

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1898.

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THE ACADIAN.

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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 ar-

angement for standing notices.

Advertisements for the sale of land, or
for the sale of any other property, will
be published on application to the
editor, and payment on receipt of the
copy, and no responsibility is assumed
for their success or failure.

The ACADIAN TOP DEPARTMENT is con-

stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
in all work turned out.

Every communication from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
views of the party writing for the ACADIAN
will invariably accompany the copy, unless
otherwise stated, although the same may be
written in a fictitious name.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Orders Here, 8.00 A. M. to 8.30 P. M.

Letters are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 9.10
A. M.

Express west close at 10.00 A. M.

Express east close at 4.00 P. M.

Knights close at 6.40 P. M.

Geo. V. Bann, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed
on Saturdays at 1 P. M.

D. W. Mearns, Agent.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R.

Bath, M. A. Pastor. Services: Sunday,
preaching at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.; Sun-

day School at 2.30 P. M. B. Y. P. U.
services on Tuesday evening at
7.30, and Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7.30. Women's Mis-

sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
evening at 7.30. Chalmers Church,
Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday
at 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. 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 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting
on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the
services are free and strangers welcome
at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 11 A. 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 7.30 P. M. Holy Communion
at 11 A. M.; 3d, 4th and 5th at
7.30 P. M. Service every Wednesday at 7.30
P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
S. J. Rutherford, Warden.

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

Temperance.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-

noon at 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Court Blomidon, 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, for
each mail free, 50c. club of
five, \$2.50. For Printing Cards,
Marking Clothes, &c.

LONDON REPAIR STAMP CO.,
Manufacturers of Notary Seals, Bonds,
Rubber Stamps, &c.

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 carefully attended to. Charges moder-

ate.
Wolfville, March 11th, '97.

GLOBE

Steam Laundry

HALIFAX, N. S. 28

"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 irrec-

sistible

\$12.00, \$13.00 or \$14.00
and \$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00

Line of Suits and Pants. They have touch-

ed the popular pulse and are going out like
shots from a gating 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
which 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 McClellan, 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 SHAFER 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.

NOW IS THE TIME

FOR

Screen Doors and Windows.

GREEN WIRE CLOTH.

(ALL WIDTHS).

DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING,

CEDAR AND SPRUCE SHINGLES.

WE HAVE THEM.

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.

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. 38

POETRY.

Brilliant.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy
brother's

For where love dwells the peace of God
is there.

To worship rightly is to love each other.
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed
a prayer.

—Whittier.

With the restless night of Spring
That from dark winter's bondage
breaks,

Through fear and doubting let us wing
into the light God's service makes!

The words were easy to redeem,
Would Faith dare do what Love dare
dream!

—E. B. Estlin.

Shall we know in the hereafter
The reasons that are hid?

Does the butterfly remember
What the caterpillar did?

How he waited, toiled and struggled
And became a chrysalid?

When we creep so slowly upward,
When each day new burdens bring,
When we strive in vain to conquer
Hindering, unhelpful things;

When we wait and long and struggle
—We are working for our wings.

—Anon.

O Earth, thy carpet is so green to-day,
I would forget the graves it hides away!

I would not hear the sighs of grief and
care

That tremble in thy balmy, sunlit air.
But nature's touch upon the soul within
Is as the master hand on violin;

And through thy music's soft, sweet-
est strain

There throbs an endless undertone of
pain.

—Cav's Black Monogram.

I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell;

And by and by my soul returned to
me.

And answered, "I myself am Heaven and
Hell."

Heaven is but the vision of fulfilled
Desire.

And Hell the shadow from a soul on fire,
Cast on the darkness into which Our-
selves.

To late emerged from, shall so soon
expire.

—Fitz Gerold's "Omar Khayyam."

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"But I did not come to taunt you,
only to show you the futility of your
present plans. Dear grandpa, you
cannot risk the loss of your high
standing in the county by these high-

handed measures with Violet. But
suppose I can arrange her marriage
with Harold Castello in the light of an
elopement, and make Cecil Grant
himself believe her false to her vows,
what then?"

"You could not do it!" he averred,
hoarsely.

"I can, and will, if you trust me.
But—I have my price!"

"Your price?"

"Of course. It will be a great
undertaking, you know; and if I suc-

ceed in outwitting Cecil Grant, and
making Violet the bride of Harold
Castello, you ought not to begrudge me
a handsome present."

"I won't, my dear. Now out with
it. It's that diamond necklace you've
been badgering me about so long, no
doubt."

"It is not the diamond necklace.
It's a liberal check, grandpa. You
know I never have any money of my
own scarcely, and you do tear around
so outrageously about paying my
bills!"

the success of your darling wish?
Besides, am I not your legal heir, and
I should get the money later on, so
why not a little sooner?"

"Don't be too sure of that, you
mix! I shall probably leave all my
money to some charitable institution!

Besides, I shall live to be a hundred
years old!"

So he blustered and stormed, but
Amber remained as cool as an iceberg,
and would not abate one dollar of her
demand, so that in the end he yielded,
grumpily, and promised the check.

She thanked him with an ardent
glance, and said:

"You must love money very much,"
he said, curiously.

"I do," she admitted, frankly, and
added: "Oh, how happy you have
made me, for that check shall buy for
me the desire of my heart!"

"What is it?" he asked; but Amber
evaded the question, and proceeded to
unfold to him a portion of her plans.

They were so clever and so wicked
that he was chagrined because they
had not occurred to his own mind, so
fertile in inventing evil.

CHAPTER XIII.

"If I could only see my darling
Cecil, for even one short hour!" Violet
sighed, day after day.

It was so lonely in her chamber,
which Judge Camden would not per-
mit her to leave, and where no one was
allowed to visit her except Amber and
Miss Shirley.

"I am quite well enough to go down
stairs now," she insisted, impatiently,
to Mrs Shirley every day, but the
meek little widow shook her head and
sighed:

"Your grandfather thinks different-
ly, my dear, and of course that settles
the matter."

It certainly settled it as far as Mrs
Shirley was concerned, for she was the
meek slave of the irascible old man,
and lived in a chronic state of fear lest
she should offend him and be sent
away from Golden Willows in disgrace.

When he took her to bring up his
two orphan grand-daughters, he had
rescued her from a life of grinding
poverty and toil, the needle her only
defence against hunger and privation.

As she was not aggressive nor high-
spirited, she preferred to endure all the
caprices and ill humor of her benefactor
rather than lose her luxurious home-
stead she did not dare oppose the tyrant in
the slightest thing. His will was her
law.

So Violet could not expect any help
from Cousin Shirley, as they called
her, her relationship being vague and
distant, and her interests being centered
in the preservation of her own self-
ish comfort in accordance with the first
law of nature.

Yet Mrs Shirley was not cruel or
unkind. She was only the slave of
circumstance, as we all are in a great
degree.

There is no help or hope for poor
Violet in that household, where her
tyrannical old grandfather held the
balance of power.

And she knew that quiet prepara-
tions for her marriage were going
steadily forward, and that Harold
Castello was expected to arrive in
three days more.

She began to grow doubtful and
frightened, to wonder if they really
had the power to force her into a mar-
riage against her will, to dwell feverish-
ly on the thought of escape.

But where could she go that her
grandfather, her legal guardian, could
not force her to return to his protec-
tion? The protection of the wolf for
the lamb, she thought, despairingly.

The only gleam of brightness in her
life was when Amber brought the daily
letter from Cecil, the fond, loving
letters, counselling courage and patience,
and assuring her that, no matter
how much the judge might bluster, he
could not marry her to Harold Castello
without her consent.

Cecil did not really know how wicked
and cruel the old man could be.
Violet had kept from him, in very
shame, the knowledge of the cruel blow
that had caused her almost fatal illness.

She could not bring herself to con-
fide the humiliating story to her noble
lover, but she knew well that he did
not fully realize the perils by which
she was surrounded.

"Only to see him, if but for one
short hour!" was the yearning cry of

her anguished heart. It seemed as if
one look into his beautiful, brave,
dark eyes, one clasp of his strong white
hand, would endow her with new life
and hope.

In her despair, she turned to
Amber, crying:

"Oh, Amber, you are so good, so
clever, do think of some plan to let me
see my darling Cecil, if only for one
short hour!"

Amber smiled, gayly, as she
answered:

"Those are almost the very same
words that Cecil said to me about you
this morning, and I have been racking
my brain to invent a plan, for, oh! I
feel so sorry for you both!"

"You are so good, Amber. I can
never thank you enough. Oh, may
Heaven soon send you a lover as noble
and handsome as my Cecil!"

"You have wished that before, Vi-
olet," laughed Amber.

"And I could not make a bet-
ter wish for you, dear; for I believe that
love is the sweetest thing in life."

"And the bitterest when unrequit-
ed," Amber answered, in so harsh a
tone that Violet started in affright and
cried out:

"Oh, I—I forgot! You—you once
loved—Cecil, very dearly! But oh, I
think, I hope, you have got over it,
dear Amber, have you not?"

"Oh, yes, of course, Violet! It is
so easy to get over a slighted love, you
know," laughed Amber, with a bitter-
ness she could scarcely conceal, while
to her throbbing heart she cried:

"How I will torture pretty golden
haired Violet for those words some
day! I will pay her back pang for
pang all the pain that I have suffered."

And she was willing to give her
some little happiness now, because in
the future Violet would feel the con-
trast more keenly between fleeting bliss
and endless despair.

So she brought the love-letters to
and fro, getting her own reward in the
letters of gratitude that she was wind-
ing around Cecil's heart, and she even
planned a meeting for the lovers.

That beautiful September day,
when the air was so still, so balmy and
sweet, and the leaves just beginning to
turn crimson in the woods, she came
smiling into Violet's room, exclaiming:

"I have tormented grandpa until
he has granted my wish, and you will
be allowed to go with me for a drive
this afternoon. What do you think of
that for a victory, little Violet?"

CHAPTER XIV.

Violet's beautiful eyes beamed with
joy and gratitude.

"I shall see Cecil! Oh, Amber,
you will let me see Cecil?" she cried,
with childish eagerness, clapping her
little white hands.

"Yes, you shall see Cecil; but—"
and Amber paused diffidently, then
added: "There will be one drawback to
your pleasure."

"What is that, dear Amber?"

"Grandpa suspects that I am in
sympathy with you and Cecil. He
made me promise that neither of us
would leave the phaeton for a single
moment while we are out."

"Well, Amber?"

"Do you not see that Cecil can only
come to the side of the phaeton and
talk to you in my presence? Of
course a third party will spoil the
pleasure of your meeting."

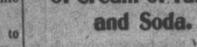
"Oh, no, no, no, dear Amber, for we
both love you so dearly, you have been
so good to us! And so it does not
matter if you hear all that we have to
say! For we will not have time to
talk of our love, but only of our
troubles," declared Violet, frankly.

"Very well, then, Violet, you may
get ready at once. Cecil will be wait-
ing for us on the river-road, expecting
to get a letter. What a happy sur-
prise he will have in seeing you!"

"He will be overjoyed," agreed Vi-
olet, without noticing Amber's angry
frown at her tone of happy confidence
in her lover.

"The joy of the anticipated meeting
chased the sadness from her eyes, and
brought a lovely rose-flush into her
delicate cheeks. She dressed herself
in a soft, white cashmere gown, with a
little wrap to match, that had a quan-
tity of fluffy white lace and blue ribbon
about the neck and shoulders. A
pretty hat in white and blue crowned
the rippling waves of golden hair, and

Use in place of Cream of Tartar and Soda.



ROYAL

BAKING
POWDER

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More convenient,
Makes the food lighter
and more healthful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

framed a picture of girlish beauty
charming enough to enrapture the
heart of a poet, a painter, or a lover.

When the two girls were seated side
by side in the phaeton, the one so dar-
ingly fair, the other so dark and bril-
liant, they embodied the poet's fancy
of a sunny morn and a starry night,
and it would have been hard for any
one but a lover to decide which one
could claim the palm of superior
beauty.

But there was not a doubt in Cecil's
mind, for, since the first moment he
met Violet, he had named her in his
heart fairest of the fair.

Like Violet, he had been pining to
meet his love, and Amber had prom-
ised him an interview if it could possibly
be managed.

But, knowing the vindictive old
judge so well, he scarcely dared hope
she would succeed.

So it was with no thought of seeing
Violet, but in the hope of a letter from
her, he waited impatiently by the river
that day.

When he heard the light roll of
wheels on the sandy road, he came out
from the retreat where he was waiting,
and his heart leaped with joy.

There was Violet, his beautiful dar-
ling, his heart's idol, by Amber's side,
her eyes beaming with joy, her little
white hands outstretched, as she called
tenderly:

"Cecil, dear Cecil!"

Amber chirped to the gray pony,
and it stopped obediently, while Cecil
flew to Violet's side, and pressed her
darling hands in both his own.

"You may kiss her if you choose
Cecil. I shall be looking the other
way!" Amber said, lightly, and, blush-
ing, Violet bent her head till her lips
met Cecil's in a gentle pressure, soft as
dew, but thrilling as wine.

"My own!" he whispered, with a
thrill of intoxicating bliss.

But is they could have seen the face
that Amber had turned from them
toward the blue and sunny sky, they
would have been startled at its jealous
pain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Robinson was a bit unsteady the other
evening when he arrived at his house.
His wife greeted him with frowns as
he came up stairs with his lighted candle
flickering unsteadily, and upbraided him
with his bad habits and his general in-
feriority to her. Just then the candle
fell out of his hands. "See, my dear," he
exclaimed with a deprecating smile, "I
can't even hold a candle to you!"

Men and Women Repaired.

A machine that is constantly and in-
cessantly working needs repairs at certain
intervals.

The human frame, worn by mental
and physical toil and subjected to the
worries and cares of