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, KINGS CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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 on all work turned out.

Newsy 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 over 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. 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, 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 seats 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 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 Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Dunkin, 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 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storrs, } Wardens.
Geo. A. Prat, }

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 7½ o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. 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 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Acadian, 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, 1x2 and brush mailed free, 25c.; club of five, $1.00. For Printing Cards, Marking Clothes, &c.

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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. 27

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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 a 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,
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First-class Work Guaranteed.

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Until further notice at Central Hotel.

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

W. J. BALCOM,
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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. 7

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

POETRY.

Thanksgiving--1898.

Thanksgiving and the voice of praise
To God, our gracious Lord, belong;
To Him our hearts and voices raise
In glad thanksgiving and in song.

Our thanks are due for life and health
And the rich blessings we receive;
For fruit and grain, and all the wealth
That our abundant harvests give.

No dire disease, no famine sore,
Or bloody war afflicts our land;
No wasting flood, or cyclone's roar—
These were prevented by His hand.

For peace and plenty we rejoice,
Give thanks and laud His holy name,
And, with united heart and voice,
Praise Him whose love is e'er the same.

EDWARD YOUNG.

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XLII.—*Continued.*

Violet was free, a rich young widow, and at any moment she might come to Bonnycastle and tell Cecil how cruelly they both had been deceived. Their reconciliation and marriage would soon follow. They would be fortunate and happy; while for her—wicked, unscrupulous Amber—nothing would remain but disgrace and sorrow and endless despair.

Pale as she would ever be in her coffin, but with fiery, burning eyes, she sat and listened to the old man's story, hating him madly in her heart because at the last he had repented of his wickedness, because his soul stood aghast at the horrors to which he had doomed hapless Violet.

Very solemnly the old man continued:

"I have come to my senses, Amber, and I realize the enormity of my sin against my grandchild, although too late, for my heart forebodes that gentle Violet is dead. Alas! if Heaven had only spared her, all would come right now. She would be free, and I would no longer oppose her love for Cecil Grant!"

Amber's voice rang sharply, despairingly, through the room:

"You would let them marry—Cecil and Violet?"

He answered, peevishly, reproachfully:

"Yes, Amber; it is the only atonement I could make them for all my cruelty. And he is a noble man, this Cecil Grant. I have wronged him by my enmity when I ought to have held out a helping hand to the manly young fellow. But I have thought of a plan," eagerly. "I shall send for him and tell him all, and he shall search for Violet. Love is so keen and strong, you know, and——"

"My God!" shuddered Amber, the cry wrung from her by such agony as she fancied only the condemned in torment could know.

Then she forced her writhing lips to utter calmer words:

"Grandpapa, I am terribly unnerved by this story you have told me, but I am hopeful that Violet is not dead. And, yes, I think you are right to intrust the search for her to Cecil Grant. Love is keen and strong, as you say. You ought not to be kept in suspense over this matter; and if you will permit me, I will go myself for Cecil Grant."

"Yes, bring him to me at once!" he exclaimed, feverishly.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Amber flew to her room to get ready for her trip to Bonnycastle. Her brain was on fire, she was on the verge of insanity.

She put her hand to her brow and stood wondering what she should do next.

"My fate hangs trembling in the balance of the next hour," she muttered, hoarsely. "Shall I remain quiescent, and let them triumph over me? or shall I strike one fatal blow and achieve my own happiness? Bah! who could hesitate in such an hour? Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

Thought came in rushing waves, and all in an instant her plans were formed.

She dressed herself very richly and carefully for a drive, and packed a small hand-satchel with all of her jewelry, and a change of clothing. Then she slipped into her glove a tiny package containing a white powder, muttering:

"How fortunate for me that I contemplated suicide when I first lost the hope of Cecil Grant's love, and bought this arsenic in Washington. It will serve a better purpose now."

She laughed a hollow, mirthless laugh, blood curdling in its malice, and leaving the satchel just within the door, ran down stairs.

She gave an order for her phaeton to be brought immediately, and returned to her grandfather's room.

The old man lay upon the bed in a slight doze, looking aged and pitiful in his gray hairs and wrinkles, but no pity stirred the heart of the girl who hated him now with a deadly hate.

Leaning over the table, with her back to the bed, she emptied into his wine-glass the white powder hidden in her dainty glove, her eyes flashing with a resolute glare.

Then she turned back to the bed and touched her victim gently. He started up in a dazed fashion, leaning on his elbow.

"Amber, is that you? How you startled me! I must have been asleep."

"I am sorry that I startled you; but I came to tell you that I am ready to go for Cecil," sweetly.

"Ah, yes; bring him quickly, Amber. Tell him it is important," he sighed, wearily.

"Grandpapa, how faint your voice sounds, and how terribly ill you look! Let me give you some wine," and the beautiful fiend poured the ruby liquid upon the white powder in the glass, furtively shook it up, and presented it with a faltering hand, although she was determined to playfully force it down his throat if he refused it.

But the unsuspecting judge took the glass in his hand, and drained a third of its contents before he paused, and said:

"Ugh! it is very strong! It burns my throat!"

"But it will make you strong. Drink it all, grandpapa," pleaded Amber, solicitously.

"I will—presently," and he leaned back on the pillow, still holding the wine in his hand,

She waited, lingered, but he dallied with the glass, almost driving her wild with impatience.

Eager to be gone, and believing that he had already taken a fatal dose, she said, presently:

"May I set down the glass for you and go, grandpapa?"

"Yes, go; but never mind the wine. I will sip it at my leisure," he answered; and in her impatience she took him at his word, and flitted out with a ghastly smile, thinking:

"He will finish it, every drop, before he puts it down, and probably die before any one else comes into the room. There will be no suspicion of the cause of death, and they will call it heart failure."

In the hall she encountered a maid-servant, and said, carelessly:

"Hattie, go up stairs and bring down the little satchel inside my door. I am taking my dahlia silk to the village to be altered

Five minutes later she was driving along the road to the post office, a dazzling vision that every one turned out to see in her elegant attire and natty equipage.

Half a score of obsequious young men darted out of the post-office to hand her from her carriage, and her dazzling smile thrilled them all day like wine.

She went past them into the office, but the Camden box was empty, the mail having already been taken.

"I see there is nothing for us, but I will take the Grant mail, if you please. I shall be driving past Mr. Grant's office, and can save him the trouble of walking here," she said to the postmaster, with her brilliant smile that almost turned his head.

"There is only one letter. It is for Mr. Grant," he replied, taking it from Cecil's box and handing it to the beauty with his most obsequious bow.

"I thank you," she answered, as she grasped the treasure, and flitted out with a swish of silk and a waft of perfume that lingered all day in the minds of the admiring hangers on at the village post-office.

CHAPTER XLIV.

While she was driving away, she looked eagerly, suspiciously, at the solitary letter for Cecil.

A cry of jealous anger parted her crimson lips.

"From Violet!"

It was indeed from Violet, whose anxiety had overridden her discretion and made her write at last to her lost lover to tell him the bitter truth about their parting.

"For it breaks my heart to have Cecil believe that I was false to him!" she sighed, to herself, and in a sudden fit of willfulness posted the letter to him without the knowledge of her friends.

"He at least will not betray me to my foes!" she thought.

Alas! she dreamed not that her cruel, jealous cousin would be on the watch for the letter, and that it was fated to fall into her hands.

"I feared, I dreaded this," Amber muttered, bitterly; then she thrust the letter inside her bosom, to read it at another time.

"Cecil shall never see it, never That doll-faced girl shall never rob me of my darling!" she vowed, vindictively, as she turned toward Bonnycastle, shivering through her rich sealskin wraps, for the day was bitterly cold and wintry, the chill of the hastening December days already in the air.

As she drove along, the beautiful face became white and set, and an intense light burned in the golden hazel eyes. There was a struggle before her that was bitterly humiliating to contemplate, yet she did not flinch from it. She was determined that ere sunset she would be Cecil's wedded wife.

"Then I can laugh at fate!" she cried, grimly, as she sprang from her phaeton, threw the reins to a servant, and entered the doors of Bonnycastle.

Mrs. Grant, who was a semi-invalid, was always hovering over a bright open wood fire, and rose hospitably to greet her guest.

"How cold and pale you look, my dear. Here, sit close to the fire," she cried, kissing Amber, and drawing forward a large rocking-chair for her occupancy.

Amber dropped into the chair, put her face in her hands, and burst into a passion of genuine, fitful sobbing. It came quite naturally, for she was wrought up to the verge of hysteria.

"Oh, Amber, what has happened? My dear, dear girl, what troubles you?" implored Mrs. Grant, in surprise and distress, but for some time she received no satisfaction.

Amber apparently was too much agitated to speak, and at last sobbed out in the most incoherent fashion:

"Wait! Wait—till Cecil—comes! and I will—tell—you—my—miserable story!"

Then she subsided into her handkerchief again until presently her betrothed came quickly into the room.

"Oh, Cecil, I've been waiting so long for you to come!" she sobbed, and he answered:

"But I'm not much behind time, Amber. I only ran down to the post-office before coming home to luncheon. And, by the way, Amber, I was told you had called for my mail and taken it away."

He looked at her expectantly, and she faltered:

"I was on my way to Bonnycastle, and I thought I would save you the trouble of calling for your mail. But, Cecil, there was only one letter, and as I held it in my hand—can you ever pardon my carelessness?—the breeze caught it from me, and whirled it into the river."

She wished with a sudden uneasiness that she had indeed tossed Violet's letter into the river, but she had kept it, with woman's proverbial curiosity, to read at some future convenient time.

Cecil's dark, handsome face was grave with disappointment, but he stifled his vexation, and said, courteously:

"It cannot be helped now, but I dare say it was of no importance—although I fancy I shall be curious all my days over the contents of that lost letter."

"But you shall never know the truth about it," thought Amber, vindictively, and she resolved to destroy the letter at the first opportunity.

Then, suddenly, she burst into tears again, and Mrs. Grant said anxiously, to her son:

"Amber is in some deep trouble, and promised to explain all as soon as you arrived."

He turned quickly to the weeping girl, saying, tenderly:

"What has grieved you so bitterly, my dear girl?"

Unheeding Mrs. Grant's presence, and with a torrent of tears, Amber threw herself into Cecil's arms, clinging wildly to him, and sobbing, miserably:

"Grandpapa has turned me out of doors, driven me from home, and I have come to throw myself upon your protection."

"Turned you out of doors! Good heavens! why has Judge Camden done this cruel thing?" demanded Cecil, wonderingly, and she moaned, despairingly:

He found out that—that—it was I who loaned you the money to save Bonnycastle, and he—he—struck me, and drove me from home!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Minards Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

An English paper says that the hat of a certain short-sighted master at Eton blew off one day, and as he started in pursuit a black hen dashed out of the gateway. The school-master saw the hen and thought it was his hat, and all Eton was electrified by the spectacle of a hatless and breathless reverend man hunting a black hen from one end of the street to the other.

Returned Traveller—What became of Boss Mulhooly, the notorious boodler?
Citizen—He died in the penitentiary.
"Served him right. And what became of Mr Goodsoul, the reformer, who exposed him?"
"He died in the poorhouse."

"I suppose your wife misses you a great deal?" inquired a lady of a commercial traveller.
"Well, no, for a woman, she has a remarkably straight aim," was the reply.

He—Why don't you get shoes big enough to be comfortable?
She—As if I could be comfortable when I knew I was wearing big shoes!

Minards Liniment Cures Colds, etc

Ladies' Jerseys!

Knitted Golf Jersey,
Assorted Colors and Sizes. Small, Medium, Large.
75c., 80c., 85c., 90c., 95c.,
$1.00, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50 UP TO $3.75!

Jersey Cloth Jerseys,
BLACKS--$1.15, $1.25, $1.45, $2.50.
GARNET, GREEN, NAVY,
EXTRA QUALITY, $2.75.
Warm and Comfortable. Adapted for Winter Wear.

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