back a stinging retort, and answer-
ed, calmly:

"If you mean that Cecil Grant was
my lover first, and that Violet stole
him from me, you are right; and, in
the face of that humiliation, do you
think I would lower myself to plead
their cause with you?"

"No, not if you inherit any of your
grandfather's spirit, Amber!" chuck-
led the wicked old judge, with return-
ing good humor.

"Well, I have been told that I re-
semble you in many things, grand-
papa," returned Amber, smilingly, and
indeed she did have the same sparkling
hazel eyes and determined mouth as
well as the fiery temper of the old man.

"Yes, yes, you are a chip of the
old block, Amber, and Violet always
favored her scape-grace father too
much to please me. Not that she isn't
the prettiest girl in the world; but
those dark blue eyes of hers have the
same look of the scamp's that lured my
Mario from me," angrily. "But,
Amber, you said you could help me.
How?"

"I have a clever plan of my own to
betray Violet into a marriage with
Harold Castello. You know, grand-
papa, in spite of all your bluster, that
you cannot force Violet into this mar-
riage against her will. The law is
against you."

"Violet isn't eighteen yet, and I can
command her obedience until she be-
comes of age," he answered, frowningly.

But Amber laughed softly, and
replied:

"Your authority if you asserted it in the
arbitrary manner you propose. You
are a lawyer, and you know well that
your rights over Violet do not permit
you to drive her into an unwilling
marriage. And there are her father's
kin also to consider. Suppose she
appeals to them, and they come for-
ward to protect her from you."

"I shall take care to keep her from
communicating with them," he replied
grimly.

"Very well. But in spite of your
threats and your bluster, I do not
believe that you will dare to push
Violet into this unwilling marriage."

"I dare anything," he began, storm-
ingly; but again she interrupted:

"You cannot make her marry him.
She would appeal to the minister, and
he would not perform the ceremony."
"I might find a justice of the peace
less scrupulous."

"You might, but I am doubtful.
The Virginians are very chivalrous,
you know, toward women, and our
Violet is worshiped in the whole
county. I fear you would be mobbed
if the truth of this matter transpired,
and Cecil Grant, who is such a favorite,
might lead the mob."

"If you came here to taunt me,
Amber," he began, in furious dis-
pleasure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

It is
Extreme
Folly

To use medicine to cure effects instead
of using Paine's Celery Compound to get
rid of the cause. Paine's Celery Com-
pound will make you well and strong.
All the while you are using it the nerves
gain in power and strength, the digestive
organs are fully toned, and lost health is
rapidly restoring.

It is extreme folly to neglect the in-
significant ills, aches, pains and tired
feelings that some people look upon as
merely trifles. You should remember
that the hot summer weather aggravates
the little ills of life, and these little ills
frequently develop serious disturbances
and deadly diseases. Paine's Celery
Compound should be used at once to
bruce up the diseased nerves, purify the
blood and fortify the system. Weak
children, frail and weary women, and
tired and broken-down men find a new
existence in Paine's Celery Compound,
nature's true life-giver.