

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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

No. 9.

THE ACADIAN.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.
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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Rates 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 as all work turned out.

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

Address all communications to
DAVISON 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. Hano, 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 R. Estab, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Missionary 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 3:30 p. m. All hosts free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10:30 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 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. Deakin, 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 Greenwood, 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.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. and 3d every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, Warden.
Geo. A. Fray, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. M.—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 10 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 6, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Ball of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Court 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, in ink, and brush mailed free, 25c; 10c; 5c; 2c. For Printing Cards, Marking Clothes, Etc.

LONDON BROTHER SEAMING CO., 10, BULL STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4. Manufacturers of Notary Seals, Remittances, 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.

GLOBE Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 28
"THE BEST."
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

WE ARE ALWAYS At the Front.

NOT ONLY IN STYLE, FIT & WORKMANSHIP, BUT ALSO IN OUR FINE STOCK OF TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS.

We have just received one of the Finest Stocks of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds and Worsteds that has ever been in the Province. All our English Goods have been bought since the duty has been lowered 25 per cent., therefore we are able to offer you better bargains than ever in these goods, which is saying a good deal.

We have now on hand a **\$4,000** Stock which we have secured at bottom prices, and we don't expect to have piece left by the first of January.

Our Ladies' Covert Coatings and Beavers are Daisies!

We have the latest styles in Beaver and Melton Overcoating. Come and examine our stock and learn our prices.

We manufacture ladies' as well as gentlemen's Clothes.

We are sole local agents for the famous Tyke and Blenheim Serges.

Laundry Agency in connection. Telephone No. 35.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, Manager.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

NEW STOCK!

HORSE RUGS, STOVES, TINWARE, STOVEPIPE,

LUMBER & LATHS.

APPLE BARRELS Kept in Stock.
STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
WOLFVILLE.

Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY,

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

Livery Stables!

Until further notice at Central Hotel.

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

W. J. BALCOM, PROPRIETOR.
Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

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.

and would have passed on, but she detained him.

"Yes, it came this morning. They have arrived in Chicago, and she is delighted with her magnificent new home. She says she will be a social queen by reason of her husband's wealth, and declares she is glad she married him instead of you. I am ashamed of her, the feeble, heartless girl! She even invited me on my old love for you, and suggested that perhaps now she had proved faithful, I might win you back to your old allegiance."

Stung by Violet's heartlessness, he cried, warmly:

"Ah, would that I had never wandered from that first allegiance, and wounded your true heart, dear Amber."

"Ceil! Oh, Ceil!" she cried, with a melting glance that encouraged him to add:

"Is it too late to go back, Amber?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.
It was the proudest, happiest moment of Amber Lauren's life when Cecil Grant, stung to madness by the supposed mockery of Violet, cried out in the heat of resentful passion:

"Ah, would that I had never wandered from that first allegiance, and wounded your true heart, dear Amber! Is it too late to go back?"

By a clever falsehood she had stung his pride and forced him into a proposal sooner than she had dared to hope.

He could think of nothing for a moment but his blind anger against heartless Violet, and his sudden wish to show her that he was not wearing the willow for her wicked derision.

How sweet and noble Amber's conjunct seemed by contrast with Violet's perfidy. He felt conscious of a torturing regret that she had ever come into his life, and that he had ever promised happiness never to be filled.

He had no love to give Amber, but he knew she would prize gratitude and esteem; so he rushed into the trap she had set for him, and looked kindly into her hazel eyes that were swimming with joy as he exclaimed:

"Is it too late, Amber?"

"Oh, Ceil, dear Ceil!" she cried, joyfully again, and held out both her hands to him. He took them in his, pressed them gently, and dropped them again.

This was their betrothal. Amber longed for a single caress, for even one cold kiss, but Cecil was too honest to prefer a wretched semblance of love that never could be a reality.

He was paying his debt to Amber, and was showing Violet that he could console himself; that was all.

But, oh, the dazzling light of love on Amber's face, the exaltation in her flashing eyes! "She cried out, happily:

"I am glad that you can throw off Violet's spell so easily, dear Ceil, and I will try to make you happier than she ever could have done."

"I thank you!" he answered, gently, although he knew in his heart that her boast was impossible.

All his soul cried out for Violet, his beautiful lost love. She was false, but he knew that he could never forget.

As he stood there gazing at her radiant face, he suddenly remembered that the stern old judge who had refused to give him Violet would reject his suit for Amber as well. He was ashamed of the relief that came with the thought, but he cried out, quickly:

"Ah, Amber, what is the use of our plighting our vows? Your proud grandfather would never consent to our marriage."

"He shall consent!" Amber replied, with a proud toss of her graceful head, and she added, quickly: "I always told Violet that she could have her way with grandpapa by being more resolute, but she was timid and half-hearted, and her love for you was not strong enough to make her courageous in fighting her battles. It is different with me, Ceil, for I shall triumph, you may be sure."

He smiled at her without replying, and she added:

"But of course, we will keep it a secret just at present, and tell only your dear mamma, I think she is fond of me, Ceil, and I hope she will be pleased."

"I am sure she will be pleased," he replied, kindly, then added: "I wish I could go back with you, Amber, to tell her the news, but I am compelled to meet a client at the office this morning."

"I will excuse you, since your business is imperative," she replied, gayly, and kissing the tips of her fingers to him, passed on toward Bonnycastle.

Cecil merely lifted his hat, in token of farewell, and hastened toward his office, his mind in a chaos of gloomy thoughts.

Violet's desertion and her mocking letter to Amber rankled in his heart with a pain that the devotion of his new betrothed could not assuage.

It seemed like a cruel mockery of fate that Amber, and not Violet, was to be his wife.

How often he had dreamed in his doting fondness of the glad future day when he should lead his beautiful, golden-haired love to his mother, telling her proudly that Violet was to be his wife and her daughter, and make joy and sunshine in their home.

Alas! the dream was over. Violet was false and vain; she loved gold and social rank more than a true and loving heart. She had thrown him aside, and Amber was to reign in her stead.

—he was pure and noble, but Amber, whom he could never love as he did her heartless cousin.

Poor Cecil! the future looked very dark and gloomy to his despondent heart as he wended his way off toward Violet, and Violet filled his thoughts, to the exclusion of triumphant Amber, who had hastened to Bonnycastle and imparted her news to Mrs. Grant.

The lady was surprised, though she did not permit Amber to suspect it. Intuitively she had read the girl's heart, and knew that love for Cecil had prompted all her kindness, but she had not expected that her son would so soon forget his lost Violet.

The truth flashed quickly over her mind.

She understood that Cecil had sacrificed himself to pay the debt he owed Amber for saving Bonnycastle to his mother.

"Dear, noble boy!" she thought, tenderly, and kissed Amber very fondly while she glistened a silent prayer that Cecil would soon learn to love the beautiful girl to whom he had plighted his hand since she had proved more worthy of his heart than lovely Violet, who had once been her favorite.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
A week passed, very quiet and weary to our sweet Violet in her seclusion at the home of Mrs. Lavarre.

To her restless heart, tortured by suspense and anxiety, the time seemed endless, but the advice of her two new friends was still to wait a while and take no steps to break up the mystery that surrounded her flight.

"If I might only write to Cecil,"

ROYAL Baking Powder

leaves neither acid nor alkali in the food.

In raising food in the old-fashioned way, with cream of tartar and soda, there is either an acid or an alkali remaining. The cream of tartar and soda bought from the shops vary greatly in strength, so that no one but a chemist after analysis can use them in the proper proportions to obtain a neutral result. A little too much cream of tartar, and there is an acid residuum. A little too much soda, and there is an alkaline or soapy taste left.

Royal is compounded by expert chemists who determine by analysis the quality of all ingredients and admit none but the most highly refined. The result of its work is accordingly pure, sweet, wholesome food which can be eaten without discomfort by those of most delicate digestion. The Royal saves labor to the housewife amounting to more than its cost.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

she sighed, and the thought of his trouble weighed like lead upon her spirits.

She knew not what story her enemies had invented to impose upon his credulity. Perhaps Amber had declared that she was false and heartless, and had married Harold Castello knowingly, and of her own free choice.

"She will win his heart from me, and then I shall die of despair," she moaned; but when she gazed on her opal ring she saw the beautiful jewel glowing with dazzling hues of rainbow light, and knew that Cecil's heart was still her own, no matter what cruel story of treachery and desertion they had poured into his ears.

"He loves me still, my darling!" she murmured, and took comfort in the thought, forgetting, however, that she was bound by irrevocable ties to Harold Castello.

But when she pleaded so piteously that she ought to write to Cecil, Lena Lavarre gently reminded her of the hideous truth that she was Harold Castello's wife.

"To write to your lost lover would only augment his misery," she said. "Besides, your enemies will be watching for that very clue, and they would pounce upon you like merciless hawks. Be patient, dear, and wait a little while before you make a single move in this strange game you are playing with destiny. It seems to me that Heaven itself will interfere to save you from Harold Castello."

"Heaven did not interfere to save you, Lena," Violet answered, bitterly. "A heart-rending sigh heaved Lena's breast, and she answered, sadly:

"I did not doubt Heaven's mercy, Violet, for I was a willful, disobedient daughter, and ignored the fifth commandment in my determination to please myself. So I was punished for my sin. But with you, dear, it is different. You are good and gentle, but you fell a victim to the wicked plots of your enemies without fault of your own, so I believe that God is watching you to save you and restore you to happiness again."

"How can I ever be happy again, bound to this guilty wretch, Harold Castello?" cried hapless Violet, with the big tears raining from her blue eyes down upon her pale, lovely cheeks.

"Trust in God and wait," answered poor Lena, reverently, and after a moment's thought, she added:

"Who knows even yet but that I may be Castello's lawful wife? In that case your own marriage would be a sham, and you would be free from your hateful bonds. I'll tell you, Violet, that I have been trying to see his valet—the one that he said acted the parson in our marriage ceremony. I shall ask him if it is true, and thus settle the doubt forever!"

All Violet's hopes hinged on this doubt. She prayed night and day that the truth might be revealed, and Lena Lavarre proved to be Harold Castello's legal wife.

"Then I should be free again—oh, blissful thought!—and my undying love for him no longer be a burden to me here, and throwing my arms, tell him how cruelly we both had been tricked and deceived. We would be married soon, and Amber's wicked arts could never part us again!"

But this faint, lingering doubt, that in its uncertainty saved her from complete despair, was soon to be dispipated by the truth.

Lena Lavarre had washed from her face and hands the brown dye she had assumed when she answered Harold Castello's advertisement for a French maid for his bride, and with her fair complexion, rich golden hair, and large brown eyes, appeared so beautiful that Violet did not wonder at Harold Castello's infatuation with the smiling coquette. Even now, with the pensive shade of a tragedy on her exquisite face, she was very charming.

But Lena no longer exulted in the beauty that had brought her so much sorrow. When she went abroad on simple domestic errands for her mother, she always wore a thick veil that obscured her face, and she appeared unconscious of the admiring glances that rested on her queenly form and graceful carriage. The seat for litigation was over now, for her proud heart was broken, and Lena would be glad when death released her from her undying remorse for her ruined life and her father's untimely death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE

We Clothe Complete the Seven Ages of Womanhood,
ALL BUT BOOTS.

OUR EXHIBITION SHOW DAYS! NOW ON, OF
FALL MILLINERY AND CHILDREN'S CLOAKS & REEFERS,
ETC., ETC.

A. O'CONNOR, 47 & 49 Barrington St., Halifax.
Milliner and Outfitter.