

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1899.

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### THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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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.

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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Hugh R. Hatck, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. B. Y. F. U. prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. Woman's Missionary 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. Visitors 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. F. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. At 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. C. W. Palmer's Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 8 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Donkin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting at 10 o'clock, a. m. 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 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Mears, {  
Wardens.  
Geo. A. Frazer, }

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. F.—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 1/2 o'clock p. m.  
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION R. O. 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 2:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Hamilton, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

HEADQUARTERS  
For Rubber Stamps,  
Stencils, Notarial  
AND OTHER SEALS, SIGN  
Markers!  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
London Rubber Stamp Co.,  
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Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on up per Gasperus Avenue, Outbuildings, 4 acres of land mostly covered with orchard.

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MRS. J. B. DAVIDSON.

GLOBE  
Steam Laundry  
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"THE BEST."  
Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

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ARE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL

Their perception of opportunities is the secret of their success. KEEN OBSERVERS will see that NOW is the time to order their FALL and WINTER SUITS, as our

## Fall Stock has just arrived,

and the first buyers will have a larger stock to pick from than those who wait until later.

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## Suitings, Overcoatings & Pantings.

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## Call early to avoid the rush.

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NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

## YOU CAN BUY

Stoves,  
Stovepipe,  
Coal Hods,  
Shoves,  
Cutlery,  
Paints,

## STARR, SON & FRANKLIN'S

### After the Battle.

"Sing, lads, and cannon and roll of drum!  
The shouting of men and the marching of drum!  
Lo! cannon to cannon and earth struck dumb!  
Oh, battle, in song, is a glorious thing!  
Oh, glorious day riding down to the fight!  
Oh, glorious battle in story and song!  
Oh, godlike man to die for the right!  
Oh, manlike God to revenge the wrong!  
Yes, riding to battle on battle day—  
Why, a soldier is something more than a king!  
But after the battle! The riding away!  
Ah, the riding away is another thing!"  
—Joachim Miller.

### The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"You are looking for Anita!" said Madeline, noting my glance. "She has gone to London with my aunt's maid, and will not return till close on midnight. My cousin counselled my staying at home to-night, or allowing him to accompany me. I knew I

should not want for company, so refused to submit. I may not enjoy these walks much longer."  
"What! are you going away?" I asked, in some alarm.  
She shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps! I don't know; certainly I shall have to go sooner or later, but I trust it may not be sooner. When I was shipwrecked here I was on my way to London, to take up my abode with some other relations. They are troubling me with questions, so I have sent up Anita to satisfy them as to my safety. Yet I suppose I shall some day have to go."

She tried to speak earnestly, yet I fancied I detected a ring of regret in her voice, and I quailed before the feeling of desolation which her words brought to my heart.

In that one sentence she had unwittingly shown to me myself—revealed to me the terrible secret which I had been vainly trying to crush from my heart. Even as she had influenced my boyhood, she influenced my manhood. I loved her with the same unshak-

ing love which had filled my soul as a boy—loved her even while I felt that such a love might be the means of blighting my life. I knew that no good could come of it, for was she not so far removed from me as the moon was removed from the sea? And yet I felt at that moment that to love her so, to be only for one hour, was worth whole centuries of pain.

She walked with me as far as the cottage, and, peering at the little wicket gate, gave me her hand.  
"Good-night, Mr. Trethewey," she said, softly; "it is not good-bye yet!"  
Again I raised her hand, and pressed it to my lips; then I dimly remembered entering the cottage; but all seemed unreal save the one overwhelming fact that, fool that I was, I was the slave of Madeline Graham.

### CHAPTER XVI.

The next day was Sunday. I rose early and put on my idling clothes, a dark suit of tweed. That I took more than usual pains with myself may be assumed from the fact that my aunt, as I strolled in to breakfast, started, and looked at me from head to foot in no little surprise. Then she sighed deeply, and glanced at my uncle, who also dressed for the day, in a suit of solemn black, was sitting moodily by the fire.

For many days past, there had been noticeable a curious change in my uncle's manner. I scarcely observed it at the time, for my heart was too full of other and pleasanter impressions; but afterwards, when I came to think it over, I remembered vividly what had previously passed without remark. To begin with, he looked at least ten years older. His old obsequious laugh was gone; and his eyes had a hard, far-away look, very different to their former happy brightness. Sometimes, as we sat together, he would rise abruptly and pass out of the house, leaving the meal on the table untouched. My aunt seemed to forget her own trouble in watching his; and nothing could surpass the silent tenderness with which she waited upon him, never breathing a word of her solicitude, but showing in a hundred gentle ways her wifely sympathy and devotion.

On the present occasion we breakfasted very late; and as we sat, there came to us, faintly wafted over the distant moorland, the sound of the church bells. My uncle started, listened, and drew back his chair. Then, before we could say a word, he seized his hat, and left the house.

"Gaw after him, Hugh!" cried my aunt—sitting quickly, "No, stay! Maybe 'tis better to let 'em be. Oh, Hugh, Hugh, he's never been the same man since our Annie went frae hame!"  
And the tears streamed down her worn cheeks as she spoke, and her voice was broken.

"Don't fret, aunt," I said, gently. "I'm sure Annie is all right—indeed, you know from her own letter that no harm has come to her."

"I'm naw fretting for Annie, it's for father!" was the reply. "I dawa know what there be upon his mind, but he's terrible changed; and what he want, he won't speak it even to me, but keeps it like a canker-worm, gnawing and eating out his life. I were watching him just now, and I knewed well what were passing through 'un's mind."

"What?"  
"First he saw thee dressed and smart, and he thought how his Annie, too, would be sitting, ready for church o' Sundays; and then the bells sounded, and all the happy time came back upon poor father's heart. Oh, Hugh! if you and Annie had been different to you another, father would ha' been happy still; but I dawa blame 'ee, lad—it were no fault o' yours!"

But though she acquit-d me in words, there was in a manner a certain affectionate reproach.

"Aunt," I said, "I would out off my hand to put things right; but Annie never cared for me, and I—"

I paused awkwardly, knowing well that I had never loved my cousin.  
"The Lawd will punish her!" cried my aunt, bitterly. "I'll ne'er forgive her? If she had stayed at hame like a decent lass, it would all ha' come right 'till the end. But she went wae'er a word, and wherever she be

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## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

for it, Annie's all right, and will soon come back home."  
He turned his face toward mine. How strangely wild and weary it seemed, set in its iron-grey hair.  
"Sometimes I think, lad, as she'll never come back; and if she do, will she e'er again be the same little Annie I used to know? But it's naw that, my lad, it's naw that as is on my mind."  
"Then what is it? Annie, I am sure, is well and happy; so what can it be?"  
He looked at me long and steadfastly before he replied.  
"If my lass went away, it mun ha' been because o' trouble; and if 'twere trouble, 'twere a kind that she were prone to tell even to her awn father. That letter my Annie writ came from a sore heart—maybe a heart some villain had broken; and what I think, lad, other folk think too—I ha' seen them whispering it to one another, and looking at me!"  
Of course I understood him well enough; for the same thought had often enough been in my own mind.  
"Whatever has happened," I said, "be sure o' one thing—Annie is not to blame! Uncle, do you know what I have often suspected? My cousin left us only for a little while, because she wished to be out of George Redruth's way."  
"What'd ye mean?" he cried, starting, and trembling violently.  
"There was something between them. He had won her heart, perhaps. Then, distrusting him, and knowing the great distance between their stations, she said to herself, 'I will go away for a time till I am cured, or till he has left the place.'"  
My uncle frowned thoughtfully, and shook his head.  
"Naw Hugh—there be more in't than that; but, whatever it be, I'm sure the young master had no hand in't. I know you never liked 'em, Hugh; but Master Jargo has a kind heart, and would never do a dirty deed. Why, I ha' knawed him and served him ever sin' he were a boy, and I'd trust 'em wi' my own life."  
In pity for his trouble, I forbore to tell him all I know. Even had I done so, I believe his simple faith in the "master" would have remained firm.  
"It's o' summat else I'm thinking, lad," he said, after a pause; "summat that were tawid me 't' other day by John Rudd. Three or four days after Annie went away, John Rudd he saw her in Falmouth, alawng wi' that Yankee chap, Johnson, the overseer."  
He noticed my start of surprise, and continued:  
"They were standing talking together on the quay, and Annie were crying. Maybe there's summat in it, and maybe naw; but sin' the night she went, overseer chap has been away—folk say, in London. Putting this and that together, Hugh, my lad, what do it all mean?"  
I was as puzzled as himself; but I hastened to assure him of one thing—the utter impossibility of there being any intimate relationship between my cousin and the pseudo American. He looked somewhat incredulous, for in his simple eyes Johnson was a stylish and important person, very likely to find favor in the eyes of a young woman.  
He rose wearily and held out his hand.  
"Lad, me to think it out, lad. My mind be fixed that summat's wrong, and I shan't sleep till I knaw the truth, the whole Gospel truth. I ha' been praying and praying that things be nawt as I ha' feared, for if any living man had played the villain wi' my Annie, Lawd help him! Lawd keep him from the reach o' my hands!"  
As I looked into his face, I could not help echoing the prayer. I felt certain, at the same time, that his fears and suspicions had shot greatly in ex-

cess of the truth. I knew that scandal was busy with poor Annie's name, and that much of the scandal must have reached his ears; but I could not yet bring myself to believe that Annie's flight betokened anything seriously wrong. Of one thing I felt, nevertheless, certain—that if wrong had been done, George Redruth was in some way responsible.

I stood and watched my uncle, as he wandered away in the direction of our home; then I turned my face again toward the sea, and wandered on. As I went, the moor grew open and wilder, strewn with great stones and boulders like fragments of the wreck of some past world; some high as menhirs translated thither in some prehistoric period of wondrous floods—when the arid waste on which I trod was the oozy bottom of a troubled sea.

Here and there fed wild cattle, black and horned, like those that haunted the woods of Ancient Britain. In solitary places the buzzard hovered, and by the brink of lonely tarns the heron waded, rising up as I approached, with sleepy waft of wing.

At last, after a ramble of several miles, I approached the sea margin. My path was now on the stony edge of low lying cliffs, at the base of which the waters thundered for ever. Here I found a lonely promontory of black granite, stretching out into the sea, and whitened at its limits by the chalky droppings of innumerable seabirds. On a rocky island a few yards from the extreme point of the promontory, sat a flock of cormorants; as I approached, they turned their snake-like necks, but did not rise.

The sun was warm and bright, the sea calm and shimmering like steel. I threw myself down on the rocks, and, with face upturned to the clear skies, closed my eyes. A large black-winged gull wheeled, screaming, over me, and then sailed slowly away. All I heard was the low murmur of the billows breaking sadly on the rocks beneath me—that sound which "deepens silence," and has such solemn meanings for the troubled human soul.

Suddenly another sound broke upon my ear. I started, and listened. The sound seemed to come from the sea itself, and was like a wondrous singing. I rose quickly, and, crossing the rocks, walked in the direction from which the voice came.

Approaching the edge of the crags, I looked down, and saw beneath me in the very shadow of the promontory, a quiet creak. The rocks fell sounder, leaving a space of sandy beach, some twenty yards broad, and closed by the still waters of the sea, which broke in a thin fringe of white foam on a sunny slope of white pebble and golden sand.

It was a nook just such as the fabled merwomen or sirens might have chosen when the world was haunted, and such fair creations brightened the sunshine. But what am I saying? It was haunted still, and by one far sweeter and more winsome than any mere creature of a poet's fancy!

Lying like a basking seal on the loose shingle just under the rocks, and looking up at me with sparkling eyes, was the colored girl from Demerara; and standing on the water's edge, with her face looking seaward, was Madeline Graham.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

### A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. I also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.  
GEORGE V. RAND, Druggist, Wolfville, N. S.

Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness, and altogether past calculation are its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit of sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.