

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

No. 12.

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1899.

THE ACADIAN.

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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.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment must be made in ad-
vance, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and materials,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
as all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
name of the party writing for the ACADIAN
must invariably accompany the communi-
cation, although the name may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 9.00 a. m. to 5.30 p. m.

Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10
a. m.

Express west close at 9.40 a. m.

Express east close at 3.50 p. m.

Keystone close at 6.40 p. m.

Use, V. Mann, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 2 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,

preaching at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.; Sun-

day School at 2.30 p. m. B. Y. C. U. day

prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at

7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on

Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Mis-

sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday

following the first Sunday in the month

and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the

third Wednesday of each month at 5.30

p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the

doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday

at 11 a. 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 at 2.30 p. m. Chalmers' Church,

Windsor: Public Worship on Sunday

at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at

10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sunday

at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer

meeting at 7.30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.

Donkin, 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 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 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at

8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30

p. m.

REV. H. F. DIXON, Rector,
Robert W. Storer, Warden,
Geo. A. Tait, Organist.

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.

V. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets

every Monday evening in their Hall

at 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the

Temperance Hall every Friday after-

noon at 2.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Hamilton, I. O. F. meets in

GREAT 30 DAY Marked Down SALE!

We have a large Stock on hand which we want
to clear to make room for Spring Stock. For 30
Days We Will Sell our Large Stock of English,
Irish, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds at very near
cost.

All Woolen Goods have advanced 25 per cent.,
but we secured our Stock before the advancement
and are able to give you clothes at a price Less
than the Wholesale Cost of the Goods Now.

Now is your time to get a Suit or Overcoat. We
can make you a good All-Wool Suit, and Guarantee
you a Perfect Fit and Satisfaction for \$10.50 and
up.

Pants Going for \$2.50 and up.
You want the Goods, We want
the Money.

Come and See and be Convinced.

Remember for 30 Days Only.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Enamel Ware

Costs a little more than ordinary
pans, dishes, kettles, &c., but
they don't rust, are cleaner and
last longer with hard usage.
That's where they pay.
We have the tin goods if you want
them, but advise the enamel.

Starr, Son & Franklin.

The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XX.

On reaching London, I secured a
room in a small coffee-house in Soho;
and, having deposited my luggage, I
started off at once to the offices of the
mining company. It was three o'clock,
and I counted I might just arrive be-
fore they closed.

I was astonished, on arriving at my
destination, to find that the "office"
consisted only of a couple of grimy
rooms in a side street off Chancery-
lan. I was received by a dilapidated
and somewhat dirty old clerk, who was
crouched upon a high stool and scrib-
bling away at a desk. He informed me
that the head of the firm was at that
moment in his room. I was
taken to him, and made haste to state
my case.

I soon found that my position there
was comparatively useless. Like ma-
ny, like men, they say, and certainly
George Redruth, in forming a com-

pany to conduct the mine, had been
careful to select men whose views ac-
corded with his own; besides, my char-
acter had preceded me; they had been
forewarned of my visit, and to all my
complaints they had nothing to say.

She shook her head.
"I cannot tell you, Hugh. Why
should you wish to know? I tell you
I am his wife."
"If you are his wife, where is the
need of all this secrecy?"
"There are reasons why he cannot
acknowledge me just now; therefore, I
have made a solemn vow never to tell
his name until he gives me permis-
sion. It is not enough for you to know
that I have not deserted you, and that I
am happy?"

"I certainly did not look happy."
Her pale, pained face, which was
turned, as to mine, seemed to give the lie
to every word she spoke.

"Will you tell them at home," she
said, "that you found me well, and
that they must not grieve; because
some day soon I shall come back to
them?"

"Where are you living now?"
"I will go with you," I said, "but I

am perfectly innocent. Until this
moment, I never even heard of this
horrible affair."
"Of course not," returned the officer,
cheerfully. "That's what they all say,
young man; and for the matter of that,
every man's innocent until the law
proves him guilty."

"But I was not even there. I left
St. Gerlott's two days ago."
"Exactly," was the dry retort;
"you looked in the very night of the
murder. The body was found early
on the morning of the 23rd, and the
warrant was issued yesterday."

As he spoke, I seemed to feel the
net closing round me. At first the
very accusation had seemed preposter-
ous; now, I began to understand that
my position was one of extreme peril.
If Johnson had really been murdered,
and on that night, as now seemed
clear, I could not escape suspicion by a
mere alibi. I remembered, with a
thrill of horror, my last meeting with
the murdered man, just before my de-
parture, and my heart sank within me.

I knew my own innocence—but who
was the question? As I asked myself the
question, I looked again at Annie, who
was still watching me intently; and in
a moment, as if by an inspiration, I
thought of her father! Had John
Pendragon, in a moment of madness,
suggested the life of the man whom he
suspected of betraying his daughter?
The thought was almost too horrible for
belief—yet, alas! it was not unreason-
able.

"Now, then, are you ready?" said
the officer, placing his hand upon my
shoulder.

I rose quietly. As I did so, Annie
sprang toward me with outstretched
hands.

"Hugh! dear Hugh! tell me you
did not do it! I cannot—cannot be-
lieve that you are guilty."
As I looked at her, all my spirit
darkened and hardened against her.

"When the time comes," I said,
solemnly, "may you be as well able to
answer for your deeds as I shall answer
for mine. The troble began with you.
If murder has been done, it is your
doing also—remember that!"

They were cruel words, and after-
wards I bitterly regretted them; but I
was thinking of her father, and re-
membering how bitter must be her
blame, if, by any possibility, he had
been driven into crime and violence as
a consequence of her conduct.

Whether she understood me or not, I
cannot tell; but, hiding her face in her
hands, she sank on a couch, hysterical-
ly sobbing.

What followed seemed more like an
extraordinary dream than cruel wak-
ing reality! I was led from the house
placed in a cab, and driven away.
That very afternoon I left London by
train, and late that night was handed
over, handcuffed and helpless, to the
authorities of Falmouth Jail.

It is a truism, I know, that the best
consolation to be found by the unjustly
accused is the consciousness of their
own innocence—a consciousness which
is said to sweeten suffering, and lighten
the weight of prison chains. My
own experience is that innocence has
no such effect on a man indicted for
the foulest of human crimes. My first
night in jail was, like many that fol-
lowed it, a night of simple horror.

Had I really been guilty, I could not
have suffered a tithe of what I actually
endured.

To begin with, the whole affair was
so horrible, so unexpected; it was like
the solid earth opening under my feet
to destroy me and swallow me up. By
strange fatality, Johnson had been
killed on the very night of my de-
parture, and at a time when I was
known to bear the greatest hostility
toward him. Remembering all I had
read of men unjustly convicted and
even executed on circumstantial evi-
dence, I thought with a shudder of how
my very departure might be construed
into evidence against me.

In the extremity of my position, one
thought haunted me with tormenting
crucity. What would Madeline think,
when she heard that I was accused of a
crime so terrible, so cowardly? I
could bear everything else but the fear
that her heart might be turned against
me.

My suspense did not last long. The
very next day after my arrival at Fal-
mouth Jail, I was taken from the

CHAPTER XXI.

For "Murder?" The very word
paralyzed me; and I looked at the
man in utter consternation.

"What do you mean?" I cried, re-
coiling. "Who are you?"
"I'll tell you all about that present-
ly," replied the fellow, coolly. "In
the first place, are you going to make a
shindy, or are you coming along
quietly?"

As he spoke, two policemen in uni-
form entered the room. He nodded
to them; and with the utmost sang-
roid, felt in his pocket and drew out a
pair of handcuffs.

"Oh, Hugh!" cried Annie, wildly.
"What is it? What have you done?"
Without answering her, I looked
wildly at the men; then, acting on a
mad impulse and quite without reflec-
tion, I rushed to the door. In a
moment the men threw themselves up-
on me, and there was a brief struggle;
but my strength was of no avail, and
in a couple of minutes I was over-
powered and handcuffed.

The man in plain clothes, who had
first addressed me, looked at me with a
grim smile.

"You're a bold chap," he said; "but
it's no use. You'd have done much
better to have come along quietly.
Now look here. I've got to tell you
that whatever you say, from this
moment forward, will be used in evi-
dence against you."

"For mercy's sake, explain!" I
answered. "What does it mean?
Who is murdered?"

The man smiled again.
"You'll be telling us next that your
name ain't Hugh Trelawney, late over-
seer of the St. Gerlott's mine."
"Trelawney is my name, but—"
"Of course it is; and Trelawney's
the name of the man we want—the
name on this here warrant. My duty
is to apprehend you for the murder of
Mr. Ephraim S. Johnson, the new
overseer, who took your place."
"Johnson—murdered!" I cried.

"It is impossible!"
"Oh, so, it ain't," returned the im-
perturbable official. "Decided was
found at the foot of the cliffs, with his
brains knocked out, and bearing on his
body signs of violence; worse than
that, he'd been stabbed with a knife;
and once more, you're the party we
want for having done the job."

Utterly amazed and horrified, I
staggered and fell into a chair. As
for Annie, she seemed completely
petrified. I can see her white face
now—frozen, tearless, and aguish!

There was a pause of several
minutes. Certain of his prisoner, the
officer looked on quietly, and allowed
me breathing time. Gradually, my
brain cleared, and I became compar-
atively calm.

"I will go with you," I said, "but I

am perfectly innocent. Until this
moment, I never even heard of this
horrible affair."

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ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure
cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food
against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest
menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

prison, and placed in a dog-cart, with
a policeman at my side and another on
the seat beside the driver. An in-
quest on the body of the murdered
man was to take place that day at St.
Gerlott's; and, of course, my presence
was necessary.

How vividly I remember that drive!
Snow had fallen in the night, and the
skies were dark and sunless; the whole
prospect bitterly cold and desolate.
We followed the same road that I had
pursued long years before, in company
with John Rudd! Then I was a
lonely boy; now I was a melancholy
man.

I wore a large ulster coat, the fold
of which covered the hand-cuffs on my
hands; but I fancied that every soul
we passed knew the truth—that I was
a criminal accused of murder. Talk
about the consciousness of innocence! I
could have wept for shame.

What was a long day's journey by
John Rudd's slow, old-fashioned wag-
gon, with its innumerable stoppages
for business, gossip, or refreshment,
was a swift drive of five or six hours
on this occasion. We started at six in
the morning, and before mid-day were
in sight of St. Gerlott's.

As we dashed through the village, I
saw several of the miners hanging
about; but I carefully averted my eyes
from theirs. A little further on, we
passed the door of the cottage where I
had dwelt so happily and so long; and
I saw, with a sigh of relief, that there
was no sign of anyone about. We
tropped on, till we reached the gate of
the avenue leading to Redruth. Here,
to my surprise, the horse was pulled
up, while one of the men jumped down
and threw open the gate.

We passed up the avenue at a slow
trot, and, on arriving in front of
Redruth House, found the front door
wide open and a large number of
people, both gentry and common people,
flocking round the doorsteps and on
the lawn. There was a murmur as I
appeared. I looked round, but saw
no face I knew.

"Now then, get down!" said my
companion; and I alighted. As I
did so, some one pressed forward, and
I met the honest eyes of John Rudd.
The poor fellow thrust out his hand
to seize mine; then, finding that I
was handcuffed, drew the hand hastily
back and placed it on my shoulder.

"Dawn't be downhearted, Master
Hugh!" he cried. "There be'n't a
saw in St. Gerlott's believes 'ee
killed 'em. So cheer up, lad; they'll
soon set 'ee free."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A Popularity that Increases
with Mighty Strides.

Diamond Dyes First in All Points
That Make Perfection.

Notwithstanding the fact that imitation
and crude package dyes and soap-grease
dyes are before the public seeking recog-
nition; the fame and popularity of the
Diamond Dyes increases with mighty
strides.

Those who have the misfortune to try
any of the inferior dyes sold by
some dealers know well how deceptive
they prove. The users are utterly dis-
heartened and disappointed. Their work
with these common dyes show muddy
and dull colors, and anger is kindled be-
cause valuable materials and garments
are spoiled.

The Diamond Dyes, simple and easy
to use, have a standard of excellence that
no other can approach. They give true,
uniform and honest results when used in
the mansion or cottage. Bright, clear
and brilliant colors are always obtained
on all kinds of goods—all wool, all
cotton or mixed goods—when the plain
directions are followed.

Do not be deceived by any dealer
when he offers you something just as
good as the Diamond Dyes. There are
no other dyes in the world that can
equal the "Diamond"; no other that
can so successfully make old things new.