

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1898.

No. 10.

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.

Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special ar-
rangement for standing notices.

Not for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on receipt of advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
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.

Every communication from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
editorial staff will accept the com-
munications of the party writing for the ACADIAN
and will accept the same as if written
by a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Orders House, 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.
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. BIRD, 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 B.
Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,
morning at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sun-
day 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 Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
morning at 10:30. Worship on Sunday
at the Woman's prayer-meeting on the
third Wednesday of each month at 2:30
p.m. All seats free. Ubers at the
door in welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES—Sunday
at 10:30 a.m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.
Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.

FREBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. F.
Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. The Academy's
Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every
Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday
School 9:45 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 p.m. Chalmers' Church,
Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday
at 10 a.m. Sunday School at 10 a.m.
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E.
Dunn, 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 11 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
held at 11 a.m. on the 4th and 10th at
4 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 1:30
p.m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storti, Warden.
Geo. A. Paul, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (C.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
P. P.—Mass 11:00 a.m. on 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.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, O. T. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomdon, 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, ink
and brush, mailed free, one; or
PEN, BLANK, FOR PENNANTS, CARDS,
Mailing Globes, etc.

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In the County of Kings, N. S.,
Notary Public, Office, No. 41,
Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

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 promptly attended to. Charges moder-
ate.

Wolfville, March 11th, '97. 27

GLOBE
Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 28

"THE BEST."
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

WE ARE ALWAYS At the Front.

NOT ONLY IN STYLE, FIT & WORKMAN-
SHIP, 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 to 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 season-
able 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,
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.
Sheep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

the heart of the city on an errand,
and when she returned they saw by
the expression of her face that some-
thing startling had happened.

"What is it, my poor Lena? What
has grieved you so much, and washed
out all the light of your eyes in
tears?" cried the anxious mother.

Lena had, indeed, been weeping
bitterly all the way home. Her thick
veil was wet with the tears she had
shed.

With a stifled sob, she threw off her
hat and wrap, and sank wearily into a
chair, while Violet and her mother
hung about her in surprise and sym-
pathy.

"Oh, Lena, what is the matter?
What new sorrow has come to your
poor heart?" cried Violet.

Lena lifted her beautiful streaming-
eyes to her sweet friend, crying, bitterly:
"My poor darling, it is for you
that I weep so bitterly! I had hoped
—but all is over now. I have
seen Jacques, the valet. I know all
the bitter truth!" and clasping Violet's
hand, she pressed it to her feverish
lips in passionate sympathy.

"You have seen Jacques Brown,
Harold Castello's servant? When?
Where?" exclaimed Mrs. Lavarre, in
keen agitation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Violet had fallen back in agonized
silence, guessing the fatal truth from
Lena's incoherent speech. Her eyes
grew dim, her face pale, and a hand of
steel seemed to clutch her throat,
pressing out all the joy and hope and
life. She waited in dumb despair for
Lena's reply to her mother's words.

"Look to Violet, mamma; she is al-
most fainting! Yes, that is right—
make her lie down on the sofa and
listen for I have that to tell that will
almost break her heart!" sobbed Lena.

When Violet was listening quietly
on the sofa, her burning gaze devour-
ing Lena's tear wet face, the speaker
continued, hoarsely:

"Where did I see him, mamma?
What does that matter? But I will
tell you. As I was crossing Ninth
street, I met a little funeral cortege
on its way to the grave, with some
poor soul doubtless happily released
from the miseries of its earth-life.

"Who was it? You ask! How do I
know? I did not ask, I did not care;
I only wished that your unhappy
daughter lay in that black hearse with
its funeral plumes nodding over her
deep repose! But, Jacques? Yes, I
saw him in one of the carriages, his
evil face leering out at me! I stood
dumb with surprise one moment, then
I made a gesture that I wished to speak
to him. The carriage stopped for him
to speak to me. He sprang out and
came to my side.

"Miss Lavarre, is it you, or your
ghost? I thought you died months ago,
of brain fever, in Chicago. Really,
this is a strange encounter at this
time," he smirked.

"I could have killed the villain, I
hated him so bitterly! But I schooled
myself to calmness, and said, hastily:
"No! I did not die, although I wish
that I had! But, Jacques Brown, as
you value the salvation of your soul
hereafter, tell me the truth! Was I
legally Harold Castello's wife, or—
did you play the parson as he swore to
me in Chicago, and help to deceive me
into a mock marriage that wrecked my
life?"

"The valet gazed into my tortured
face almost pityingly for a moment,
then answered, frankly:
"It's no use for me to deny it to
you, Miss Lavarre. Mr. Castello

made me play the priest in your case,
as he did in two more besides your
own, only a few months before. He
was a hardened rascal, my master, and
that's the truth. But he paid me well
for helping him in his wicked pleasures.
Perhaps you know that he was mar-
ried, though, fast and tight, only a
week ago, to a beautiful young girl,
Miss Violet Mead, who ran away from
him the same night!"

"You swear that Violet Mead alone
is the legal wife of Harold Castello?
I asked so solemnly that he grew pale
and raised his hand to heaven, ex-
claiming:

"I swear before God that Miss
Mead was his legal wife. All the
others were deceived, like you, Miss
Lavarre. But, excuse me; I am de-
laying the procession," and with a grim
smile, he bowed to me, sprang back
into the carriage, and it fell into line
behind the funeral cortege that wound
its solemn way, while I returned home
with my cruel news for Violet."

She sobbed hysterically again, but
Violet lay still and white, her eyes
lids shut tight over the dark-blue eyes
—not unconscious, but still as death
in her terrible despair.

The last hope was cut from beneath
her feet. She belonged by law to the
man she loathed and feared. At any
moment he might ferret out her hiding
place and claim her as his own. His
power was paramount, and no one
could disclaim his right to take her
away with him. What though she
knew that he was one of the vilest
criminals—what though she had seen
him commit a foul murder—the law
would not permit her to testify against
her husband! She was his wife, she
was powerless, almost friendless, a
helpless fugitive hiding from her
master!

The three unhappy women sank in
to hopeless silence, and Mrs. Lavarre
sat down and mechanically untold
the silk waist Lena had just brought
in from the dressmaker's. The pack-
age was wrapped in a newspaper of
the day previous and her sad eyes
wandered carelessly over the advertis-
ing pages that lay open to her gaze.

Suddenly she gave an almost fright-
ened start, and her passively sad coun-
tenance grew animated.

"Miss Mead! she cried out, eager-
ly, and Violet opened her heavy eyes
with a vacant gaze.

"The newspaper was rustling nervously
in the widow's sinking hands, and
she said, quickly:
"This must be intended for you,
my dear girl!"

"What is it? Violet asked languid-
ly, and Lena dashed the tears from
her eyes, and gazed curiously at her
mother.

"It is this paper that you brought
around my silk waist, Lena," explain-
ed Mrs. Lavarre. "I was just sitting
here musing, with my eyes downcast,
when they alighted on the personal
column, and I read these words:

"Violet—Will you please com-
municate at once with your anxious
grandfather?"

"It is grandpa!" cried Violet,
sitting upright in eager excitement,
while Lena cried, indignantly:
"A trap to betray you into your
husband's power!"

Then she started wildly at the cry
of remonstrance that came from Vio-
let's trembling lips.

"Ah, Lena, for sweet pity's sake,
do not speak of that fend as my hus-
band again. Call his name, if you
will, but never say of him that he is
my husband, or that I am his wife.
It drives me mad with despair."

"My poor darling, I will try to re-

member," soothed Lena, gently, and
they fell to discussing Judge Camden's
personal.

They agreed that it was best that
Violet should ignore the personal, for
her wicked old grandfather could have
only one object in desiring to learn her
whereabouts, and that object to betray
her into the power of Harold Castello.

But the newspapers of the next day
and the succeeding day were eagerly
watched, and it was found that they
contained the same personal, day after
day. Then it varied into other words:
"Violet—Please come home. I
have good news for you."

And again:
"Dear Violet—For Heaven's sake,
write to us or come home. We are
very unhappy over your fate!"

Each of the personals was signed
"Grandfather," and each one provoked
only a contemptuous curl of the lip
from sweet Violet.

Her bitter experience of his cruelty
and unkindness had left Violet no
faith in her grandfather's affection.
She believed that he was acting on
Harold Castello's behalf.

Accordingly she ignored the perso-
nals, and clung more closely to her
refuge under the hospitable roof of the
gentle Widow Lavarre and her hap-
less daughter Lena.

At the end of a week the personals
assumed another form:
"Will Violet please let me know
where she is, and I will keep her secret
if she wishes me to do so. I am very
unhappy over her flight."

"UNCLE GEORGE MEAD."
Violet's heart was so touched by
this appeal that she would have replied
to it; but her friends dissuaded her
and whispered caution.

Harold Castello had perhaps en-
listed the Meads on his side, and if
you write to them, it may be they will
deliver you into his hands. Remem-
ber how rich he is, and what a power
his great wealth gives him in influenc-
ing other people. Doubtless your rel-
atives think that yours would be an
enviable fate as his wife," declared
Lena; and there was so much truth
in her words that Violet decided to
ignore this personal as she had done
the others. It seemed to her that the
whole world was in league against her,
that she had no friends outside of the
two lonely women who gave her so
warm a welcome beneath their roof.

CHAPTER XL.

"It is quite strange how long Judge
Camden stays away!" Mrs. Shirley
remarked to Amber, when the old man
had been absent two days.

"I am sure it is quite as pleasant
without him!" that young lady return-
ed, flippantly.

Truth to tell, she found it pleasant-
er, for half of her time was now spent
at Bonnycastle, and no one questioned
her movements. She knew that a
grand explanation must come some
day, but decided to defer it as long as
possible.

So she rejoiced in her grandfather's
absence, and the letter that came that
day contained very gratifying intelli-
gence, as he stated that he would not
probably return for a week, owing to
the dangerous condition of his sick
friend. He also requested that all
letters that arrived for him might be
promptly forwarded to the general
post office in Washington.

Mrs. Shirley was quite curious over
the mysterious sick friend on whom
the judge was attending with such
assiduous care.

But Amber disclaimed all knowledge
of the name and estate of the interest-
ing invalid, and, absorbed in her own

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.

affairs, she had no interest in the mat-
ter, little dreaming how vitally it
affected her own future.

But Mrs. Shirley fretted more than
ever.

"What if it should be our Violet
who is sick?" she said, uneasily.

"Nonsense! Violet has arrived in
Chicago long ere this," Amber said,
carelessly; but she did not think it
necessary to tell the old lady the false-
hood that she told Cecil about receiv-
ing a letter from Violet. She cared
nothing for the weak and gentle widow
who in that stately house scarcely
dared claim her soul as her own.

So she turned away rejoicing in her
grandfather's absence, and went away
gayly to the piano, where she spent an
hour playing brilliant operatic gems,
trying to while away the time until
she could start on her afternoon visit
to Bonnycastle.

"How I wish that Cecil could come
to visit me here!" she sighed, and then
fell to wondering how she could recon-
cile her grandfather to her marriage
with Cecil.

She did not wish to lose her chance
of inheriting jointly with Violet the
large fortune of Judge Camden, but
she did not see how she could retain
the old man's favor and still achieve
her heart's desire.

She brooded often over the subject,
thinking how proud she would be to
carry a fortune to her husband, so that
Bonnycastle could be restored to its
pristine splendor, and herself become
the great lady of the count, as Mrs.
Grant had been in the palmy days
before the war had desolated old Vir-
ginia and swept away her fortune and
her husband's health.

A dark thought came to her one
wonderful night, and haunted her with
horrible persistence.

What if the old man should die soon
—die before he found out that she was
betrayed to Cecil!

Amber knew that the judge's will
had been made long ago, and that,
after a legacy to Mrs. Shirley, all his
wealth was divided between her and
Violet. She bitterly begrudged her
cousin her share; but she knew that
no effort of hers could divert it from
her.

The thought of his death grew into
a secret, guilty wish.

What a fortunate thing it would be
for her, how it would smooth out all
the difficulties in her way!

And he was old, too—past seventy.
He had lived out the measure of his
days, grown feeble, grumpy, disagree-
able, his headstrong temper making him
the terror of the whole household at
Golden Willows. Decidedly his death
would be a relief to all. Amber began
to wish for it with a desperate long-
ing. Her hopes made it seem possible, prob-
able.

In the meantime she kept secret her
betrayal to Cecil, and her stolen visits
at his home, waiting for Death to seize
the old man who stood between her
and the wealth she was eager to inherit.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S COATS, CLOAKS & REEFERS!

ALL COLORS! ASSORTED SIZES!
INFANTS' REEFERS. CHILD'S REEFERS.
Red, White, Blue Eiderdowns—\$2.25, \$2.75.
(3 to 8 years) Assorted Color Friends—\$2.75.

THEN WE HAVE LOTS MORE.
A. O'CONNOR, 47 & 49 Barrington St., Halifax.
Milliner and Outfitter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.
One day her mother sent her into