

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 on all work turned out.

News 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 11 A. M.
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G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3.30 P. M.

COLIN W. ROBERTS, { Usher
A. DE W. BARRON, {

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 3 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P. M. Chalmers 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. Joseph Hale, 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 6th at 8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stairs, { Wardens
S. J. Rutherford, {

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

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St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
P. 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 3.30 o'clock.

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Court Dominion, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Fridays of each month at 8 P. M.

THE
"White is King of All."

White Sewing Machine Co
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Thomas Organs

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Howard Pineo,
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N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

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Spring Suitings,

that has ever been shown in
KING'S COUNTY.

Our duty alone on Scotch and English
Cloths was nearly \$1000.00.

That means the largest import order given
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—Will you benefit by it?
Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

Wolfville Clothing Company,
NOBLE CRANDALL,
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6 Yards of Double Width
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CHINESE LAUNDRY,
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First-class Work Guaranteed.

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Prizes at any Exhibition in the Maritime
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have been arranged for every day
and night.

The Spectacular Siege of Sebastopol
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An unequalled Half Mile Track for
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Exhibits carried at exceedingly low
rates.

Very cheap excursion tickets on all
railways and steamboats.

Full particulars later.
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JOHN E. WOOD,
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A. B. S. DeWolf,

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There will always be found a large
stock of best quality at my meat-store in
Crystal Palace Block I

Fresh and Salt Meats,
Hams, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
of Poultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be
promptly filled. Delivery to all parts
of the town.

W. H. DUNGANSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

Minards Liniment Cures Garget in
Cows.

It was over at last. Dimple heard
the dread sentence. She was standing
up, her little hands pressed together,
her eyes on the grave face of the judge.
It seemed to her that ten thousand
voices were screaming and yelling and
hissing the one word "guilty" in her
ears. The judge's voice sounded far
away. With a low, awful cry she
threw up her hands and fell to the
floor.

The auditor was gone when she
was well enough to go to the jail for
the last sorrowful good-bye.

When she and her father were ready,
Loys joined them quietly. Maurice
was pale and haggard, but he met them
bravely.

"I have tried to make amends to
you, Loys. If Mr Drayton's daughter
is not found you will be heiress of
Wildmers."

"Thank you Maurice, but of course
the girl will be found; they always are,
and besides one would always be un-
settled. Still I thank you, and I shall
never forget you."

Her beautiful face was white as
marble, but she spoke in her usual
quiet way.

"The curse passes away, you know,
when a fair young girl comes into the
estate," Maurice said with a shadow of
his old cheery smile.

"Don't! O, Mr Weldon how can I
say good-bye to you?" Dimple ex-
claimed, pressing his hand to her lips.

"I can't give up. I am hoping still.
Somehow you shall escape," she went
on, her thin, tear-stained face twitching
pitifully.

"All has been done, dear little friend,
and all has failed. You have been the
dearest, truest friend in all the world,
Dimple," Maurice said gently.

The old Rector spoke a few low
words. Men called the old man's life
a failure, but he had learned how to
die.

"You will come—" Maurice stopped,
his voice breaking off with a sob.

"Yes, my boy, I will come," the old
Rector said.

CHAPTER V.
RELIEF AT LAST.

Every moment of Dimple's waking
hours was given to thoughts of the
dreadful fate of Maurice Weldon.
Something must be done. She studied
and pondered over some means of help
until she grew pale and haggard. In
her utter misery and hopelessness, she
went to Wildmers determined to see
Vashti, who was still there with Mrs
Westerman, the housekeeper, and the
other servants. But on her arrival
Vashti refused to see her, as she had
done to all previous callers since the
trouble had come and Dimple unwilling
to go home without a second attempt,
stroled about the rooms. The place
had a strange fascination for her. The
servants knew her well and unmo-
lested she went into the richly furnished
but now deserted rooms. Unheeding
which way she went she found herself in
the turret chamber. It was a cheerless
place, a great square room, lighted by
large windows overhead. It was
empty, with the exception of a heap of
rubbish piled against the rough wall.

At some far, distant time an artist
had used the chamber as a studio,
though it had evidently been con-
structed with a view to a very different
use. An easel or two, some queer,
broken chairs, torn canvases and frames
had been left by the long gone artist,
and somehow they had come to be
heaped against the wall.

As she peered among the rubbish
she saw an opening in the floor, and
leaning over looked down into the dark-
ness.

An exclamation of surprise escaped
her, as she saw a flight of steep steps
leading down from the opening!

An awful horror seemed to freeze
her very brain. Breaking loose from
she determined to see what was below.

It was dark down the opening and
she was obliged to get a light.

Wild's door of lost maidens came to
her, and she was weak and nervous
but she went bravely on, down, down
the almost perpendicular stairs.

While she stood wondering if she
dare proceed further she heard a sound
that struck terror to her heart. She
listened, and again she heard it, a low
moan.

Her hand trembled and the lamp fell
and was extinguished in the deep, soft

darkness, leaving her in awful darkness.
In the agony of fear she beat her
hands against the wall in front of her;
it gave way. With a cry she fell for-
ward.

Stunned by the fall and half-strang-
led with dust she lay still for a moment
and then struggled to her feet.

She was in a small room that was
nearly dark, and at one side of it was
a cot on which lay a man. He stared
at her with great, wild eyes and she
crouched back too horrified to speak or
scream. The man raised himself on
his elbow.

"In the name of mercy help me," he
said in a feeble voice.

Dimple stood shivering against the
wall. Her eyes were becoming ac-
customed to the dim light that struggled
in at the one high window.

"Who are you and what are you do-
ing in this unearthly place?" she asked.
She bent forward, her eyes dark
with fear.

"Mr Drayton!" she exclaimed.

"Only help me."

"But why are you here? We
thought you dead. Have you been
here since the day you were missed?
That was May. It is November now.
Who takes care of you?"

"Vashti. It is several days since
she was here." His voice was low
and weak.

"How did you come to be here at
all?"

"It was the night after I made my
will. She came to me and told me of
this secure hiding place and offered to
hide the paper but I could not let it
leave my sight. She had found an old
book that told of the door in my bed-
room wall, and had found the key that
opened it. I had never noticed the
tiny slit in the panel.

"She gave me the key and I crawled
along the narrow passage that leads to
this room. She helped me. I was
very tired. She offered to get me a
glass of wine. It was many hours be-
fore she came with it. I knew then
that I was shut in a living tomb. I
was too weak to scream, even if that
would have availed me anything. I
knew nothing of the door you came
through."

He closed his eyes wearily. His
face was deadly pale. A thin stream
of blood trickled from his lips.

"You have been talking too much.
I will help you. Be patient for a little
while," Dimple said, and then she flew
up the steep stairs. She found Vashti
in her room. Dr. Hastings was with
her.

Without heeding him the excited
girl threw herself on the floor beside
Vashti.

"Give me the key, Vashti! Show
me how to open the door. I have
found him. Oh, come and let him
out!" she cried.

"What is it, Miss Annesy? Miss
Brenton?" the doctor asked, looking
from one excited face to the other.

"It is Mr Drayton. I have found
him. Oh, come and let him out!" she
cried.

"Miss Brenton, what does this
mean?"

"I wanted Wildmers for Maurice.
I wanted to save him. And when he
would not let me, I knew that death
was better, kinder, warmer than Loys
Annesy, and so I let him die. Yes,
I did it for him. I took his key and
locked the door so they would not miss
my guardian so soon."

"Show us the secret door, Vashti.
Give me the key to the panel!"

"The key? I throw it away the day
he died. It was no longer of any use,
was it? Mr Drayton didn't matter.
Why have you disturbed me? I
want—"

"Oh, sir, go quickly to the chamber
in the turret above Mr Drayton's
rooms. You will find the stairs behind
the heap of rubbish. He is down there,
dying!"

The doctor looked closely at her and
then left the room.

"Vashti, how could you? But oh,
thank heaven he is not dead! He is
free. Mr Weldon is free!"

"What is it? He is dead, dead, and
I have killed him! See my hands,

they are red with blood! A thousand
demons hiss at me day and night. My
soul is black as the water of the lake.
Black as the deep water where they
dropped Fred Bates' body! Ah, he
thought I didn't know, but I did.
And she loves him. Loys loves him,
I know it. What if I told her—"

She broke off with an awful laugh.
Dimple pulled the bell cord, and
then seeing help so near, slipped away
into a dead faint.

CHAPTER VI.
THE HEIRESS OF WILDMERE FOUND.

When she awoke aunt Lessie was
bending over her. For once Dimple
was glad to see the homely, honest face.

"Well, if we haven't had a time
getting you to! Hero, take this. I
never did approve of Vashti Brenton.
Those eyes of hers were enough, I
knew she'd go crazy, and I feel safer
since she's done it and they've shut her
up."

"You want to hear from the poor
man? Why, he died, and Mr Dennis
is up to his eyes in papers they have
found. He'll feather his nest. I
never approved of lawyers. I suppose
they'll do Loys out of Wildmere at last
with that new will they found packed
in that hole with Mr Drayton. I never
approved of such places. I don't
know what they were made for. They
think they've stirred up a mare's nest.
Now the next thing is to find Mr
Drayton's daughter. It is my opinion
that he never had any. I never ap-
proved of mysteries."

Dimple felt herself growing drowsy.
Tucking her hand under her cheek she
fell asleep.

She was alone when she awoke.
Sitting up in bed she tried to think of
all that had happened. She felt almost
strong and well. She got up and
dressed herself and then went out into
the corridor.

They had taken her to Mrs West-
erman's room. She knew this part
of the house well. She made her way to
the library. She knew that Mr
Drayton's body was there.

Uncle Jupiter sat like a bronze statue
outside the door.

"It's him this time, miss, and no
mistake," the old negro said, politely
pulling his grey forelock.

"Yes, it is awful. I wanted him
to live. Poor man!"

"Can you find Mr Dennis for me?
I must see him."

"He's powerful busy, but I ken try,
chile. You'd order seed dat gal Vashti
fing herself erbout. She mighty nigh
broke by us. No wonder she lost her
mind. She gwinter lose her soul, too,
dat gal is. I sees here, fur day haint
no tellin' what moit she'll git out."

"Tell Mr Dennis that I will wait
here."

Uncle Jupiter went slowly down the
great hall.

Dimple waited. She felt afraid to
enter the room in which the dead man
lay.

The sunlight, stained with the rich
purple of the fine old window, fell fully
upon her, and the old lawyer held his
breath as she turned her lovely little
face to him.

"Why, my dear, you look like a
being from the other world. One for-
gets how pretty you are. That's the
misfortune of having a beautiful
sister."

"Ah, poor Loys! Haint it all been
so bad for her?"

"Very bad, very bad indeed. The
disgrace and loss of her lover and this.
You have heard of the papers that
were found? Of the new will and all
Money."

How to Avoid Wasting Time and
Money.

A word at this time to the ladies of
Canada may be the means of putting
them on their guard, so that time and
money may not be wasted.

There are certain dealers and store-
keepers whose life-object is the making
of large profits on every article they sell.
These dealers are now endeavoring to
sell adulterated and imitation package
dyes for the same price as the honest
dealer asks for the reliable and never-
fading Diamond Dyes.

Few ladies have the inclination to
spend time or money to experiment with
worthless and poisonous ingredients put
up to outwardly imitate the marvellous
Diamond Dyes. If you want good work
you must use the best dyes. Years of
thorough testing proclaim the fact that
Diamond Dyes are the strongest, bright-
est and most economical; they are the
only dyes in the world that are war-
ranted. Each packet, when directions are
followed, will give satisfactory and as-
tonishing results.



Celebrated for its great leavening
strength and healthfulness. Assures the
food against alum and all forms of adul-
teration common to the cheap brands.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"Is there really a—daughter?"

"Undoubtedly. Or there was. Her
mother was one Elsie Raymond. And
in those days Drayton was known as
Howard Wright. He never saw the
child. There is a letter announcing
its birth with the marriage certificate.
I'm getting too old to bother with the
tangles other people make. Maurice
is not master of Wildmere now—not if
the girl is living. He is a poor man."

"But he will be free and happy.
How glad Loys will be. I must go
home and tell her how glad I am."

"That purple light makes you look
like a saint, my dear. What a heroine
you are. Good-bye, little girl."

She found Loys alone.

"I'm so glad that I could save him
for you!"

"It was wonderfully brave, dear.
I never heard of anything like it. But
it seems to me that it might have been
better for him to have died, now that
he must be poor," Loys said.

"What do you mean?"

"He has lost Wildmere. You know
I shall not have it. It will go to a
stranger."

"But there is freedom and honor and
you, Loys. He has so much to live
for!"

"He would hardly expect me to keep
the engagement, Dimple. I could not
endure notoriety."

"Loys! I don't understand you."

"It is simple enough. I have lost a
great deal. I must do the best I can.
Father will not be able to let me visit
anywhere, and I shall meet no one
here. Mr Blair has just accepted a
call to a city church. It is a good
place. An excellent salary and fine
society. He has asked me to go with
him at the beginning of the new year
and I have promised."

"To go with Mr Blair? What for?"

"I shall be his wife."

"You! Then I was right when I
said that you never loved Mr Weldon!"

"You were. I have always loved
Mr Blair."

As Loys finished speaking she picked
up her book and calmly found her
place.

Dimple threw herself upon the floor
and gave herself up to such passionate
grief as her sister had never seen
manifested before.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Fifty Years Ago.

Who could imagine that this should be
The place where, in eighteen ninety-three
That white world-wonder of arch and
dome
Should shadow the nations, polychrome...
Here at the Fair was the prize conferred
On Ayer's Pills, by the world's preferred
Chicago-like, they a record show,
since they started—go years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

have, from the time of their
preparation, been a continuous
success with the public. And
that means that Ayer's Pills
accomplish what is promised
for them; they cure where
others fail. It was fitting,
therefore, that the world-wide
popularity of these pills should
be recognized by the World's
Fair medal of 1893—a fact
which emphasizes the record:

50 Years of Cures.