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

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy 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.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8.00 a. m. to 8.30 p. m. Mails 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 6 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. Hatch, 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 3.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday at 3 30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 3.30 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 at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9.45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. E. Dunkin, 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 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. Starr, Geo. A. Prat, } Wardens.

ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—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 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

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Court Blomidon, I. O. F., meets in Temperance Hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month at 7.30 p. m.

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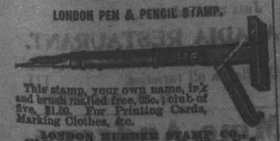

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Ladies' Blouse Silks 26c per yard, and Ladies' Oxford Suitings, Covert Coatings and Beavers all going at Cost. Ladies' Dress Trimmings, Linings, etc., at Cost.

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All Wool Tweeds for 25c, 28c, 32c per yd and up

We have a fine Line of Panting for 25c and up, all Wool.

A fine piece of English Worsted for $1 43 per yard, double width, regular price $2.00.

See Our Window. This Sale for One Month Only.

All Gentlemen's Suits or Punts cut at Half Price. Special prices for trimmings.

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The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

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PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Candlelight.

A dear, dim nursery; a tiny crib;
A great, wide feeling of night;
The crickets chirruping far away,
Outside—where it once was light;
A doting old nurse with a cracked old voice
Who sang to me, shrill and slow,
Going to bed by candlelight,
Hundreds of years ago!

'Twas true my rocking-horse did not move,
I'd watched him long through the door;
I could get no salt on the robin's tail,
And the coachman—my idol—swore!
Yet all these miseries passed away,
Away in a drowsy glow,
Going to bed by candlelight,
Hundreds of years ago!

If grown-up sorrows would die at dusk,
And care go down with the sun!
If hearts surrendered to sleepy heads,
And thoughts with the day were done!
If only, if only I knew once more
The bliss that I used to know,
Going to bed by candlelight,
Hundreds of years ago!

—*Graham Horn, in Life.*

Sweet Violet.

CHAPTER XLIX.—*Continued.*

"It is Heaven's judgment upon the wicked," her mother answered, solemnly.

The two girls were soon ready for the trip, and after bidding an affectionate adieu to Mrs. Lavarre, they went down to the carriage that Cecil had waiting, and were soon driven to the train that was to take Violet back to the scenes from which she had been so cruelly torn. The journey was brief, and they talked but little, for the shadow of the tragedy at Golden Willows lay darkly on their hearts, and they wondered if Amber had indeed tried to murder her old grandfather, or if it was only an awful mistake. Perhaps she was already dead, and the mystery of the poison in her grandfather's glass might never be revealed.

The carriage was waiting for them at the station, and it was just midnight when they arrived at Golden Willows.

Mrs. Shirley met Violet at the door, and sobbed for joy, as she kissed and caressed her bonny favorite, whom she had so sorely missed. She gave Lena Lavarre a cordial welcome, and then told them that Judge Camden was still alive, and seemingly better, although very weak. She added that he was counting the minutes until Violet's arrival; so as soon as she had removed her heavy fur wraps, the girl hastened to his bedside.

Oh, what a cry of grief came from her sweet lips as she saw the proud, strong old man so altered, looking years older in the weeks since she had seen him—so old, so wan, so ill! She fell on her knees by his bed, and kissed his pale cheek, sobbing out all her love and her noble forgiveness.

CHAPTER L.

It almost seemed as if the news that Violet was still alive, and her return to Golden Willows, put new life into the stern old judge.

He began to rally from his extreme depression, and when Violet had staid with him a little while, he fell into a peaceful sleep, that lasted until morning.

Meanwhile, Cecil had hurried home to tell his mother of the startling events that had happened since he had left her at noon with Amber. Mrs. Shirley had sent a maid from Golden Willows to nurse Amber at the Melrose cottage, so he did not think it necessary to go back there.

But when he had told Mrs. Grant all the story of Amber's treachery, she sighed deeply, and said:

"Poor girl! she has been very wicked, and I am glad you escaped the marriage she planned for you. But, Cecil, we must not forget her great kindness, nor the gratitude we owe her for the loan that saved Bonnycastle."

"But, mother, it seems as if she deliberately planned the foreclosure of the mortage, in order to work out her plan of the elopement, and to snare me in her toils," he replied, indignantly.

"Poor Amber! was she indeed so wicked? But yet I pity her, now that her sins have found her out, and she is so desolate and forsaken. And since Mrs. Shirley cannot go to her, Cecil, why it almost seems my duty to care for her now; so, early in the morning, you must take me to the Melrose cottage."

He did not gainsay her wish, and took her in a carriage the next morning.

But there was no change in Amber. She lay unconscious, as on the night before; and Cecil left his mother at the cottage, and rode to Golden Willows to see Violet.

She came to meet him, so bright, so beautiful, in her soft white cashmere morning-dress, bound at the waist with a white silken cord, and all her golden curls loose about her shoulders, like ripples of spun gold. The sweet rose-bud lips were lifted frankly for his fond kiss.

"Grandpapa is so much better this morning. He has been talking to us—telling us—" she said, and paused.

"Of Harold Castello's death?" asked Cecil.

"Yes," she answered, "and Lena was very glad that he repented his sins before he died. He had a priest sent for, and confessed his sins and received absolution. He left a message for me, praying my pardon for his sins against me, and that I would never reveal all the evil I knew of him, since he had passed beyond earthly punishment to the bar of Heaven. Cecil," and she lifted her wistful blue eyes to his adoring face,

"What is it, my darling?"

She answered, with a catch in her breath, like a repressed sob:

"I knew much evil of this man that I have never spoken. Is it right for me to keep silence now?"

"Yes, Violet, it is right. The dead are sacred. If we cannot speak in praise of them, and if silence can wrong no one, it is best."

"I am glad you think so, for his terrible suffering in death has touched my heart. And Lena forgives him now, and his wrongs against her were greater than mine."

"It is noble in you both," he said, admiringly.

"But, Cecil, there is something else that distresses me very much, but grandpapa says I must accept it."

"What is it, my Violet?"

"I—I—am his widow, you know. Is it not horrible to think of, dear? But it cannot be helped, you know, for the marriage was legal. But he had no relatives, and—and—he left me all his wealth—several millons, grandpapa says. I—I—wish to refuse it, but he says there is no way to do it. And the dying man begged I would accept it in atonement for all I had suffered through his sins."

"And you wish to refuse it, my darling? But I do not blame you. There is Lena, whom he wronged so deeply. You can give it to her, Violet."

"I have offered it to her, but she refused, for there are reons that would make it dreadful for her to accept. And grandpapa has been saying that I am very foolish to refuse this fortune. He said I might do so much with it—help the poor, you know—and—and—"—shyly, "restore Bonnycastle when we are married. It tempted me a little, dear, for I should like to see Bonnycastle rebuilt—it will be my future home! So what shall I do, my darling?"

"You might think me mercenary if I counseled you to accept it, dear one, since you will be my wife. You must decide for yourself."

"Then I will do as Mr. Castello wished, and as grandpapa counsels, for I shall then be very rich, and can do much good with the money."

Cecil did not dissuade her, for he thought that she had suffered enough at Castello's hands to merit this compensation. He did not covet the money for himself, but he knew that it would add to the happiness of his wife

So she told Judge Camden she would accept the royal dower, and he was well pleased.

"But, Lena, it should have been yours instead," she said, sadly; but Lena shook her head.

"You forget poor father," she said. "No, no! I could not touch a cent of it. I care nothing now for worldly pleasures, and at the death of my poor mother, who is fast failing in health, I shall retire into a convent to end my days."

Violet saw that there was no use urging her about the money. The wound in her heart was mortal.

She remained a few days at Golden Willows, until Judge Camden was out of danger, then returned to her home in Washington. A few weeks later her mother died, and she carried out her vow of entering a convent. The wonderful beauty that had proved her ruin was hidden beneath the black veil of the nun. When Violet donned the misty veil to become the adored bride of the man she worshiped, Lena Lavarre had already spoken the solemn vows that made her the pious bride of Heaven.

After Violet had held that conversation with Cecil, she said to him:

"I wish you to take me to see Amber. Although she has sinned against me, I forgive her, because I am so very happy; and I pity her for the jealous love that made her cruel and wicked."

"I will take you to the cottage. My mother is already there," replied Cecil.

Violet went to her grandfather.

"I am going to see Amber. You must send her your forgiveness," she pleaded.

He demurred at first, but he could not refuse anything to Violet, who had forgiven so much to him; so he agreed that he would forgive Amber's sins, and let her come home if she recovered.

But the next day Amber came home to Golden Willows in her coffin.

When Cecil and Violet reached the cottage, the beautiful sinner who had risked and lost all for the sake of a mad love, had just expired, without ever fully regaining consciousness.

Violet kissed the poor, dead face, whose beauty was all marred by that ghastly scar, and wept bitterly on Mrs. Grant's motherly breast. She had hoped so much that Amber would get well and repent, but it was not to be. The fiery heart and burning brain were stilled forever.

So they robed her in snowy white, with flowers on her pulseless breast, and bore her back to her old home, and the secret of her sins was hidden in sacred silence in the breasts of the few that knew them A few days later she had a stately funeral, and was laid to rest in the family grave-yard, under the whirling winter snow. The whole county mourned for beautiful Amber, who had come to so untimely an end, and the broken marble shaft that rose above her dreamless head, told no secrets of the wayward heart and mind that had driven her into sin and brought her to death.

Judge Camden was deeply moved when he heard the story of Mrs. Grant's attendance at Amber's death-bed, He realized that she was not the proud, heartless, woman he had imagined, and thanked her, in a brief, grateful note, for her friendship for his dead granddaughter. She replied by telling how Amber had saved Bonnycastle, and then he understood everything—how terribly the girl had fought for victory in all her sins. He always tried to believe that Amber had made some terrible mistake when she placed the arsenic in his glass.

"She thought it was a sleeping potion, I am sure," he said to gentle Mrs. Shirley, who sighed, without replying.

"But," continued the judge, "I should have died, the doctor says, but for the timely emetic you gave me, madame."

"I am very glad I could pay some of the debt of gratitude I owe you, by [illegible] simple, gentle way, and the old man, who was getting well again, and seemed to have years of life before him, looked at her quite tenderly.

"You owe me no gratitude, for I have always been a bear to you," he protested.

"Oh, no, judge; you have always been very kind to me!"

"Then, since you have such a good opinion of me, madame, suppose we get married, and make each other happy for the rest of our lives? When I die, I'll give you a life interest in my property, and at your death, it will revert to our dear Violet."

Mrs. Shirley agreed to this offer as amiably as she always accepted the judge's propositions; and she found on marrying him, that her lot was very much bettered. He made quite an affectionate old husband, and dropped many of his bearish ways in honor of the timed, gentle lady who bore his name.

In the golden spring-time, when the violets were blooming in the shady dells, Cecil Grant gathered to his tender heart the fair Violet of Golden Willows, to have and to hold in perfect bliss forever, "until death do us part."

THE END.

To Make Pure

Biscuit, cake, rolls, muffins, dumplings, etc., a pure leavening agent is indispensable.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

I heard an anecdote of Disraeli, who, when dining with the Duchess of Leeds, was requested to ask a blessing. Turning to his hostess, he said: "Madam, your grace is sufficent for me."

The Poetess—"You think there is something wrong with these verses?"

The Editor—"Yes, I do."

"Left out something?"

"Well, you haven't left out enough."

"Is he a criminal lawyer?"

"Well I should hardly call him a criminal, although some of his practices come very close to being felonies."

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