

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 intrusted.

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

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Carriage House, 8:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

Halls are made up as follows:

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh B. Hath, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sunday School at 3:30 p.m. B. Y. P. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Missionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month, and the Women's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p.m. All seats free. Others at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 12:30 p.m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m.

FRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F. B. 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. Chairman's 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. 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 same are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwood, 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 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 O. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storr, Warden.
Geo. A. Pratt, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. P.—Mass 11:00 a.m. in 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 8, O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 8:30 o'clock.

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Court Block, 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.

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Wolfville, March 11th, '97.

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"THE BEST."

Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.



AN IRRESISTIBLE LINE!

GRAND THIRTY DAYS Cheap Sale!

A Grand Midsummer Sale for 30 days, everything going at reduced prices to make room for Fall Stock. Remember only 30 days. (See below). Just now you are safe in running against anything in our irresistible

\$12.00, \$13.00 or \$14.00
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Line of Suits and Pants. They have touched the popular pulse and are going out like shots from a gaiting gun.

People continue to come, their friends come, and are pleasantly surprised, for one and all say, "We get more than we expected." Mighty pleasant to run against that kind of a line, isn't it?

These are not the only bargains or pleasant surprises we have for the public. Mr. Burrell, our ladies' tailor, has bombs to explode in this Province that will show the ladies that they can get Better Work, Better Styles, and Smaller Prices than they can get in any city.

Mr. Burrell is a first-class, A. 1. (or anything you've a mind to call him) ladies' tailor. He is ably assisted by Miss McCrellin, another artist in this line, who can make you a fancy summer or evening dress as well as a fine tailor-made costume.

See our Window with the handsome Ladies' Military Costume that is all the Rage now.

It will be the envy of many and worn by more.

DEWEY, HOBSON, SCHLEY or SHAFTER are not in it with us. Call and see us. We will be glad to see you, and you will be glad you came.

Telephone No. 35. Laundry Agency in connection.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, Manager.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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Until further notice at Central Hotel.

First-class teams with all the seasonable 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,
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Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

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First-class Work Guaranteed.

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Best attention given to Work Entrusted to us. Orders left at the store of L. W. Sleep will be promptly attended to.

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.

Upon the Way.

What will it matter, in a little while,
That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,
Upon the way?
What will it matter whether hearts were brave
And lives were true;
That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?
These trifles! Can't they make of me
A human life?
Are souls as lightly waved as rushes are
By love or strife?
Yes, yes! a look the fainting heart may break
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's
Sweet sake,
May save a soul.
—May Riley Smith.

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Well, once upon a time," resumed Amber, "a girl as young and beautiful as you were that opal ring. Her name was Linda—Linda Grant—and she was young and gay and romantic, and as she was so charming, she had hosts of lovers; but, strange to say, none of them could win her favor. They said her mind was filled with visions of an ideal lover, grander and handsomer than any man she knew, and that for him she kept her heart."

"Just as I kept mine for Cecil," murmured Violet, tenderly.

"Yes," Amber answered, "with a frown on her averted face. Then she continued:

"Suddenly this beautiful Linda Grant, the boast of this whole country, disappeared as strangely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her."

"Oh!" breathed Violet, in sorrow and dismay.

"It was on a Hallow Eve," went on Amber, "the days were rich in those days, and there had been a grand party at Bonnycastle that night. They said afterward that Linda Grant that night was the gay and the fairest of the fair. She wore pink broadcloth in a court-train, with white lace draperies looped with wild roses, little high-heeled pink slippers, and pearl ornaments. On her finger glowed this opal ring, a mysterious gift from some unknown lover who had sent it with a perfumed note that declared himself to be the Prince Charming for whom Linda was waiting. The mysterious unknown begged her to wear the opal ring as their betrothal ring, until he came to claim her, which should be very soon. This romantic proceeding delighted the young girl, and she wore the opal ring for the first time at the Hallow Eve party. At midnight she left her friends with a light excuse, promising to return in a few minutes, and—was never seen again!"

"Her mysterious lover had claimed her," breathed Violet, in a voice of awe.

"So it was believed for a long time, when all search for her had proved futile, but years passed away before it was learned that death itself had claimed the romantic little beauty that night."

"Death?" cried Violet, trembling.

"Her remains were found five years afterward in an old unused well, and the explanation was perfectly clear. The romantic girl, believing in the witcheries of Hallow Eve, must have slipped away at midnight, when the moon was full, to look for her lover's face in the old well. She probably lost her balance and fell in, and the mystery of her fate remained unknown all that time."

"Poor Linda!" sobbed Violet, with tears upon her cheeks. "And the lover, Amber—did he ever come to seek his betrothed?"

"No, never; and when Linda was found in the well, with the opal ring on her skeleton hand, superstitious people shook their heads and declared the ring was of evil origin, that the Evil One himself had sent it to summon Linda to her dreadful death. Many, many strange stories were told by the credulous country people, and especially the silly slave-folk, but the one most generally credited was the story of Linda's singing."

"Her singing!" Violet echoed, in affright.

"Yes, she had an exquisite voice, and sang like a nightingale," he said, and after her death she assumed the part of a banshee at Bonnycastle. It is said that whenever trouble or death hovers over that household, a phantom voice is heard singing over the old tower, in tones so sweet and sad and ghostly, that the very blood of the listener is curdled in the veins."

Violet shuddered and looked with new interest at the ring on her hand—the mysterious betrothal ring of poor Linda Grant, who had met so terrible a fate.

"Does it frighten you to wear the ring now that you know its gruesome history?" inquired Amber, adding: "I am not a coward myself, but nothing could induce me to wear that ring. For one thing the opal is always considered unlucky, and you must acknowledge that it brought misfortune to poor Linda Grant. Besides, I should always be wondering if it really had an evil origin, and it would frighten me to remember the years in which it was hidden from sight in the old well on that dead girl's skeleton hand."

She expected to see Violet bear the magnificent jewel from her finger, and cast it away in horror, but she was disappointed, and chagrined, for the fair young girl raised it to her lips and kissed it as though it were sacred.

"How different we are, Amber," she said, softly. "All that you have told me only makes this ring dearer. My heart aches for poor dear Linda, and the lover who could never claim her for his own. I am sure he was a real, living lover, and probably her disappearance broke his heart. Their ill-fated love makes it sacred to me; and, besides, I must always remember that it is a pledge of my Cecil's love, and that so long as it keeps its radiance undimmed, his love for me remains unchanged."

And as she had kissed the ring first for the sake of hapless dear Linda, she kissed it again for Cecil, her noble lover, with the love-light in his dark, tender eyes, and the music in his wooing voice.

Amber was chagrined and baffled in her longing to see Violet cast the ring away in fear and disgust. So far her ploy for possessing herself of the jewel had utterly failed, and her hazel eyes flashed malignantly under their drooping lashes.

Trying to keep the bitter anger out of her voice, she added:

"I will tell you how that old story was recalled to my mind to-day. Phebe told me that she met Mrs. Grant's old servant, Uncle Bob, down the road this morning, and the old darky was in a state of excitement because the ghost had been singing over the tower last night, and Mrs. Grant was almost in hysterics to day looking for some dreadful misfortune to befall the family."

"May Heaven watch over that beautiful lady and her noble son, my beloved, and keep them from misfortune!" breathed Violet, turning her sweet, blue eyes heavenward.

Amber gave a low, sarcastic laugh, and exclaimed:

"It would seem as if the Grant's family ghost considers your approaching marriage to Cecil in the light of a misfortune."

"Ah, Amber, do not say such a thing, even in jest, for it would break my heart to bring trouble to my darling Cecil!" almost sobbed Violet, in nervous alarm.

"Of course I was jesting, child, although I fancy that the proud Mrs. Grant might be better pleased if her son had married some rich heiress who could help him redeem the family estates, than a poor girl who will be only a burden to them both. But it cannot be helped, since Cecil has chosen you, and I consider that the banshee showed bad taste in bewailing the affair," Amber rejoined, in a tone of delicate sarcasm.

"Oh, Amber, I do not believe that Cecil's mother is 'at all necessary, for I have heard it several times hinted that she refused our rich grandfather several years ago."

"She must be a very silly woman if she did, for grandpapa's money would have restored old Bonnycastle to its original splendor. But perhaps she thought Cecil would be sure to marry

an heiress. Won't she be furious when he brings home Judge Camden's disinherited grand-daughter as his bride!" said Amber, determined to torture her cousin all she could in a sly way.

She was succeeding well, for Violet burst into low, nervous sobbing, hiding her lovely face in her little white hands.

"Pshaw, Violet, do not cry like a baby. I was only teasing you, and if certainly would not have proposed the elopement," Amber cried, reprovingly, and added:

"Do you know it is but two hours now until we start? You had better lie down and get a little sleep, Violet, so as to look fresh and pretty for the wedding. I will leave you now; and, remember, I will be back in two hours for you; you must be ready in your traveling dress and hat, and we will slip away without any one knowing."

She went away, and Violet lay down as she was bidden, but sleep refused to visit her eyes.

Amber's artful insinuations had made her cousin ten times more unhappy than before. The shadow of a lowering sorrow, heavy but inextinguishable, hovered with black vulture-like wings over her heart, filling it with a nameless terror. Frightened and despondent, she rose and knelt down to pray instead of sleep, asking her heavenly Father to be good to her and Cecil.

CHAPTER XX.

In the little Washington chapel an anxious group waited for Cecil Grant's appearance. They were Violet and Amber, together with the Reverend Wesley Christian and his young wife. The hour of seven had passed, and the early autumn twilight was casting weird shadows within the chapel, with its stained glass windows. It had grown so dark that they could scarcely see each other's face.

But Amber had stipulated that there should be no light to lure passers by to enter. She did not wish to be recognized by any one but her grandfather should find out her share in the elopement.

"But there will be light enough at seven o'clock," she said, placidly enough.

But seven o'clock had passed and the half-hour, also, and yet Cecil Grant did not appear. Amber was loud in wonder and disapproval of the tardy bridegroom, but Violet only trembled and sobbed nervously in her little black handkerchief until her eyes were blinded with burning tears.

She knew that it was strange, very strange, that Cecil had not kept his appointment, but it pained her gentle heart to hear Amber blame him so relentlessly for his tardiness.

"Oh, Amber, do not speak so harshly. He will come. I know he will come," she whispered, through her choking sobs, and just then they heard a carriage stopping outside.

The next moment a tall, dark young man, with his hat pulled over his brow and his firm enveloped in a long, traveling ulster, rushed wildly into the church, panting, in a muffled voice:

"I am pursued by Judge Camden! Let us hasten the ceremony, or we will be interrupted!"

He drew Violet's little hand in his own and led her forward to the altar, followed by Amber in a state of suppressed excitement.

Violet's heart gave a throb of joy at the thought that Cecil had kept his troth, but she did not lift her sweet, tear-dimmed eyes to the face of the man by her side, or even in the twilight gloom of the chapel she would have been startled.

The young minister and his wife having never seen Cecil Grant, had no thought that anything was wrong. They shared in the bride's satisfaction over the bridegroom's coming, and the young divine stepped to the front of the altar and made the lovers one as hastily as he could by somewhat curtailing the Episcopal marriage service.

Like one in a dream, Violet felt the ring slipped over her finger, the bridegroom's kiss on her lips, and an exultant murmur:

"My wife!"

But why did her heart sink down like lead instead of thrilling with a

IN making biscuit, cake, rolls, etc., if instead of using cream of tartar and soda, or soda and sour milk, Royal Baking Powder is employed to raise them, better results will be obtained.

Royal makes food that will keep moist and fresh, and which can be eaten when warm without inconvenience even by persons of delicate digestion.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

young bride's tender joy?

"I congratulate you, Violet. May you be very happy—you and your husband," she heard Amber saying, gayly, but her new-made husband was dragging her away to the carriage, muttering:

"There's not a moment to be lost! Come, dearest, or Judge Camden will overtake us, and—where might be bludgeoned, for he has sworn to shoot me."

She gave a little frightened cry as he lifted her into the carriage, and sank half swooning among the cushions. He followed, the door closed, and the carriage clattered away over the stony street through the deepening night.

The minister, who had received a liberal fee, in spite of the bridegroom's haste, lingered only long enough to put Amber into her phaeton, and then sat out eight, and walked away briskly toward home, leaving the successful schemer to return to her home and complete her elopement work.

She laughed mockingly, as she took up the reins and stirred the pony, and the wandering breeze echoed her own voice back and made her shudder. It sounded like that of some mocking bird.

She drove swiftly out of the city streets, and soon gained the lonely country road full of rustic sights and sounds. Night had fallen, and the sky was gilded with stars, the full moon rising over the hills throwing a flood of light on the scene.

Amber had no fear of the night and the loneliness. She was full of elation and triumph, her pulses bounding with joy.

"Out of my path forever!" she cried, aloud, happily, and the low winds sighing through the trees that skirted the road seemed to echo "Forever!"

She had plotted a wicked and a cruel thing, and she had succeeded in carrying it out, but no remorse touched her as she thought of her nefarious work.

"I have my revenge on her now, the little baby-faced beauty," she whispered to her exulting heart.

Suddenly she heard in the distance coming toward her, the sound of a horse's feet, in a hard gallop over the road.

Her heart leaped into her throat, and she involuntarily drew rein in terror, exclaiming:

"It is he! just a moment too late!"

Nearer, nearer sounded the thunderous hoofs as of one riding for his dear life. Amber's guilty heart told her too surely who was coming, and the cold dew of terror beaded her brow.

"I have the worst task to go through yet, but I will not flinch. A little courage, and it will be over!" she thought, resolutely.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Ontario Farmer Rescued by Paine's Celery Compound.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—It is with very great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound, that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back, and it was only by resting on my elbows and knees that I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound.

Yours sincerely,

O. J. SMITH,

Shelburne, Ont.