

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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### 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.

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for every insertion, unless by special ar-

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party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-

stantly receiving new type and material,

and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

as all work turned out.

Newspaper communications 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 contribu-

tion, although the same may be written

under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAYTON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

Mails are made up as follows:

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Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,

preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sun-

day School at 2:30 p. m. B. X. F. U.

prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at

7:30. Church prayer-meeting on

Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mis-

sionary Aid society meets on Wednesday

evening at 7:30. In the morning at

10:30. The women's prayer-meeting on the

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p. m. J. J. Scott, Secy. Offices at the

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at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school

at 10 o'clock, 8 a. m. Prayer Meeting

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texts are free and strangers welcomed at

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meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

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at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion

at 10 o'clock, 8 a. m. 3rd, 4th and 5th at

11 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30

p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Morris, Wardens.

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Maonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets

every Monday evening in their Hall

at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Hall of Hope meets in the

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noon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Coast Blomford, I. O. F., meets in

Temperance Hall on the first and third

Thursdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

For one little circle of gold.

Told she the world of the bitter chest I

Ab, no! With a smiling face.

She clothed her idol from head to feet

With the garments of her grace.

And no one knew of the tears she wept!

Her grief they were never guessed.

For bid in her heart of hearts she kept

Her throne of woe. And she slept

With her hands across her breast.

The Master of the Mind.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He gave me his card, on which was

printed the words:

EPHRAIM S. JOHNSON,

Civil Engineer,

Halifax,

State of New York.

I glanced at the name, and then took

a good look at the owner. He wore a

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ARE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL!

Their perception of opportunities is the secret of their success. KEEN OBSERVERS will see that NOW is the time to order their FALL and WINTER SUITS, as our

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and the first buyers will have a larger stock to pick from than those who wait until later.

## WE Have all the latest patterns in ENGLISH, SCOTCH and CANADIAN

### Suitings, Overcoatings & Pantings.

You could pick one with your eyes shut and have an article fit for a king.

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NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

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An Idol of Clay.

What did she give for her wedding ring?

All that a woman may.

What did she give to the giver his gift?

Only an idol of clay.

All the sweetest dresses of her girlhood

years.

All that a heart could hold,

All of her hopes and all of her fears,

All of her smiles and all of her tears,

All for one little circle of gold.

Told she the world of the bitter chest I

Ab, no! With a smiling face.

She clothed her idol from head to feet

With the garments of her grace.

And no one knew of the tears she wept!

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The Master of the Mind.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He gave me his card, on which was

printed the words:

lying gallery, above which the sea was thundering, he trembled a good deal and gave other signs of agitation, and he did not recover himself until he had regained the open air, which he did after a very profuse visit indeed. Once or twice on the way, as we ascended the ladder communicating with the abyss, he grew giddy, and I had to watch him carefully, fearing he might fall. All this, however, he guessed, did not increase my respect for M' Ephraim S. Johnson.

He did not altogether receive his recognition until he had donned his miner's dress and put on his own radiant apparel. Then, curious to know what he would say to his employer, I questioned him:

"Well, Mr. Johnson? Did I exaggerate when I said that the mine was unsafe?"

He answered me sharply and impudently, but averting his small keen eyes from mine.

"Excuse me, young man, I shall reserve my opinion to Mr. George Redruth, not to you. I don't mind saying, however, that I guess you did exaggerate, on the whole."

Angry at his manner, I could not forbear retort:

"You did not seem to express that opinion when you were down below!"

"What do you mean?" he cried, turning crimson.

"I mean that you seemed rather in a hurry to get back to the terra firma, up here!"

He did not reply, but gave me a look full of malignity and dislike. Then he walked out of the office, but the next minute he put his head in again at the door.

"You think yourself smart," he said; "but you'll have to get up early before you're as smart as me. I mean to do me some good, and you'll find after very long."

He left me with this curious valdiction. I saw neither Redruth nor Johnson for some days. Then I found casually that the latter had gone back to London. About a week after his departure, I saw in public announced that arrangements had been made with George Redruth, Esq., the proprietor, to turn the St. Gurlitt's copper-mine into a joint-stock company, the said George Redruth, Esq., receiving half the purchase money and retaining the other half in fully paid-up shares. Nothing was said about the precise amount of commission money which went into the pocket of Mr. E. S. Johnson, but the name of that worthy was down on the prospectus as surveyor and inspecting engineer, and I had no doubt whatever in my own mind that he had made a very excellent bargain.

### CHAPTER VIII.

A little after the establishment of the London company, Johnson came down to St. Gurlitt's and took lodging in a farm-house in the neighborhood. After what had occurred, I expected to receive my cone at once, but although the stranger was formally installed as resident inspector and supervisor, no attempt was made as yet to remove me from my former position.

The fact was, I believe, that Johnson had too little confidence in his own practical knowledge, to say nothing of his own courage, to undertake willingly the perilous duties of overseer.

So greatly did I resent his presence, however, that I at first resolved to resign; but yielding to the entreaties of my uncle, and the prayers of Annie, I remained. I soon saw that Johnson was completely in the young Redruth's confidence—was, in fact, his servant, spy, and general familiar. Under his advice, nothing whatever was done to amend the condition of affairs in the mine, the fittings and machinery of which remained as dilapidated as ever. On my own responsibility, however, I closed up the dangerous outer galleries, and forbade the men, on pain of dismissal, from working the ore in that direction. Although Johnson heard of this, and doubtless reported it to his superior, neither of them made any communication to me on the subject—just then.

I must now turn from the affairs of the mine to my own quiet life at home in my uncle's house—which will lead me, rapidly enough, back to young George Redruth.

I had noticed for several weeks that some important secret communication was going on between my uncle and aunt. What it was all about I couldn't guess, but it was evidently connected in some way with myself. I often caught them looking at me, and, when detected, exchanging glances of infinite meaning. I was beginning to think of asking for an explanation, when accident made me acquainted with the whole mystery.

I had returned home one evening too late for the ordinary tea, and was sitting taking mine alone, waited on by Annie, as I had to return to the office again that night, and might probably have to go down the mine. I still wore my miner's dress, but my uncle had changed his, and was sitting contentedly smoking on one side of the fire, while just opposite to him was my aunt, busily darning stockings.

The next evening, I got up, lit my pipe, and wished them all good night. "Don't sit up for me!" I said, "I shall be late to-night."

"Where are you going to, Hugh?" asked Annie, curiously.

"Back to the office. I've got to go down the mine again, too."

"Shall you go to the office first?" she asked, or down the mine?"

I laughed at what I then thought her unmeaning curiosity.

"Which do you think I ought to do first, Miss Curiosity?" I said.

"Go down the mine," she answered promptly; "then you could change these things, and do your account comfortably."

"Upon my word, Annie," I said, "there's a world of wisdom in that pretty little head of yours."

I put my arm round her shoulder—gave her a kiss—at which my aunt and uncle laughed delightedly.

"Good-night, all!" I said again, and went straight down the mine! And I was off.

I had gone only a little way, when I suddenly remembered that certain account books which I should need that night were in my room at the cottage. I hesitated a moment—then I turned back to get them. It was growing rather dark; but that was of little consequence to me, since I could have walked every step of the way blindfolded, and for the descent into the mine, daylight was of little use.

So I strolled slowly back, enjoying my pipe and the freshness of the evening air, and when I reached the cottage it was quite dark. I passed before the kitchen window, which was open for the night was saluted, and looked in.

My aunt and uncle still sat in much the same position they had occupied when I left them, but Annie was gone. I was about to put my head in at the window, and acquaint them with my return, when I heard the mention of my own name.

"Yes," said my aunt, nodding her head. "I had watched 'em, and I know Annie favors Hugh, if ever any lass favored a lad."

"Well, I do hope you're right, Martha, old gal," my uncle returned. "He's a good lad, and I shall be glad to call him my son."

I heard no more—I felt like a man who has received a knock-down blow, and I staggered under it a bit. Annie loved me?—the old people planning our marriage? It was all so new it took me a time to recover. But was it true? Were they right? Did my cousin really care for me? I glanced back on all the years we had been together, and I concluded that after all it might be possible. Certainly Annie had given me very marked evidence of her love; but then she was not a demonstrative girl. A quiet lowering of the eyelids, a little pink blush, were more in her line.

And then of late she had sorely changed. I had noticed that, and wondered a bit; now the meaning of it seemed clearer. Annie, my little cousin Annie, whom I had ever regarded as a sister and a child, had developed into a woman and was capable of feeling a woman's love.

My thoughts turned from Annie to myself; I began to analyse my own feelings, and to pronounce upon them. Did I love Annie? Yes, in one sense; so, in another. Yet my affection for her was of that strong, deep nature that I might have mistaken it for love, if that one all-absorbing

episode of my school days had never been. Even then, after a lapse of years, the thought of Madeline made my blood tingle in my veins, and my heart beat painfully. Of all this the old people know nothing; they had evidently made up their minds that Annie and I were exactly suited to one another, and ought to be man and wife. Whether or not I was glad or sorry at that discovery I could not tell, my feelings were a strange mixture which I could not analyse.

Before I had time to think very deeply on the subject, the kitchen door opened, and Annie herself appeared on the threshold. Though it was dark out of doors, the light in the kitchen showed her to me distinctly. She wore a long black cloak, which she folded tightly around her shoulders; its hood covered her head.

"I am going down to the village. I shan't be long," I heard her say, in answer to her mother's question. Then she came out, closing the kitchen door after her.

She paused a moment outside; then she hurried away—I, rather aimlessly, following her. She crossed the high road which led to the village, and took a narrow footpath which led by a short cut to the mine. Wondering what she could be taking her that way, I continued to follow her.

She quickened her pace now, almost to a run. When she had got about half-way to the mine, she turned off again, and hastened along with increased speed toward Graystock Tower.

Graystock Tower was a ruin, consisting of three dilapidated ivy-covered walls and a buttress; it stood on an eminence a few hundred yards from the seashore, and by the superstitious inhabitants of the village was supposed to be haunted. Even Annie, I had never before that night, crossed the popular belief. I was the more astonished, therefore, to see her going toward it, alone, on a dark night, and as if her very life depended upon her speed.

Having reached the ruin, she paused, and stood as if listening. There was a dead silence all round, broken only by the washing of the sea. I crept up in the shadow of the ruin.

Presently, I heard a peculiar whistle Annie said softly.

"Yes—I am here." Then a figure, that of a man, emerged from the darkness and joined her.

My astonishment at all this was so great that for a time I was utterly unable to move; but, from my shadowy hiding-place, I watched the pair. Who the man was, I could not tell; the darkness completely concealing his features; but I saw that he was taller than Annie, and that he was smoking a cigar.

They stood close together, talking earnestly; but I could not catch a word of what they said. Presently, they began to move away, and I deemed it time to interfere.

In two strides I was between them—Annie uttered a scream, the man an oath. But he stood his ground, and looked into my face.

It was now my turn to utter an exclamation. The man was young Redruth, the master of the mine.

The contretemps was so complete that for a moment neither of us spoke. Redruth, being the coolest, was the first to speak.

"What are you doing here, Tre-lawney?" he asked, curtly.

"I am here to take my cousin home, sir," I replied.

"Indeed!" he sneered; "I should have thought you were here to play the spy!"

"Even that would be better than playing the villain," I returned.

Here Annie, seeing a storm brewing, interfered.

"Hugh, dear Hugh!" she said, plucking at my sleeve.

But young Redruth now stepped forward.

"Don't agitate yourself, Annie," said he, coolly, while I was ready to knock him down. "And yes, sir," he added, addressing me, "stand out of the way; I have business with this young lady, and I request you to leave us."

"And if I refuse?"

He raised a small can which he carried and struck me across the shoulders. In a moment I had

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wrenched it from his hand, and with one well-planted blow I would have made him measure his length upon the ground, but, with another scream, Annie rushed forward and stood before us.

"You shall pay for this, you coward!" said my master; and, without another word, he disappeared into the darkness.

Annie, still frightened and trembling, rushed forward to follow him, but in a moment I was beside her.

"You'll come with me, Annie," I said, taking her hand firmly in mine.

By this time she was crying bitterly. "Oh, Hugh," she sobbed, "what have you done? You will ruin us all—yourself, father, and all of us!"

But I took no heed of her, I kept my hold upon her, and led her back across the meadows to the cottage.

During the walk, no word passed between us. I was silent, expecting she would give some explanation of the scene I had witnessed; but as she volunteered none, I said nothing.

"Oh, Hugh," she sobbed, "what have you done? You will ruin us all—yourself, father, and all of us!"

"No, no," I interrupted her. "Don't fear for me, but I mean to look after you in the future, Annie."

"Don't be hard on me, Hugh," she said, piteously. "I meant no harm. But it will be better for you and father if I speak to the young master some time."

"You'd best let us manage our own affairs, Annie, and keep yourself to the house; always remember that."

She dried her eyes and composed herself a bit, and we went in together. The old couple were astonished, but not ill pleased at seeing us in company. They noticed Annie's pallor, too, and exchanged looks, the meaning of which I now knew full well. I dreaded to be questioned; so when Annie had gone to her room, which she did pretty quickly, I explained that I had returned for certain little account-books, and having met Annie by the way, had brought her in. Then I passed myself of the books, and hurried back to the office to finish my night's work.

### CHAPTER IX.