

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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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 a condition of publication. The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

New 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

Covers Home, 8:40 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.
Hull's 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 6:40 p.m.
Geo. V. HARD, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p.m. W. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R. Hatch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sunday School at 9:30 p.m. B. F. P. U. Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 9:45 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. at the Baptist Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School at 9:30 p.m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 10 a.m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 9:30 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 9:45 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. at the Presbyterian Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School at 9:30 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 p.m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the boys are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 11 a.m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesdays.

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 11 a.m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, 1st Warden.
S. J. Hutchinson, 2d Warden.

St. FRANCIS (O.L.G.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. 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 S. O. F. 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 o'clock.

Foresters.

Cent Biondini, 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, 30c; club of 10, \$2.50. For Printing Cards, Making Globes, etc.

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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.

Wolfville, March 11th, '97.

GLOBE Steam Laundry

HALIFAX, N. S.

"THE BEST."

Wolfville Agents, Mackay & 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.

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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 McCLELLAN, 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.

Wah Hop, CHINESE LAUNDRY,

Wolfville, N. S.

First-class Work Guaranteed.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my store in

Crystal Palace Block I

Fresh and Salt Meats,

Hams, Bacon, Bologna,

Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNCANSON,

Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895.

Pine Tailoring.

Thinking the public for past favors, I take pleasure in announcing that I now have one of the best cutters in the Maritime Province, and anyone desiring High class Work and Stylish Fitting Garments will be sure to call on me.

Take a look over our Splendid Stock of

English Goods.

These I have imported myself. They consist of

SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS FINE WORSTED COATING AND TROUSERS.

W. S. WALLACE.

Fruit House.

(Established 1863.)

We offer to the trade

150 Bunches Bananas

100 Boxes Lemons, extra quality

100 Half Boxes Lemons, fancy

75 Boxes California Navel Oranges

150 " Prunes

75 " Evaporated Apples

75 Bags Cocoanuts

25 Bbls Foxberries

Also a large quantity of Tamarinds.

Gastonguay Bros.,

(Successors to Heston & Devine.)

143 Argyle, & 144 & 146 Barrington Street,

Halifax, N. S.

Amber: "I spoke hastily just now, Cecil, and did not mean what I said. I forgive you for your cruelty to me, and I want to be your friend, since I cannot be your love, like Violet."

"He thought that he had never seen proud Amber so charming as now, with those downcast eyes and that sad, resigned air, so sweet and gentle. The humble, entreating voice melted his heart.

Besides, he did not feel himself entirely blameless.

A handsome young man has no business paying pointed attentions to a lovely girl, unless he means to propose marriage, and Cecil knew that he had given Madame Gruby some room for gossip.

So it pleased him to find the injured one so willing to condone his fault and claim friendship in lieu of love.

He admired Amber very much, and carried away by her generosity, he warmly pressed her extended hand.

"You are ill, Amber—your hand is hot and burning!" he cried, in dismay.

"No! I am excited, that is all! Now, Cecil, we are friends again, are we not? And I will not try to envy Violet's good fortune if you will give me the second place in your heart."

She waited for him to answer, and the murmuring river filled up the pause. If he had understood its subtle language, it would have sounded like a note of warning: "Beware!"

But Cecil saw no treachery in the hand eyes that looked up to him with such mute imploring. Touched by her generosity, he murmured:

"I pledge you my friendship, Amber, next to my love for sweet Violet; and if you ever need a favor, claim it from me as a brother."

"Thank you, dear, dear Cecil," she murmured, gratefully, plaintively, and passed out of his sight.

CHAPTER III.

"Amber, why are you watching over me? My head aches and my eyes are dim. Have I been ill?"

Violet's voice was very weak and low, and her eyes tried to pierce the dim light of the shaded night-lamp, to watch Amber at the open window in the flood of silvery moonlight.

A week had passed since Judge Camden's return from Chicago, and ever since the next day Violet had been dangerously ill. Indeed, this was her first conscious hour.

"Have I been ill?" she faltered, weakly, and Amber answered, in a cold voice:

"Yes, so ill for a week that we despaired of your life; but I suppose you will get well now, Violet."

"Oh, Cecil!" blushing; but just then Amber appeared, exclaiming:

"Grandpapa has come already, Violet, and has sent me to call you in. He is very impatient to see you."

Violet flew blithely across the daisied lawn, but Amber lingered on, eager to make up her quarrel with Cecil.

She stood in his path, so that he could not turn away from her, while she murmured, with a gentleness that was new and strange in haughty

with sad plaints of her lover's falsity. Amber gazed at her victim a moment with gleaming eyes and stole softly away to her own room, whispering to her guilty heart.

"She has taken a relapse, and the doctor said she would die if she did. Well, what do I care? It would be a lucky thing for me. I would be my grandfather's sole heiress then, and I could win Cecil by the force of my unbending will. Grandpapa could never frighten me to death as he did Violet! I have a will as stubborn as his own, and I would enjoy him 'till he consented some way."

Mrs Shirley was lying down to rest for a short time, and Amber knew that the raving girl would be all alone. A thought came to her that perhaps in her delirium she might dash herself out of the open window down to instant death.

But she did not go back to the sick-room. She sat down to refresh herself with some white grapes the maid had brought to her room. She was consumed with curiosity over the man that Judge Camden had chosen for Violet's husband.

"He says that he is as rich as the Vanderbilts, and that he has a palace in Chicago fit for a king. Violet could live like a queen and be covered with diamonds if she chose, but she prefers Cecil Grant's love with a crust. So do I, alas, although riches would not go amiss, even with the man one loves," sighing heavily.

But if everything went as she hoped, Amber would have all that she most desired—wealth and the love of the man for whom she was willing to risk her immortal soul.

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile Violet had risen from her white couch, strong with the force of fever, and stolen, unnoticed, from the room and the house.

Her poor brain, crazed with the news of her lover's falsity, had conceived a dreadful plan.

She would seek the spot by the river where Cecil had uttered those sweet vows of love that he had so quickly broken, and cast herself into the darkling waves, that would bid her forever from the bitterness of her sorrow.

"The bride of death!" she murmured, and sped with tender, bare, white feet, across the daisied lawn.

It was the last night of summer, and the first faint chill of approaching autumn was already in the night air. But the full moon poured a flood of radiant white light over the beautiful country landscape, and the dew, glittering on the grass and flowers, made the world look like fairy-land.

Cecil Grant had not gone away as he had told Amber. His heart failed him at the last moment. He had heard in the village that Violet was dying, and he could not tear himself away, although he dared not venture up to the great house, for fear of a scene with the irascible old man, who had been so cruel to him and Violet.

He sought the river-bank, where he had been so happy with his darling, where he had clasped the limber form in his arms and kissed the sweet, rosy lips.

He remembered how her heart had throbbed against his own, how she had trembled with exquisite joy.

What bright hopes they had cherished! What dreams they had dreamed of wedded bliss! Dreams that faded so soon, for, torn apart from each other, his own heart was breaking, and Violet was dying.

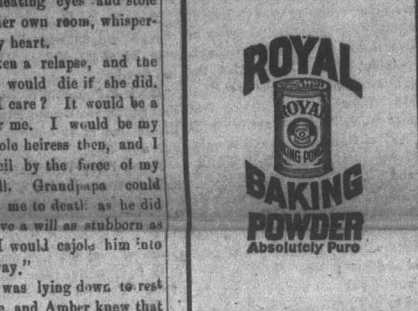
Alone beside the mystic river, whose low voice seemed to be singing her dirge, he watched with anguished eyes the dimly lighted window of the room where his beautiful young love lay dying.

In his tortured brain throbbed echoes of sad yester somewhere read— But they fall on a face and a bosom like stone;

They pined in the hair, But no bride veil was there— Their quaver and glow could not wake her, my Clare!

"The organ wept softly a wail for the dead, And the low sound of sobbing kept time to the strain, While afar to the future its echoing led, To bring back that hour and its deo-

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

late pain; And apart in a spot where the light could not shine, I knelt in the gloom that henceforward is mine.

As she lay over there, With no thought and no care, And she was to have stood there, my bride, my Clare!"

He looked across the lawn to her window, his heart aching to stand by her side, to pillow her dying head on his throbbing breast.

"Dying, and I not there!" he groaned. "Dying perhaps already dead!"

Suddenly he gave a start of superstitious terror and awe.

Across the grassy lawn a white form was gliding toward him so close that he could see the floating lengths of shining, golden hair, the pale, lovely face, the gleaming eyes, the thin, white gown, and the tiny, bare feet so pearly-white and fair.

"It is Violet!" he moaned. My darling is dead, and her wraith has flown to her lonely lover to breathe a last farewell!"

She flew past him, as with a rush of wings, and hovered over the river, shrieking, wildly:

"The bride of death!"

CHAPTER V.

It was the most thrilling moment of Cecil Grant's life.

In one anguished instant he comprehended that it was no spirit he gazed upon, but Violet Mead herself, crazed by her illness, escaped from her watchers and about to end her sorrows in the deep and rushing river.

With a lightning bound, he flew to the rescue, a cry of terror on his blanched lips, his arms outstretched toward the flying figure, already making the fatal spring, hovering in mid-air, her white garments and golden curls fluttering in the chilly breeze that swayed the willows on the bank.

The silvery moon never shone on a face more deadly pale and anguished than Cecil Grant's as he realized that would be fatal to the life of the feverish girl. Already she was at the point of death, and the shock of the immersion would surely extinguish the last feeble flickering spark of her young life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Years of Agony and Suffering.

Result of Kidney and Female Complaints.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Mrs Stone a New Life.

She Strongly Recommends the Medicine that Banished Her Troubles.

Paine's Celery Compound the Only True Cure for Kidney Disease.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., GENTLEMEN: For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, female and stomach troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicines after medicine, without any good results. My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines. However, I was advised to try Paine's Celery Compound. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for many years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, female and stomach troubles.

Yours truly,
Mrs GEORGE STONE,
Eganville, Ont.