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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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 ficticious signature.

Address all comunications 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.

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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. Dosdin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, Class meeting at 7.30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching on the Sabbath, and prayer at 3 p. m. Sabbath School 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. Starr, } 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 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

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Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7.30 p. m.

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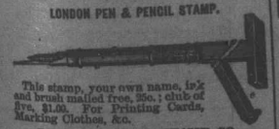

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Wolfville, March 11th, '97. 27

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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 do not expect to have a piece left by the first of January.

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Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

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Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to. 7
PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Change in Business.

Having purchased the Meat Business recently carried on by Mr O. L. Eagles, the subscriber will be prepared to supply customers with the best of everything in his line. My teams will be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week.

T. M. DAVIDSON.

Dec. 9th, 1897.

POETRY.

Courage.

It is not that they never know
Weakness or fear who are the brave;
Those are the proud, the knightly few
Whose joy it still to serve and save.

But they who, in the weary night,
Amid the darkness and the stress,
Have struggled with disease and blight,
With pitiful world-weariness,

They who have yearned to stand among
The free and mighty of the earth,
Whose sad, aspiring soul sore wrung
With starless hope and hollow mirth,

Who die with every day, yet live
Through merciless, unbrightened years;
Whose sweetest right is to forgive
And smile divinely through their tears;

They are the noble, they the strong
They are the tried, the trusted ones,
And though their way is hard and long
Straight to the pitying God it runs.

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XVI.—*Continued.*

She cried out desperately:

"Oh, Suzanne, you are a sister woman, and ought to have a kind heart in your body! Have pity upon me! I will tell you all my sad story, and surely, surely you will help me to escape!"

The tears in the beautiful blue eyes might have moved a heart of stone, but Suzanne was pitiless, although she listened with all the curiosity that is imputed to the female sex.

Poor Violet poured all her tortured heart into the appeal to the French maid.

She told her through raining tears, of her hapless love affair and the opposition it had encountered, of her cousin's treachery that had brought her in to this terrible pass, and she besought her aid in escaping from Harold Castello.

When she had finished the woman did not betray any surprise. She simply bowed and began to argue the case, although in the most respectful manner.

She told Violet that since she had become Mr. Castello's wife it would be wiser to accept the situation.

"Even if you escaped you would have nowhere to go, for your grandfather would only return you to your husband if you went there," she said.

"I should not return to that cruel old man and my treacherous cousin, Amber. I should seek out my dead father's people and throw myself on their protection. They would help me to break this unholy marriage," cried Violet desperately.

"That you might marry Monsieur Grant, the poor man; is it not so?" queried the Frenchwoman, with a contemptuous emphasis on the epithet "poor man."

"Yes, that I might marry my darling Cecil," Violet answered proudly.

The woman gave a derisive laugh and said, curtly:

You are a silly girl to wish to exchange a rich husband for a poor one. No girl in her senses would do that, Mrs. Castello. Beauty like yours, madame, so fine and rare, should be beautifully arrayed. That beautiful form was made to be draped in rich attire; that ivory-white neck, those finely modelled wrists to be encircled in pearls and diamonds, such as Monsieur Castello can give you. It were a shame that a beauty like you should wed a poor man. Oh, think, miladi, you would have to wear common calico and cook your own food; your lovely little white hands would be soiled with dish-washing and sweeping, and soon you would grow to hate the man who had sunk you into poverty! Perhaps there would be little children clinging round your knees, and you would have to toil for them, perhaps take in sewing or washing to buy bread for them, and——"

"Hush! No more; I will not listen!" Violet cried indignantly; then her voice sank to a pleading cadence as she added:

"Once more, Suzanne, will you pity me? Will you help me to escape?"

"Certainly not, madame," the woman replied, bluntly, taking up the rejected tray of food to leave the room.

"Certainly not," echoed Harold Castello, gayly, as he abruptly entered the room, having listened outside to the whole conversation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Suzanne!" called her young mistress, sharply.

The woman halted on the threshold and looked back questioningly.

"I wish you would return and spend the night in my room."

"*Oui*, madame," answered the woman, retiring.

"Leave the room, Harold Castello! I will not endure your presence!" she cried, angrily.

His answer was a mocking laugh.

"Obey me!" she exclaimed, imperiously, her blue eyes flashing scorn.

He stood immovable, his arms folded over his breast, his dark eyes fixed on her admiringly.

"What a magnificent beauty you are, Violet, especially when you get in a rage! But I like you all the better for your fire and spirit. There will be a zest in taming such a pretty tigress!" he laughed, insolently.

Her face became dead white; the lightnings of her indignant eyes might have blasted him where he stood. In a voice that vibrated with scorn and loathing, she cried:

"You are mad—mad! How can you dream that I will ever tolerate you? Why, I shrink from you in abhorrence too deep for words! Can I forget that a young girl's ruin lies at your door, dastard? Can I forget that your hand is red with her father's blood—murderer? Can I ever forgive myself that I did not risk the worst and denounce you to the law for your fiendish crime? Ah, had I not been such a coward, had I only done my duty and faced the consequences, I had never come to this terrible pass!"

"Hush! hush! the walls have ears!" he hissed, with a stifled oath, and the dew of deadly terror started out on his brow beneath the loose waves of his jetty hair.

"I will not hush! I have been silent too long! If the voice of conscience is dead in your heart, let me arouse it by taunting you with your sin!" Violet cried in a passion of loathing anger that carried her beyond the bounds of prudence.

In another moment she realized her mistake, for, infuriated by her scorn, Harold Castello threw discretion to the winds, and sprang toward her, crying, maliciously:

"You shall not taunt me, lovely one, for I will smother the words on your lips with kisses!"

His arms were outstretched, his hot breath fanned her cheek, and in another moment he would have clasped her in his arms, but Violet eluded him by stooping suddenly, then darting forward in breathless flight toward the door.

With a bound the man placed himself in her way; then commenced a terrible pursuit that could have but one end—his victory.

Violet flew round and round the room, shrieking in terror, and pursued by Castello, whom she cleverly eluded by darts and turns and doublings, like a swallow, aiming always to reach the door and escape into the corridor, while her pursuer bent all his energies toward preventing her exit from the room, feeling sure that her strength would give out presently and leave her helpless at his mercy.

In this way the contest must surely have ended, for Violet was already growing faint and dizzy, and only her deadly terror of Castello enabled her to maintain her frenzied movements, but a sudden accident saved her in the very nick of time.

The draught of air created in the room by the swift movements of herself and Castello, as they flew round and round, blew the long lace curtains against a cluster of wax candles in a bunch of silver lilies on a stand close by, and the flame ignited the delicate draperies. In another instant leaping tongues of deadly flame sprang up to the ceiling.

The roar of the fire as it rapidly caught everything within reach and licked out crimson tongues for more prey, struck terror alike to the hearts of Violet and her pursuer. A cry of fear came from her lips, and an oath from his. Both came to a pause of blank dismay that lasted but an instant on the man's part, then he sprang forward bravely and began tearing down the blazing curtains, trampling them under his feet, and throwing upon them heavy rugs caught up here and there, until in five minutes he had the fiery element under control, although his face and hair were scorched and his hands frightfully burned.

Then he glanced around for Violet.

Poor girl! her fictitious strength had given out just a moment too soon. She had tottered to the door, dragged it open, then fallen down unconscious upon the threshold.

The beautiful room was ruined, all the snowy furniture scorched or blackened with smoke and cinders. The master of it had burned his hands so severely that he shuddered with pain.

At that moment the vivacious Suzanne appeared, exclaiming in horror at the wreck of the room and the spectacle of her mistress like one dead across the threshold.

"The curtains ignited from the candles," explained Harold Castello, adding: "I have burned my hands fearfully in extinguishing the flames, and must go to my doctor and have the burns dressed. You may take your mistress into another room, Suzanne, and care for her until my return."

He disappeared, and Suzanne brought restoratives for Violet, applying them so skillfully that she soon opened her eyes, murmuring, languidly:

"Oh, what is this? Where am I?"

"With a friend," murmured the French maid, significantly, and she assisted her mistress to rise and led her into the dressing-room adjoining the ruined boudoir.

"Lie down here on the sofa and rest, my dear," she said, in quite a different tone from that she had used in her former interview, and the languid girl obeyed, for she was trembling so that she could not stand or even hold up her golden head.

Suzanne brought her a glass of wine, but she shook her head, exclaiming:

"I will touch neither food nor drink in this house."

"Then rest awhile in quiet and I will return to you," the woman replied kindly, and left the room.

She went down stairs and ascertained that Harold Castello had left the house with his valet, to seek a physician and have his burns dressed. The only other occupant of the house, a man-cook, was nodding sleepily over his kitchen table with a newspaper.

The woman returned to Violet, whom she found sitting up, looking with displeasure at the beautiful white silk gown she wore.

She said, coldly:

"Suzanne, I have just observed that you took the liberty of changing my dress while I was in a swoon."

"It was during your first swoon, lady, When Mr. Castello first brought you in, and at his command."

"Very well, Suzanne; but now I command you to bring back the traveling dress I wore when I came. I wish to resume it."

She had feared a refusal, but to her surprise and relief the maid consented with alacrity, and deftly assisted her to change her robe. She even brought Violet's hat and placed it carefully on her golden hair.

"Now you are ready for your second journey," she said.

A quiver passed over the beautiful form, and Violet cried:

"Does that man mean to take me away from here to-night?"

"No, my lady, I am going to rescue you," breathed Suzanne, in a low and thrilling voice that startled Violet by its altered tone. She threw out her white hand and clutched the woman's arm, sobbing, hysterically:

"Oh, Heaven, can this be true? Are you indeed my friend, or," suspiciously, "is this a treacherous plan to lead me into some new danger?"

"Not so loud, my dear lady, lest some one overhear us," breathed the maid. "Sit down one moment and let me explain as rapidly as I can, for we must be gone from this house ere Harold Castello returns."

While Violet gazed at her in blended hope and fear she went on, in a low, intense voice:

"Lady, I am no more a French maid than yourself. I disguised myself and answered Castello's advertisement. My eyes are brown, to be sure, but my skin is as white, my hair as golden as yours, only that both are darkened by a brown dye that changes my appearance entirely. Else I should not dare venture into Castello's presence for fear of recognition."

"Who, then, are you, and why——" began Violet, but the maid interrupted:

"I am your friend and Castello's enemy! When I talked to you so strangely in the boudoir it was all for effect, because I knew he was listening at the door. I bided my time to tell you the truth, and to help you to escape from the fiend's power!"

Violet's eyes began to glow with hope and joy.

"Oh, may Heaven bless you and reward you for your goodness?" she cried, clasping the speaker's neck with grateful arms.

But with a long drawn sigh, full of remorseful grief, the woman shrank away, answering, fearfully:

"Lady, you might not wish to touch me if you knew who and what I am. Have you ever heard the name of Lena Lavarre?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Tommy," said the teacher to a pupil in the juvenile class, "what is syntax?" "I guess it must be the tax on whiskey," replied Tommy. And the teacher thought he was entitled to a credit of 100 p. c.

THE official tests by the Inland Revenue Department of the Canadian Government show the Royal to be a pure baking powder, superior to all others in leavening strength.

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Royal Baking Powder is more convenient for use than cream of tartar and soda and makes finer-flavored food.

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GENTLEMEN:—For two years I was in a low condition of health, suffering from nervousness, fainting spells, pain in the head, stomach troubles and loss of appetite. I was under the care of two doctors, but received no benefit from their treatment. I also used two bottles of a recommended patent medicine, but no good results came. I was then advised by a neighbor to use your wonderful medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. The use of this marvellous preparation soon produced the very best results. I am glad to report that my health is improved in every respect; I am stronger, sleep better, and my appetite is good and natural. I am pleased to recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all sick people, as I believe it is the best medicine in the world.

Yours truly,
A. FORSYTHE,
Manvers, Ont.