

# 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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(IN ADVANCE.)

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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 on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian-Journal is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction in all work turned out.

Newly commissioned from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the communication, 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, 8:00 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.  
Halls 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 4:00 P. M.  
Kentville close at 4:40 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. Munro, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Bitch, 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 7:30 P. M. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 7:30 A. 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 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Chalmers Church, 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. Joseph Hala, 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 welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching 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. Storey, & Warden.  
S. J. Kitchener, & Warden.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. M.—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. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Bldg of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.  
Court Dominion, 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, 15c. (club of 10 for \$1.50). For Printing Cards, Marking Clothes, &c.

LONDON RUBBER STAMP CO.,  
Manufacturers of Notary Seals, Stencils, 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 moderate.

Wolville, March 11th, '97. 27

GLOBE  
Steam Laundry  
HALIFAX, N. S. 28  
"THE BEST."  
Wolville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

### A Fine Range of Summer Tweeds.

\*\*\*\*\*

We have in stock now the finest range of spring and summer Tweeds ever seen in the County, and as stylish an assortment as can be shown in the Province.

They are marked at a surprisingly low figure which is bound to sell them.

See our Stock and our Work!  
You can't do better anywhere!

We can give you a Suit from \$12.00 up.

We are the local agents for the famous Tyke and Blenheim Serge.

We have a range of the famous Oxford Tweeds always on hand.

LAUNDRY AGENCY in connection.

Telephone No. 35.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING COMPANY,  
NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

WOLFVILLE.



### Ladies' Dresses.

\*\*\*\*\*

Our Ladies' Tailoring and Dressmaking department has been a grand success and we are now getting ready for a large summer trade.

We have a well equipped workroom and

Guarantee Entire Satisfaction!

We have made several dresses for the Countess of Aberdeen, which is proof that our work is the best that can be done.

We have a lady always at hand to assist at fitting. She is a first-class dressmaker and any lady wishing fancy or plain made dresses may call on MISS HOGGELLEN, who will be pleased to show every attention to them. Go in the side entrance, go up-stairs and knock at the door.

ONCE A CUSTOMER ALWAYS A CUSTOMER!

Mr. Burrell, who has charge of this department, is working under the patronage of the Countess of Aberdeen.

### 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.

POETRY.

The Village Oracle.

Beneath the weather-beaten porch  
That shades the village store  
He sits at ease an aged man  
Of three-score years or more,  
That ample seat for him is placed  
Beside the open door.

His face is very keen and awed,  
And piercing are his eyes,  
As with an air of prophesy  
He scans the cloudy skies;  
And children look with awe on him  
For he is weather-wise.

And jolly farmers riding by  
On fragrant loads of hay,  
Call out, "Good morning, Uncle Dan!"  
And "Will it rain to-day?"  
And boys who would a fishing go  
Await what he will say.

"Wa-a-l of th' wind should change  
about!"  
(They listen eagerly;  
But he is very slow and calm  
For thus should prophets be)  
"Mebbe them clouds will bring us rain;  
But I dunno," says he.

And ever as the seasons come  
And at the seasons go,  
The oracle is asked the signs  
Of wind or rain or snow,  
And still he never hesitates  
To answer "I dunno."

—Cleveland Leader.

SELECT SERIAL.

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"But the 'other man' is a millionaire, Violet, and Cecil is poor, with only an old name and some ancestral property, that he has no money to keep up properly."

"I do not care about the money. I could be happy with Cecil in a cabin!"

"Poor Violet! And yet, as surely as you live, grandpapa will make you marry the other man!"

"Never!" cried Violet, with beaming bosom and flashing eyes, "No man but Cecil Grant shall ever call me wife. Grandpapa might force me to the altar with this hated stranger, but I should take poison and fall down dead at his feet before his ring was on my hand, like the heroine of Ralph Washburn Chainey's beautiful poem, 'A Broken Marriage.'"

"What did she do?" inquired Amber, who had not read the verses.

"Let me read the lines for you," Violet answered, taking up a magazine

from the onyx table by her side. She opened it and began to read aloud, in a low voice, freighted with the fullness of a sorrowful heart:

A BROKEN MARRIAGE.

"Stop the service! Still the singing! Smile no more, but bow the head! For the bride, so young and winning, Lies before the church door dead."

"Marriage kisses change to partings; Tears ebb the bridal veil! That golden band has rent her heart-strings;

"Stead of laughter comes a wail.

"No more want of marriage splendor; Death has taken the place of pain; No more need of bridal favor, Love doth call on love in vain.

"Paler than the snow she lies— Cold as the winter morning; Oh, why did she so despise Love's devotion and God's warning!

"She who swore to wed no other, At the altar kept her vow; When they tore her from her lover, Made her to proud Mammon bow.

"Close the stately bridal chamber— Ye may now those flowers save; For the roses that scented her chamber May perfume her new-made grave.

"Now the wedding march may be A low requiem for the dead; And arms that fair would bridge death's sea May seal the tomb that's o'er her head."

Even Amber's cruel heart was touched by the sad words and the pathetic voice, and she said, in a softer voice:

"Poor young bride! It was very sad."

"Yes, but it was better to die than marry one she could not love," Violet answered, very seriously, and Amber began to comprehend that Judge Camden would have some trouble in enforcing his authority. What if Violet should carry out her threat of suicide?

A shudder ran over her as she pictured in her mind the scene of bridal pageantry, the flower-draped altar, the joyous music, and Violet dead before the altar in her bridal robes.

After a moment's thought, she said, coaxingly:

Cheer up, Violet, for grandpapa's mysterious choice may be as young and handsome as Cecil himself."

"Oh, do not talk to me of that man, Amber, but tell me, instead, something of Cecil. Oh, my heart aches for news of my darling! Tell me, have you seen him since that night?"

"No, Violet, I have not seen him; but he has not gone away, I know, for he has sent you several letters and bouquets since that night."

"Oh, Amber, why were they not given to me?"

"Grandpapa sent them back with angry messages."

"Oh, it is a wicked shame! Grandpapa had no right!" sobbed Violet.

"Of course not, but he is like the robber barons of old. He believes that might makes right," laughed Amber.

"Oh, Heaven! how cruel he is! How can I bear to be parted like this from my darling? The end of it will be that I shall die, as my poor mother did before me!" wept Violet, hiding her tearful face in her little hands.

Amber caught the gleam of a glow-in-jewel that hung loosely yet on Violet's wasted finger, and she cried out, sharply:

"Did Cecil give you that opal for an engagement ring?"

"Yes," sobbed Violet, and added: "He told me the gem would remain bright as long as he was true to me, but if false, would grow dull and lifeless. Is not that a pretty fancy, Amber?"

"Pretty enough, but I would not wear an opal ring for anything on earth! It is a very unlucky stone, and is said to bring misfortune to the wearer. I wonder that Cecil gave it to you; but then I suppose he was too poor to buy you a new one and made this do," sneered Amber, adding, after a moment's thought: "I remember to have heard that the Grants had an old opal ring in the family with a very curious history. I will try and get the particulars and tell you all about them some time, Violet. There are always strange stories in old families like Cecil's, you know. But now I must go and dress for my morning drive, so au revoir."

CHAPTER VII.

Amber had been gone but a moment when Judge Camden entered the room.

He frowned darkly when he saw how Violet's lips were quivering, and how the tears were stealing down her pale cheeks.

"I met Amber coming out. What has she said to cause those tears?" he asked, curiously.

"Violet answered, heart-brokenly: 'She has been telling me of the letters and flowers dear Cecil sent me while I was sick and which you returned to him with unkind messages.'"

"Tut, tut! Amber is a wretched little tell-tale, but I don't care, Violet, for the sooner you realize that you can never have Cecil Grant, the better for all concerned!"

Violet did not answer a word. She remembered shudderingly the cruel blow he had struck her before, and which had caused her almost fatal illness. She could only listen in despairing silence while the Judge continued, sternly:

"I hope you will listen peaceably to what I have come to say this morning."

She bowed her golden head in silent acquiescence, but saying to herself that, no matter what he should say, she would die before she would marry any one but her darling Cecil.

"You know, Violet, that you owe me the obedience of a daughter. I have cared for you all your life, and but for me you would have had a hard life enough among those beggarly Meads, your father's relations."

"Grandpapa, I am very grateful for your kindness, indeed I am; but I must insist that you will not speak so contemptuously of my father's people, it wounded Violet, with a sweet and gentle dignity.

"And why not, saucy-box? Your father was a scamp, no doubt of that. Besides, didn't I tell you to listen quietly and not answer me back?"

Violet sighed and returned in silence, though her cheeks burned with anger at the insulting mention of her

dead father. She knew that his blind prejudice against the young soldier, who had run off with his youngest daughter, made him exaggerate all his faults.

"Well, as I was saying to you that night, my girl, your mother disappointed all my hopes; but I swear that you shall not. I've picked out a rich husband for you, and I want you to accept my choice like a good girl," rejoined he. "Why, almost any girl would jump at the chance of such a husband—young, rich, and loving!"

"But, grandpapa, I have never even seen him. How can he love me?"

"He has seen you, although he didn't tell me where, and he thinks you are the rarest beauty in the world—just worships the ground you walk on! He will settle a fortune on you the day that you marry him. Violet, think of that, my dear!"

She shuddered with disgust, and cried out, tremblingly:

"I cannot sell myself for gold."

And suddenly she fell at his feet and lifted her imploring blue eyes to his face.

"Oh, do let me speak to you one moment," she cried. "It is a wicked thing you urge me to do, grandpapa, to marry one man while my heart is full of love for another. The blessings of Heaven could not fall on such a sinful marriage."

"Get up, Violet, do. I never had any taste for private theatricals, and I am disgusted at your lack of good sense in refusing this splendid offer."

"But my heart was already given to another, Amber, you know—she's not engaged. Perhaps she would take him, and you would still have him in the family, you know."

"He wouldn't look at Amber. It's you he worships! And let me tell you, miss, he's far handsomer than your vaunted Cecil Grant. Here's his photograph which he gave me for you, Look! did you ever see such a man as that?"

He held up a cabinet picture before her eyes, and Violet looked at it with some girlish curiosity over her unknown admirer.

It represented a very dark and very handsome man of about twenty-five years. There was no denying that in looks he compared very favorably with Cecil Grant's manly beauty.

But no sooner did Violet catch a glimpse of the picture than her face began to change from pale to crimson and back again, while her blue eyes glowed with disdain and anger.

Drawing back, with a shudder of repulsion, she cried out, scornfully:

"That wretch! That villain! That monster in human form! To dare to offer me his guilty, blood-stained hand! Oh, heavens!"

Judge Camden was so startled by her agitation that he sprang to his feet and demanded, hoarsely:

"Now what the deuce do you mean, girl, by calling Harold Castello such outrageous names? Do you know him? Have you ever seen him?"

Violet looked like one who had received some terrible shock.

She lay back in her chair, gasping for utterance, her face the hue of death, her eyes glaring as though she beheld some hideous specter.

Judge Camden shook her roughly by the shoulder, exclaiming:

"What, in the name of all that's evil, is the matter with you, girl? Here I show you the picture of a very good-looking young man, and you shriek out as if you had seen a Medusa! When I ask you a civil question, you won't answer, but fall back in your chair and pretend to be fainting! Now what is the cause of all this? I demand an answer! Do you know Harold Castello? Have you ever seen him? And if you have, why did you abuse him in such awful terms?"

CHAPTER VIII.

He stood waiting for an answer, his hand clutching her shoulder with a violence of which he was not himself aware, until she cried out with the pain.

"Oh, you hurt me!"

He loosened his angry grasp and said, impatiently:

"Well, answer my question, then,

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

What did you mean just now?"

"What have I said? What have I done?" she moaned, lifting up her heavy head and awfully blanched face.

"You have not forgotten?" he cried, incredulously.

She put her hand to her brow, shuddering.

"I have had some kind of a strange turn, but I think you asked me if I knew some one. Was it Harold Castello?"

"Yes—do you?"

"No, grandpapa, I have never heard that name in my life!" shuddered Violet.

"Then why did you call him such vile names—wretch, villain, monster, murderer, thief, perhaps, as I can scarcely remember all your choice epithets?" sarcastically.

"Did I say all that?" murmured Violet, in a sort of dismay. Then she caught her breath and said, more naturally: "It is not strange that I called him names, is it? I hate him, you know, because you are trying to force him on me for a husband."

"You need not pour out a whole flood of billingsgate on a gentleman because he does you the honor to offer you his hand."

"The honor? Oh, Heaven!" cried Violet, in deep disgust.

"Yes, the honor," repeated Judge Camden, angrily. "Why, you can reign like a queen in that palace of his on beautiful Prairie avenue."

"I would not cross his threshold for wealth untold!" she cried, obstinately.

"You can't refuse his hand, then—to disobey my commands?"

"You may kill me if you choose, grandpapa, but you cannot coerce me into marrying that man!"

Her eyes blazed into his, blue and defiant, but he restrained his impulse to strike her again and said, angrily:

"Perhaps you think you will elope with Cecil Grant, and disgrace me as your mother did."

Her cheek crimsoned, but she answered, in a softened tone:

"There would be no disgrace in marrying Cecil. He is noble, and good, and true."

"And poor as poverty," he sneered, to be continued.

### DANGER AHEAD.

When Children Are Weak and Sickly in Summer Time.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes Them Healthy Happy and Joyous.

The Great Medicine Is Blessed by Thousands of Mothers.

Try It for Your Boys and Girls.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIRS:—I think it a duty to write you for the benefit of all who have delicate children, and to make known what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my child. She has been delicate all her life. I have tried many medicines, and have had her under allopathic and homoeopathic treatment with but little benefit. Almost in despair, and as a last resort, I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using three bottles she is now perfectly well and strong. I have also used your medicine myself for complications arising from overwork and loss of rest, and am greatly benefited thereby. I would strongly urge all who are in any way afflicted to do as I have done, "try Paine's Celery Compound," and be convinced of its wonderful curing power.

Yours gratefully,  
Mrs. A. R. BURCHOMBS,  
William St., London, Ont.