

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1893.

No. 7.

Vol. XVIII.

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 arrangement for standing advertisements.

Notations for advertising on the inside of the paper, and payment on transient advertising will 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 in all work turned out.

New communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN will invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors and Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.
Carriers Housa, 5:30 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.
Bills 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.
Carriers close at 6:40 p. m.
GEO. V. HAMP, 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.; Sun. day school at 2:30 p. m. B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. 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 guests free. Ushers at the door 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. K. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening 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. Donahue, 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 guests are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 2 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 10 a. m. and 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, Warden.
Lucas A. Prat, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.O.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Pastor. Mass 11:00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, 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 S. 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 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 24 and brush mailed free, 50c. 1 sheet of 24. Also Pen Printing Cards, Marking Cloth, etc.

LONDON REPAIRS STAMP CO., 10, BISHOP'S FISH MARKET, LONDON, E.C. Manufacturers of Notary Stamps, Receipts, Bank Stamps, etc.

UNDERTAKING!

CHAS. H. BORDEN
Has on hand a full line of CUFFINGS, 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, Bookwell & 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,

STOPEPIPE,
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 reasonable 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. Sleep will be promptly attended to.
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

shiver into a hundred fragments on the floor. He turned quickly, and they were face to face, both seeming to forget my presence.

"Ah!" breathed Lena Lavarre, like one waking from a trance of horror her deep eyes burning on Violet's face.

With a violent shudder, the young girl proceeded:

"Ah, Adelbert Stanley, you know me, do you not?" cried the old man, hoarsely and angrily. "I am the father of Lena Lavarre, the poor girl you betrayed by a mock marriage, and deserted in this great, wicked city, and I have tracked you down! I saw you entering this place, and I followed you to demand justice!"

"Justice!" sneered the infamous betrayer of innocence.

"Mr. Lavarre made a great effort at calmness, and answered:

"Yes, justice, Mr. Stanley. I ought to kill you, but what would that avail my disgraced daughter, my only child? I despise you, but you must remove the stain from Lena's name, and make her your wife in reality."

"The young man laughed derisively, but Mr. Lavarre added:

"Lena lies upon a bed of illness from which she may never arise! I demand that you come with me this moment and make my poor child your legal wife, that she may rest at least in an honest woman's grave!"

"It was pitiful, the sorrow of that old gray haired father. My tears fell like rain.

"But Mr. Stanley was pitiless. He looked at the old man and his devoted daughter, and refused the outraged father's demand with insulting words that made my very blood run cold. Ah, he was a fiend in human shape!"

"A fiend!" echoed poor Lena Lavarre.

the old man to the heart, and beat down the barriers of self-control that he was trying to hold intact. His face paled with wrath, his eyes blazed, and he sprang wildly at Stanley's throat, catching in his long thin fingers.

There was a moment's struggle, then I caught the gleam of a slender dagger in Stanley's hand, and—the next moment it was sheathed in the old man's heart!

"Father!" wailed the hapless Lena, and her head sank on her breast.

Violet thought, for a moment, she had fainted, but presently she lifted her head, sighing in a hollow voice.

"It was just such a death I feared my poor father died! But, oh, Violet, I feel myself owe a cry to his death! If I had listened to my parents' advice, if I had not been an ungrateful, disobedient daughter, this sorrow had never come upon me. Oh, Heaven, to think of my dear father, my widowed mother, my own wretched life, and all for one man's sin! Oh, I wish I could lift up my voice in clarion tones and warn every young girl in the land to beware of fascinating strangers and sily flirtations!"

With a bursting sob of keen remorse and agony, her head again sank on her breast.

Silence reigned a little while, and through the broken pane of the garret window the moonlight streamed on the two unhappy girls crouching together with aching hearts.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Violet sobbed violently for some moments, then murmured, tremblingly:

"Can you listen to the rest, Lena, so that we may be done with this tragedy?"

She had come to understand her mind of its bitter secret to long hidden in her tortured breast.

"You tell me all," sobbed the hapless girl, and Violet resumed:

"When I saw your father fall, wetting in his blood as the murderer's feet, it was so horrible that I could not utter the shriek that rose to my lips. My tongue seemed paralyzed, my limbs relaxed, and I dropped fainting into a chair.

"I saw the murderer start across the room and with his eyes the look that he looked back and the sight of me seemed to blast his eyes. I heard him murmur, with an oath, that he had forgotten me, that he would have to kill me to silence my tongue.

"Ah, Lena, you know that file is sweet to all of us, especially the young and fortunate! Fancy my horror when I heard that I, too, must die!

"I was about to shriek aloud, but with flaming eyes he rushed to me and clasped his hand so rudely over my mouth that my lips were bruised.

"Be silent, or you shall share that old man's fate! He lied, savagely, in my ear.

"I dared not speak, but my dilated eyes must have expressed my horror and aversion, for he went on, as if in apology:

"I did not wish to die, you know, for the old man was choking me to death."

"I could not answer for the cruel hand upon my lips. He still held it there as he proceeded:

"I do not like to kill you, for I am charmed with your beauty, and it would be terrible to kill such a fair young girl. But my own life is at stake, and I must look to myself. If I spare you, I let you go free, will you take an oath never to betray me?"

"I would not be right for me to shield you, Mr. Stanley. You have betrayed an innocent young girl and murdered her father. You are not fit to live!"

"So you would like to denounce me to the law?" he sneered, but I could not help but be very angry.

"Yes," I replied, frankly, as I turned my eyes away from the sight of the bleeding corpse upon the floor.

"He was silent a moment, gazing into my eyes with a hard, unscrupulous look, and I shuddered, and he looked away. He sighed, and said:

"I cannot bring myself to kill you, but I shall do so in the heat of passion, if you are too beautiful to deny your love in vain. I will reason with you, and show you why you must give up your heart to me. I will defend myself, keep the secret of this old man's death."

"I listened dumbly, for I was determined, if I could, to denounce him. My heart was burning with sympathy for the wronged girl and her murdered father, but I uttered no word.

"But the next words he uttered were these astounding ones: 'If you should escape and betray me, you would at once blacken your own character irrevocably.'"

I stared at him in horror and dismay, and he smiled grimly as he added:

"What? he began to know that you were here with me alone, in one of the vilest houses in Chicago, was hence that vilest lady would dare to utter what would the world say of you, Miss Mead?"

As I gasped for breath to answer, he added, threateningly:

"I will love, still you at the Fair, and determine to make you my own."

Pale played into my hands, and I succeeded in feeling you into the house, and I never meant to let you go until I had wearied of my prey.

That vind was dragged, and I would have forced it down your throat only for the entrance of this old man!

Well, I have no time to linger in Lena's gallant's bow! I must escape before this crime is found out. I must let you go, lovely one, still pure and innocent. That's darling, if you will promise to let me go free and keep your lips sealed on the events of this night. Refuse, and you are still in my power!"

"Oh, Lena, the awful threatening, the dread import of his look, and words which struck me dead at his feet! I gasped, like one dying:

"Upon the door and let me go, and I will never betray your secret to this awful deed!"

"He knew I spoke the truth; he knew that a young girl's honor led her to her than life. His awful secret was safe in my hands.

"You shall go unhindered," he said. "I am sorry to give you up, but it is the price I must pay for my crime. Luckily I brought you in by a private door, and on one man's face.

"I need never be known that one of the most beautiful and virtuous girls in the world entered this house, and after remaining half an hour, she is safe in her home."

"That old man's death saved your honor, beautiful one. Now come, and destroy my veil, close, I followed him, unobserved into the street, where the rain was still pouring in sheets like another deluge.

"You must endure my presence until I can find you a carriage," he said, but this was soon accomplished, and I thanked Heaven when the carriage door closed on my evil, smiling face, and I was rolling toward my hotel.

Mr. Maynard and the grisly man wild with joy to see me. They had sought me vainly in the Fair grounds, and outside, and then returned to the hotel, hoping to find me there. I told them the truth as nearly as I could, that I had named them at the Victoria Building, and a gentleman had secured a carriage for me and sent me home.

As I told it, it seemed a very common place story, and to the dread of the secret tragedy it held—not even when Chicago was ringing the next day with the story of the mysterious murder of an old man at a notorious house in the suburbs: I was ill with a deep cold during our remaining time in Chicago, and went out no more until my return to Virginia."

In a few more words Violet told of her grandfather's trip to Chicago, his acquaintance with Harold Castello, and the attempt to force an elopement which had ended so disastrously in her wedding the wrong man. Harold Castello had doubtless brooded over the fear of Violet betraying him until he had decided that the safest plan was to make her his wife, and thus place forever out of her power to testify in a court of law to his infamous crime, the murder of a noble old man whose innocent daughter he had cruelly betrayed.

While she was talking the moon went down, and the first gray beams of daylight began to lighten the darkness of the world.

Lena Lavarre rose and took Violet's hand.

"We will go home, now to my mother," she said. "Our house is but two miles from this place, and we can soon reach it. Our enemy will never think of looking for you there."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Several days passed very quietly and uneventfully at Golden Willows; for, strange to say, Harold Castello did not come there to seek his fugitive bride.

Amber was bright and happy, and gave herself up to the entertainment of company. Whenever this source of amusement failed her, she stole away to Bonnyville, where she was now a welcome visitor.

Judge Camden had fled from the grasp of his old enemy, the rheumatism, and Mrs. Shirley, moped in her most deplorable fashion. Indeed, she was once or twice surprised by the old gentleman in tears.

When he caught her the third time surreptitiously, wiping her eyes, his wrath broke bounds, and he demanded, curtly:

"Now, what the deuce is the matter with you, madam? Always going about red-eyed and snivelling."

"Mrs. Shirley protested meekly that nothing ailed her but a bad cold."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Some Good People

still follow antiquated methods of raising cake, biscuit, bread and pastry with home-made mixtures of what they suppose to be cream of tartar and soda.

They do not know that these articles as now sold in the groceries are almost anything else but cream of tartar and soda.

The best housekeepers use the Royal Baking Powder instead. Its scientific composition insures uniform results. Only by its use can the fine, moist cake, biscuit, etc., be produced.

A housekeeper who has used the Royal Baking Powder would like to send our Cook Book free. Mark your request "For instruction."

He believes that poor Lena Lavarre died in Chicago of brain fever, and he would not suspect you of knowing her mother.

Hand in hand, they stole from the old house out into the frosty woods, creeping timorously along, and starting with fear if a dry twig crackled under their feet, or a dead leaf rustled overhead, for they were flying from a grim terror, and every moment was an hour until they struck into the quiet suburban street where Lena's widowed mother lived alone in a pretty little six-roomed cottage.

Mrs. Lavarre was her daughter's confidante in everything now, and she was not much surprised when she returned, bringing with her a beautiful stranger guest. She welcomed Violet very kindly, and soon set before them a nice warm breakfast, after which they retired to sleep on the chill and fatigue of the cold night spent in the woodland hut.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Several days passed very quietly and uneventfully at Golden Willows; for, strange to say, Harold Castello did not come there to seek his fugitive bride.

Amber was bright and happy, and gave herself up to the entertainment of company. Whenever this source of amusement failed her, she stole away to Bonnyville, where she was now a welcome visitor.

Judge Camden had fled from the grasp of his old enemy, the rheumatism, and Mrs. Shirley, moped in her most deplorable fashion. Indeed, she was once or twice surprised by the old gentleman in tears.

When he caught her the third time surreptitiously, wiping her eyes, his wrath broke bounds, and he demanded, curtly:

"Now, what the deuce is the matter with you, madam? Always going about red-eyed and snivelling."

"Mrs. Shirley protested meekly that nothing ailed her but a bad cold."

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,
37 & 39 Barrington St., Halifax,
Milliner and Outfitter.