

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1898.

No. 1.

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 notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment in advance is
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.

Newspaper 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8.30 a. m. to 3.30 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 2.00 p. m.
Knoxville 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. MERRIS, 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 11 a. m. 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 10.30 a. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School at 10.30 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F. J. E.
Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. of Andrew's
Church, Wolfville. Public Worship every
Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday
School at 10.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church,
Lower Basin. Public Worship on Sunday
at 11 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.
Dunkle, 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 welcome at
all the services.—At Greenfield, 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
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at
8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, & Wallace,
Geo. A. Pitt, &

St. ANTHONY'S (R.C.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
S. J. —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 7 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8.00 o'clock.

GRYSTA. Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.
Cent. Hamilton, 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, 50c; club of
five, \$2.50. For Printing Cards,
Marketing Circulars, etc.

LONDON MEMBER STAMP CO.
Solely Agents for the
Manufacturers of Notary Stamps, Stencils,
Rubber Stamps, etc.

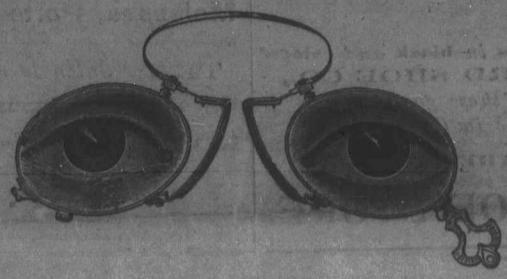
UNDERTAKING!

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 respectfully attended to. Charges moder-
ate.

Wolfville, March 11th, '97. 27

GLOBE
Steam Laundry
HALIFAX, N. S. 28

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



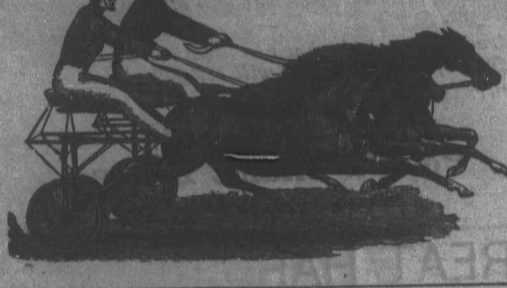
SEE! THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

FOR FALL Announcement.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, Manager.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.



HAYING TOOLS. DOOR SCREENS. WINDOW SCREENS.

SUMMER LAP ROBES.
FULL LINE OF WHIPS.

ALSO—
BICYCLES For Sale.
To Rent.
Repaired.

**STARR, SON & FRANKLIN,
WOLFVILLE.**

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.

DR. BARSS,

Residence at Mr. Know-
les', Cor. Acadia street
and Highland avenue;
Office over F. J. Porter's
store.

Office Hours: 10-11, a. m.; 2-
3, p. m.
Telephone at residence, No. 39

POETRY.

Two Women.

One chose the valley's sheltered, safe
retreat,
Where love, who led her, shielded her
with care,
And baby-kisses kept her own lips
sweet,
And life was centred in the home-nest
there;
Yet from the heights she had not dared
to gaze,
Down to the level of her life there
swept,
At times a breath so rare that longing
pains
And keen regret across her heart-
strings crept.
The other chose the heights. Serene
and proud,
Gleamed her white brow beneath its
crown of bays;
Her arms were empty; but men's heads
were bowed,
Admiring, as she went her lofty way.
But rose-lights oft would tint the moun-
tain snow,
And children's voices mock her bar-
ren breast;
And yearning towards the valley's
warmth and glow,
Her heart would own the sheltered
life the best.

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.
"But, Cecil, I will not permit you
to decline! I insist on giving you
this money, which is entirely my own.
It need not offend your pride, for I
can bestow this gift upon you, and no
one shall ever know of it. We will
keep the secret in our own hearts,"
urged Amber, tenderly and anxiously,
adding:
"Think of your mother and accept
it for her sake!"
He was touched to the heart by her
noble generosity. He felt that he had
never fully appreciated Amber's
affection for her.

But I could never accept such a gift
from you, my noble friend," he answered.

"Then, Cecil, let me lend you the
money, to be repaid at your leisure!
You can at least accept this favor from
one whom, next to Violet, you have
promised a place in your heart."

"Do not speak to me of Violet.
Let me forget her fatal mistake if I
can, in the distress of this other cala-
mity!" he cried, feverishly.

"I will not breathe that false girl's
name to you again, my poor, unhappy
Cecil; but I insist upon lending you
the money. I shall be wounded if you
refuse it," persisted Amber.

But to all of her urgings Cecil
Grant returned a grateful refusal, as-
suring her that the offer had pleased
him under as heavy obligations to her
as if he had accepted it.

"I shall not consider the matter set-
tled to-night. Take time to think it
over, Cecil, and perhaps you will
change your mind and accept my offer.
In the meantime I shall send grand-
papa roundly for his wicked revenge,
and try to make him revoke the fore-
closure. And now good-night, my
dear, heart friend; and remember that
one heart aches for your sorrow, and
sympathizes with your distress," cried
treacherous Amber, as they parted, he
to return to his unhappy mother, she
to rejoice with her grandfather over
the signal victory.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Amber had prosecuted all but one
of her pet schemes to a successful ful-
fillment, but Harold Castello had not
been so fortunate.

His greatest task lay before him in
the near future.

He had secured an unwilling bride
by strategy—he had now the even
more difficult task of holding his prize
and winning her heart.

This heart belonged to another man.
How could he wrest it from his
keeping?

He knew well that Violet's faith in
her lover's fidelity was too strongly
anchored to be disturbed by any false-
hoods he could invent.

His momentary triumph as he rode
away with the duped girl by his side,
was mixed with anxiety at the thought
of the recognition that would soon
take place on Violet's part, and the
exciting scene that would follow.

Violet was still sobbing in her cor-
ner of the carriage, in a low, hysterical
fashion, seeming oblivious of her new-

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ten minutes' rapid driving brought
Harold Castello to a dreary suburb of
Washington, where the carriage passed
before a large, square, brown-stone
building standing in the midst of fine,
well-kept grounds, that were walled in
with stone like a prison. It had once
been the home of a wretched misan-
thrope, who had chosen to seclude
himself from the world he hated be-
hind the gloomy walls that hid him
from his kind in almost prison-like soli-
tude. The house stood far back from
the road, and there was not another
within half a mile of this lonely place,
on whose dreary walls the moonlight
shone, giving it even a more than usu-
ally forbidding aspect by contrast
with its silvery radiance.

Harold Castello alighted from the
carriage with unconscious Violet in
his arms, and knocked at the high
stone gate with sculptured dragons
guarding the posts.

From the windows of the dreary
house, not a single ray of light gleamed
forth, and it had the appearance of
being totally uninhabited; yet Harold
Castello was expected, for the heavy
gates were promptly unlocked, and a
man and woman were discovered stand-
ing within.

"Lead the way!" the young man
said, impatiently, and bore his lovely
burden to the house.

The man unlocked the door, and ex-
posed a glimmering white hall and
there, and a broad, shallow stairway
of black oak, dimly lighted by over-
hanging gas jets. Up this splendid
stairway Harold Castello followed the
woman to a magnificent suite of rooms,
luxuriously furnished in white and
gold, glowing in warmth and light and
perfum; from rare vases of exotic
flowers. It was a veritable bridal
bower, and no expense had been spared
to make it worthy the occupancy of a
queen.

Harold Castello entered the dainty
boudoir and laid his stolen bride upon
a soft, white couch, kissed her pale,
cold lips, then turned to the woman,
who had the air of a ladies' maid.

"She has fainted. Of course you
will know how to restore her, Sus-
anne," he said, anxiously.

"Yes, monsieur, you may trust me,"
smiled the trim maid.

"Very well," he said; then added:
"And you may change her travelling
clothing for a pretty white robe de
chambre, so that she will feel more
comfortable. When she is ready to
see me I shall be waiting at the door."

He retired to a luxurious suite of
rooms across the hall, to smoke a cigar
and wait, with mingled eagerness and
trepidation, for the inter view with his
stolen bride, the fair and hapless Violet.

Meanwhile Susanne was busy with
her unconscious charge.

She brought from the dressing room
a robe of soft, silvery white silk, with
a loose front trimmed in billowy cas-
cades of frosty white lace. Then she
proceeded to undress Violet and array
her lovely form in the dainty garment.

Then, and not till then, did she make
the least effort to restore Violet from
her heavy swoon.

While she bathed the pale face and
hands in eau de cologne, she gazed in
amazement and delight at the exqui-
site face and form, the curly golden
tresses, the marvellous grace of the
hapless girl.

"Mon Dieu, what wealth of golden
hair! What beauty! Of a certain-
ment this bride is so fairest of us fair!"
she exclaimed, in rapture.

Suddenly Violet's fair breast heaved
with returning life, her white lids
trembled, then flared wide open, and
the woman beheld her charge's great-
est charm, the splendid dark-blue eyes
like violets in the spring, touched with
golden sunshine.

"She gave a low cry of admiration,
and drew those glorious eyes to her
face.

He took her in his arms and held
her close, murmuring:

"How very, very fortunate that
she fainted at this juncture! I am
raved from using chloroform with its
unpleasant after effects. Now at the
rate John is driving, we shall reach
the retreat I have chosen for our
honeymoon before she revives!—And
then my bonny bird cannot escape her
cage!"

Harold Castello drew close to the
young girl's side, slipped his arm
about her waist, and clasped her close,
so that the golden head nestled against
his shoulder, and he could feel the
quick pulsations of her heart as she
quivered so near him. He did not speak,
feeling that he might not so success-
fully disguise his voice as he had done
in the church.

His heart throbbed with passionate
joy as he held Violet, poor unconscious
Violet, so close to his heart, stealing
kisses that would never be permitted
him when she should learn his identity
with the rejected suitor she so boldly
loved and feared.

Violet began to wonder at her own
heavy heart.

She had expected to feel so blithe
and happy when she was Cecil's bride!
Suddenly she sobbed heart-brokenly:
"Oh, Cecil, speak to me! Tell me
why I am so wretchedly unhappy in
this hour that promised so much bliss!"

"My darling!" he murmured, in-
distinctly, as he pressed his burning
lips to the pure white brow against his
shoulder.

"Oh, Cecil, I am so frightened!
Will grandpapa overtake us do you
think? Will he—do anything—
dreadful?" continued the deceived girl
apprehensively.

"No, no, my own darling, he will
not overtake us now! Rest easy, for
your adoring husband will defend you
against the whole world!" reassured
Harold Castello, in a muffled voice,
hoping that she would not detect the
strange sound.

He pressed her to his shoulder, exclaiming:
"How strangely hoarse your voice
sounds, dear Cecil!"

"I am very hoarse from a severe
cold, and my voice seems strange in
my own ears." he answered, suddenly
gathering her closely in his arms, and
pressing burning kisses on her quiver-
ing lips, her fair brow, dimpled cheeks
and even her warm, white throat.

Violet did not return her husband's
kisses. She only endured them as
first in a passive way, then suddenly
gave a little startled cry, and tried to
writhe herself out of his arms.

"What is it, my own love?" he
murmured tenderly, but without re-
leasing her.

"Oh, Cecil, you seem so strange!
You do not kiss me as—
used to do!" faltered the trembling
bride.

Harold Castello gave a low laugh
and answered, lightly:
"I was your lover then, my Violet,
and dared not take all the kisses I
wanted. Now I am your husband,
sweet, and you are mine, all mine!
and I can feast myself at will on your
sweet, red lips! And the more I kiss
you, my darling, the more intoxicated
I grow, for your breath is like wine—
it thrills me with bliss, it makes me
dizzy!"

With every word she recoiled farther
from him, lifting up her face and
trying to see him in the darkness of
the carriage, while she almost moaned:
"I—I—you frighten me! You do
not—do not—seem like my love, Cecil!
I wish I could see your face. Your
voice is so strange! It sounds like—
oh, God—like the voice of the man I
hate! Release me, release me! I
die with fear! Oh, pitying Heaven,
you are not Cecil! I have been
duped!"

The words died as her trembling
lips, her form collapsed in a deadly
swoon.

The darkness had not saved him as
he hoped until they should reach their
destination.

His strange voice and his instincts
of her own loving heart, had informed
him of the truth.

But fortunately for his purpose, the
realization of her awful mistake had
brought with it an unconsciousness
most favorable to him.

Like a broken lily, snatched by some
ferocious storm-wind, she dropped in his
arms seemingly lifeless, dead, for the
present to her terrible position.

He took her in his arms and held
her close, murmuring:

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Economy

The Royal Baking
Powder is more eco-
nomical than cream
of tartar and soda for
raising biscuit, bread
and cake. First, be-
cause of its great
leavening strength,
which makes it go
farther; second, be-
cause its work is
evenly perfect, so
that no good materi-
als are wasted; third,
because it makes food
that is more nutriti-
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"I—I—oh, who are you, and where
am I?" cried Violet, weakly, staring
in amazement at the dark, strange face
of the French maid.

"Miladi, you are at home. You
have arrived with your husband one
little while ago, remember you not?"
replied the vivacious Susanne.

Violet pressed her hand to her brow
in bewilderment, and, lifting her head,
she saw a spacious apartment
with draperies of white and gold—a
sumptuous apartment lined with mas-
sive mirrors that reflected everywhere
luxury and beauty, couches of white
velvet and gold satin, exquisite statu-
ettes, costly pictures in richly gilt
frames, flowers everywhere, roses and
violets predominating, and the whole
scene lighted softly by wax candles
burning in exquisite candlesticks fash-
ioned like white lilies—a room fit for a
queen.

Mademoiselle Susanne waited eagerly
for some cry of admiration from
miladi, but none came, and she ex-
claimed:
"It is beautiful, magnificent, is it
not?"

The blue eyes turned back to her
face.

"What is your name? What are
you doing here?" asked Violet.

"Susanne, miladi, your French maid.
Monsieur, your husband, engage me to
have care of you."

"You must not call me miladi. I
am an American girl and my name is
Miss Mead."

"Oh, madams, I crave pardon.
You are married now. Do you for-
get? Your name is Mrs Harold
Castello."

She saw the beautiful face blanch to
the hue of death, heard a stifled cry of
anguish cross the pale lips, and cried
out, soothingly.

"Be comforted. You have a rich
and handsome husband. That is what
all the ladies desire. Is it not so?"

"Go, send that man to me. I must
speak to him!" exclaimed Violet, with
flashing eyes and a tone of command.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Catholic View.

At the Catholic temperance congress
held in Chicago, Father Maddock, of
Wisconsin, said that of the effectiveness
of prohibition in suppressing intemper-
ance there could be no honest differ-
ence of opinion. "Where no liquor is
to be had," he said, "men will not
drink. The reformed drunkard is al-
ways in danger of returning to his cups
while the saloon stands invitingly open
on every corner. But close those sal-
oons, and he cannot fall. It is the
duty of every good Catholic to work
with might and main for the enact-
ment of prohibitory laws. But he
should not cease his efforts there.
The only benefit of his legislation
comes from its enforcement, and offi-
cials sworn to execute the law should
be compelled to do their duty."—The
Catholic.