

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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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 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 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 8.15 P.M.
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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh S. Bask, M.A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching 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, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Women's prayer-meeting on the first Wednesday of each month at 2.30 P.M. All seats free. Visitors at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 11.30 A.M. and Wednesday at 7.30 P.M. 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 10 A.M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P.M. Chalmers' Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 10 A.M. Sunday School at 10.30 P.M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 P.M.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Donah, 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 7.30 P.M. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.

Rev. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, Warden.
Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P.M.—Mass 11.00 A.M. on the 1st Sunday of each month.

Episcopal.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & M. 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 S.O.F. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

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

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PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Bonyassie.

The short winter afternoon was far spent, but the snow had ceased to fall, and was melting upon the ground. In the sky, the twilight was darkening over the hills, as he drew rein at Golden Willows.

They told him at the gate that Judge Camden was alive, but going fast, although the physician was doing all he could for him. No one knew, as yet, the cause of his strange seizure.

Mrs. Shirley was in the sick-room when the message came to her that Cecil Grant was waiting to see her for a moment, on very important business.

The invalid, whose severe cramps had been subdued, lay still and death-like on the bed, but he caught the words, and made a gesture to Mrs. Shirley.

"Tell Cecil Grant to come up here," he said, weakly.

Startled, but not daring to disobey, she went down to Cecil, who hurriedly imparted his bad news.

"Doctor Perry has already told us, and I am very sorry for Amber, but I cannot leave Judge Camden," she replied.

"Is he very ill, then?" asked Cecil, and she answered:

"We fear that he will die. I will tell you a terrible secret, known only to the doctor and myself. Judge Camden is suffering from arsenical poisoning. He drank half a glass of wine given him by Amber, and was soon seized with cramps, and rang his bell. I answered it, and finding him suffering so much with his stomach, administered a mustard emetic, then sent for the doctor. When he came he suspected arsenic from the symptoms, and found in the half-glass of wine that remained a quantity of the terrible drug. We cannot imagine how it happened. Amber must have made a terrible mistake. Fortunately, the judge did not get the full dose, or he would be dead ere now. Doctor Perry declares that the mustard emetic saved him, but he is very weak, and may die of exhaustion. In fact, he believes himself dying, and has asked to have you sent up to him—I suppose to ask your forgiveness for all his enmity toward you."

Cecil could not refuse the plea of a dying man. He followed Mrs. Shirley to the judge's room.

The weak eyes rested, with a grateful look, on Cecil, and the old man said, feebly:

"Doctor Perry, you may leave us alone for a few minutes, please."

The physician retired, thinking that the young lawyer had been summoned to draw up the judge's will, and Mrs. Shirley and Cecil stood waiting by the bedside.

"I sent Amber to bring you here, Mr. Grant," quavered the old man's feeble voice. "I suppose she told all about Violet, and the mission I wanted you to undertake?"

"You surprise me, Judge Camden. I have received no message from you on the subject."

"Then Amber played me false, the deceitful girl; and perhaps she made me mistake when she put the poison in my glass and urged me to drink it. And—I am dying. I fear, and have little strength to tell you what is in my mind. But listen! I repent of all my wickedness to you. Can you forgive me?"

"Freely, sir," and Cecil pressed the cold, damp hand kindly.

"I thank you," breathed the judge, in deep emotion, and added: "I have great news for you. Violet ran away from her husband within an hour after she married him, and has been missing ever since. I have sought her every-

where, but in vain, and I believe that you may be more successful in the quest. Will you find her for me?"

"Surely, sir, that should be her husband's duty," Cecil answered, with irrepressible bitterness.

"But did I not tell you? No, I was forgetting. Harold Castello is dead. Besides, Violet hated him, and was cruelly tricked into marrying him, believing it was you, whom she loved, with her whole heart. Ah, Cecil Grant, you have been cruelly wronged by the plot Amber helped me to carry out against you; but all will come right now, if you only find Violet, whose fate is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. Alas! I fear she has committed suicide!"

What a flood of joy rolled over Cecil's heart at the judge's words! Violet was true! Violet had loved him always! She had been cruelly tricked into marrying Harold Castello, and had fled from him in horror and disgust. And now her wicked husband was dead! Oh! what news for a despairing lover, whose heart had been almost broken by the news of his adored one's falsity!

He thought with a shudder, of how Amber had deceived him, and how nearly she had come to being his wife—and eternal barrier between him and his heart's darling! It dawned on him that retribution overtook her in the very moment of approaching victory.

"Yes, I will find Violet for you!" he exclaimed, eagerly, his face glowing with joy.

"She is not dead," he added, thrusting his hand into his breast, and bringing out the letter he had at that moment remembered.

"It is Violet's handwriting!" almost shrieked Mrs. Shirley, and he answered:

"Amber took it from the post office this morning, and I found it in her jacket when she was carried, unconscious, in the Melrose carriage. I have not read it yet, but I will do so now, and we will soon know where to find our sweet Violet!"

His happy eyes ran eagerly over the closely written paper, and very soon their hearts were gladdened by the news that Violet was with friends, no farther away than Washington. Cecil declared he would go on the first train and bring her home to Golden Willows.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Sweet Violet was very nervous and restless during the twenty-four hours that ensued upon mailing of her letter to Cecil.

She had poured out to her lost lover all the story of Amber's treachery, and prayed him to forgive her for the sorrow she had unwittingly brought on his devoted heart, in that she was an equal sufferer with himself in the agony of sorrow and separation.

She thought of him constantly now, wondering how he would receive her letter, if he would write to her, if he would come to her—above all, if he would see any way to free her from the detested fetters in which Harold Castello had bound her life.

"She felt a little guilty, too, in having written to Cecil against the wishes of her friends, and determined at last to confess the truth to Lena.

On the evening when the tragic events were happening at her old home, Violet sat with Lena in the pretty little parlor of the Lavarre home. It was still early, not yet nine o'clock, but the widow, pleading a headache, had retired to her room, and the two girls were quite alone.

Lena was sitting near a table, crocheting a white wool shawl, and

Violet, in an easy-chair, amused herself with the antics of a little Maltese kitten in her lap; but the glim of the gas light on her lovely face showed the smile on her lips belied by the haunting sadness of her great blue eyes.

She said, presently, with a long, quivering sigh:

"Dear Lena, you must not scold me very much when I tell you the truth. I have been very naughty, and disregarded your good advice. I have written to Cecil!"

Lena's work dropped nervously from her hands, but ere she could speak, Violet, continued, tearfully:

"You cannot blame me, Lena, if you know how wildly I love my precious Cecil, and how hard it is to know that he believed me fickle and false, while all the time I adored him. I have written and told him of all the treachery that drove me into that hated marriage, and somehow my heart feels lighter, for surely Cecil will know of some way to free me from the power of that wicked man. To-morrow, I shall expect to get a letter from my darling, and I know I shall not sleep an hour to-night, thinking about it!"

"Oh, my poor Violet!" began Lena, but she was interrupted by a sudden rattle upon the door knocker.

Visitors at that hour were so unusual that both girls uttered a startled cry.

"Oh!"

And the blue and brown eyes looked into each other in dismay.

"If it should be—Harold Castello!" cried Lena.

"If it should be—Cecil!" breathed Violet, rapaciously and moved toward the door.

But Lena motioned her back, saying, fearfully:

"Let me go; for what if your enemies have traced you here?"

She left the room, and went out into the hall to open the front door, while Violet listened eagerly, at the parlor door, which was a little ajar.

She heard Lena open the door; she heard the murmur of a man's voice—the voice that could almost have called her back from death itself!

She pushed wide the door, and called out in a voice that thrilled with joy, and love, and longing:

"Cecil! Darling Cecil!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Lena Lavarre, for the intruder brushed wildly past her, and rushed into the parlor, where Violet, his love Violet, was waiting.

"My angel!" he cried, and caught her to his heart, kissing her cheeks, and raining kisses on her beautiful, happy, upturned face.

In the bliss of that fond meeting, the reunited lovers quite forgot the barrier between their hearts. Violet was transported with joy and gratitude that he had come so soon in answer to her piteous appeal, and, nestling in the haven of his dear arms, she held up her red lips for his kisses like sweet flowers thirsting for rain.

Lena Lavarre stood in the doorway, gazing with wet eyes, at the lovers locked in each other's arms, while her warm heart ached with pain, as she thought how cruelly they had been sundered, and how brief must be the bliss of this meeting when both presently awoke to the realization of the awful barrier between them and happiness.

She did not wonder at Violet's devotion when she saw the princely beauty of her tall, dark, stately lover, noble Cecil Grant. She remembered how madly she had loved once, when she believed the man she worshipped was noble and true.

She almost felt it wrong to be a

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Witness of this touching scene of reunited love, and was softly closing the door to go away, when Violet caught the sound, and turned her head.

"Lena," she called, quickly. "Dear Lena, do not leave us!"

Blushing deeply, she withdrew herself from Cecil's arms, faltering miserably:

"Alas! I have no right to your love now, Cecil; but—but—I was so glad to hear your voice again, so thrilled by the sight of your face, that I forgot—everything!"

What a happy, reassuring laugh came from Cecil's lips as he cried:

"Come back to my heart, my own true love, for there is no barrier between us now. Harold Castello is dead!"

They heard a low, wild cry as Lena Lavarre quickly closed the door and darted away, but they did not know whether it was of joy or sorrow, they were so absorbed in each other.

Cecil threw himself upon a sofa, and, with his arms around Violet, told her briefly all that had happened. There was no time to dwell on it at length, for he had promised that he would take her home that night, to Judge Camden's dying bed, if she would go.

When Violet heard of his sickness, and his bitter repentance, all her resentment melted away in a rush of tears. All his cruelty was forgotten, his kindness and love alone remembered.

"I will go back to him at once!" she exclaimed, and hurried up stairs to seek Lena and tell her all.

She found the poor girl weeping hysterically by her mother's bedside, and told them everything as quickly as she could, ending by begging Lena to go with her to Golden Willows.

She hardly dared to hope that Lena would consent, but after a moment of thought, she accepted the invitation, saying, frankly, that she wished to hear from the judge's own lips the story of Harold Castello's death, for she hoped that he had repented of all his wickedness, and made his peace with Heaven.

It was strange that she should be anxious on the subject, but perhaps her wronged and outraged heart still held some lingering tenderness for the villain who had made shipwreck of her beautiful youth, for it is hard for a woman to unlearn the lesson of loving, and, knowing him dead, she hoped he would not be punished beyond the grave for his sin.

But Mrs. Lavarre, who could remember nothing but the murder of her good old husband, and the betrayal of her innocent daughter, rejoiced in the knowledge that Harold Castello had passed to his dread account with offended Heaven.

"Ah, how strange is life!" cried poor Lena. "Do you remember, mother and Violet, how I told you about seeing Jacques Brown in a funeral procession on its way to the cemetery? How strange that my own heart did not tell me that Harold Castello lay in that coffin under the nodding hearse plumes, on his way to the grave! Yet, so it was, and he is swept from the earth, never more to bring sorrow to a woman's heart!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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