THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XV. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1896. No. 41.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY a the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on trancient 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 in 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 comunications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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 9.00 a. m.
Express east close at 5 00 p. m.
Kentville close at 2 45 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. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3.30 p m.

COLIN W ROSCOE, } Ushers
A DEW BARSS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. ——— Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 3 p. 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. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. 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, } Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, }

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 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8 00 o'clock.

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

LOOK!

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

Crystal Palace Block!

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. 11

—THE—

Wolfville Clothing Co.

—CLAIM THE—

Best Assorted Stock of Cloths!

Imported and Domestic.

The Largest Staff of Exprienced Workmen,

and a Cutter of more thorough Practical Experience

than any Tailoring Establishment in Kings County.

☞ *Can't we sell you your next suit?*

NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

A. H. WESTHAVER,
Watchmaker & Jeweller.

First Class Work at short notice.

FINE REPAIRING A SPECIALITY.

A neat line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles to select from. Call and see him. Charges moderate.

☞ Satisfaction given or money returned. 47

Back-Ache, Face-Ache, Sciatic Pains, Neuralgic Pains, Pain in the Side, etc.
Promptly Relieved and Cured by

The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster

Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster for severe pain in the back and lumbago, I unhesitatingly recommend same as a safe, sure and rapid remedy; in fact, they act like magic.—A. LAPOINTE, Hinchelbrown, Que.

Price 25c.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, MONTREAL.

Livery Stables!

Until further notice at "Bay View."

First class teams with all the seasonable 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.

Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

EVERY FAMILY
SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and, wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all Bowel Complaints.

PAIN-KILLER is THE BEST remedy known for Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

PAIN-KILLER is UNQUESTIONABLY the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings QUICK AND PERMANENT RELIEF in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.

PAIN-KILLER is the well tried, and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and SAFE TO USE internally or externally with certainty of relief.

Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere; 25c. big bottle.

TAKE THE BEST

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER, 25c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50cts. Injector free.

For sale by all dealers.

POETRY.

The Old, Old Story.

He was one of the fellows
That could drink or leave it alone,
With a fine high scorn for common men
Who were born without back-bone.
"And why," said he, "should a man of strength
Deny himself the use
Of the pleasant gift of the warm, red wine,
Because of its weak abuse?"

He could quote at a banquet,
With a manner half divine,
Full fifty things the poets say
About the rosy wine;
And he could sing a spirited song
About the lips of a lass,
Or drink a toast to her fair worth
In a sparkling, generous glass.

And since this lordly fellow
Could drink or let it alone,
He chose to drink at his own wild will
Till his will was overthrown.
And the lips of the lass are cold with grief,
And her children shiver and shrink,
For the man who once could leave it alone,
Is a pitiful slave to drink.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XX.—*Continued.*

"It seems too good to be true, that this fairy-like creature belongs to me," he murmured.

"It is a shame to hide her in her cloak, said the marchioness, smiling, but it has to be done. Come, Wolfe! If you stand there star-gazing any longer you will be bewitched."

He wrapped her up as carefully as if a rough touch would spoil her, and they started.

It would have been counted a long drive by ordinary mortals. Perhaps the marchioness so considered it, but to the two lovers it was all too short; for while the old lady dozed he would lean forward and whisper his love to his darling, and could touch her hand, and now and again raise it to his lips.

They reached Barminster Towers at last, and for a moment or two Constance was rather dazzled by the lights and the stir and excitement. It was her first ball for many years, and she had never been to one of so grand a kind as this.

From an apparently endless line of windows the brilliant light streamed out upon the night; rows of handsome carriages stood waiting to put down the guests in the avenue, lighted by countless colored lamps.

Grooms and footmen in magnificent ducal livery moved to and fro, and strains of music floated out through the great doors thrown open wide.

With a slight quiver that was neither all fear nor excitement, but a little of both, Constance entered the vast hall, made brilliant by throngs of beautiful women in ball-dresses.

A footman took her cloak and that of the marchioness, as well as the marquis's fur coat, and they entered the ball-room.

A sudden stir, followed by a significant second or two of silence, announced their entrance, and Constance found herself standing before a tall aristocratic-looking lady, who held out her hand to the marchioness and then to Constance with a pleasant smile.

A little dazzled by the lights, Constance was rather pale than red when she entered, but the first words the duchess spoke brought the color back to her face.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," she said with a nod that was more than friendly. "Wolfe, why do all the bad men get the most charming wives? Do you know?" and she laughingly tapped him on the arm. "There, they are all dying to speak to her! Take her away now; but, mind, bring her back to me directly I have finished receiving. You may stay with me; will you, dear?" she added to the marchioness.

With an expression of almost boyish pride the marquis led Constance in to the centre of the room, and there being no dance going on, they were surrounded almost instantly.

The knowledge that the woman he had chosen is universally admired does not tend to lessen a man's love or self-satisfaction, and Wolfe, Marquis of Brakespeare, could not fail to have that knowledge that night.

Before half an hour had passed, the verdict upon Constance had been pronounced. She was not only beautiful but charming, and, if she wished or cared for it, there lay before her a social success which should be phenomenal in its completeness.

Her card would have been filled up to the brim if she had not kept a dance or two open for her lover, and the crowd that gathered round her was so formidable that he was obliged for a time perforce to remain outside and look on at her triumph.

Presently, however, he managed to approach her near enough to whisper:

"Is your head quite turned, you vain girl, or have you happened to remember that I am to take you to the duchess?"

She looked up, radiant in her loveliness, and put her hand upon his arm.

"Well," he said, as they made their way round the crowded room to where the duchess sat amidst the dowagers, "are you happy and enjoying yourself?"

"Ah, Wolfe," she murmured, "you do not know how good and kind they all are! Happy? Yes!"

He laughed, looking down at her proudly.

"Good and kind—you goose!" he retorted. "Don't you see that you have made a great hit, and that you are what is called a tremendous success?" He laughed again. "It is a good thing I am not jealous. By George! I knew I was going to marry a pretty woman, but I didn't think that she was going to bloom into a society beauty.

"Come and sit beside me, my dear," said her grace, moving her skirts from a chair. "Lady Brakespeare has been telling me all about you. I think Wolfe is a very lucky man—I do indeed. Duke," and she turned to a stout, elderly gentleman who was standing near, surveying the brilliant crowd with an amiable but rather absent minded air, "there is a young lady I want to introduce to you."

The duke trotted forward and bowed.

"Eh?" he said. "Who? Ah, yes! Wolfe Brakespeare's sweetheart. Yes, yes, of course. Hem! Very glad to see you, my dear Miss—Miss—"

"Grahame! Duke, you are getting deaf," said the duchess, patting him affectionately.

"No, I'm not," he said, shaking his head; "it's the music in my ears. So you are Wolfe's sweetheart. Remember him when he used to come over here and let my bulls loose. Dreadful young dog! Hope you'll reform him. Hem! Has he got any shorthorns this season? I don't think he'll beat mine. Best I ever had. I'll show 'em to you," he began, eagerly; then his jolly, good-natured face fell. Gad! Beg your parden; I forgot! Couldn't very well go tramping round the farm at this time of night and in this get-up," and he glanced with comical ruefulness from his own evening-dress to hers.

"Not very well, your grace," said Constance, her heart going out to the warm-hearted old man; "but perhaps you will show them to me some other time."

"Of course I will!" he responded, heartily; "and I tell you what, my dear, there isn't a sight better worth seeing than a herd of really well bred cattle; except, that is, he put in with perfect gravity and a bow, "a pretty young woman."

It was impossible to help smiling at this naive correction, and Constance's face wore a blush and smile at this knock-down compliment, when suddenly both blush and smile vanished, and in their place came a sudden palor and an expression of terror, as, with dilating eyes, she stared past the duke and the whirling dancers to the door at which some one had just entered.

CHAPTER XXI.

Constance caught her breath, and her hand closed spasmodically upon her beouet; the room seemed to reel, the music to sound like a discorded blast, Rawson Fenton—here!

The duchess looked at her with a sudden attention.

"Do you feel faint, my dear?" she asked in her kindly fashion. "The room is hot, I'm afraid. I'll send for Wolfe and ask him to take you into one of the ferneries," and she looked round.

"No, no!" responded Constance, quickly; and in her eagerness she laid her hand on the duchess arm. "No, please do not!"

Send for Wolfe to question her!

"Very well, my dear; but your hand is quite trembling," said her grace, and she took it and patted it.

"I did feel a little faint," said Constance, "but I am all right now," and the color crept slowly back to her face.

"You have been dancing too much—not too much for your partners, but for yourself," said the duchess; "and you must take a good long rest."

Constance murmured a grateful acquiescence, and leaned back a little, but with her eyes still fixed on the man whose sudden and unexpected appearance had overwhelmed her.

She could see him now and again as he moved slowly about the part of the room at which he had entered.

She saw him shaking hands with men and women she knew, or had been introduced to that night—men of rank and women of society. She remembered the handsome carriage she had seen him enter at the station. He had not lied to her, then. He was rich, and he must be famous in some fashion or other, or he would not have been here.

And he was here, and would see her—might come upon her at any moment. What would he say—what should she?

She had never feared Rawson Fenton before, but she felt that to-night she dreaded him. Love makes us strong at times, but at times it makes us weak.

Would he make a scene? She looked at the coldly handsome face, with its self possessed, masterful smile, and answered herself. "No!" He was too wisely cunning for that. If she could but get away before he saw her! But she could not do that without giving some reason for wishing to leave—to leave while the ball was not half over.

The band was starting the music for another dance. Wolfe, erect, with happiness in his handsome face, in his very bearing, came toward her.

"I—I think I am tired, Wolfe," she murmured.

The duchess turned from the lady to whom she had been talking.

"Leave her alone for a little while, Wolfe," she said.

He was all solicitude in a moment.

"Can I get you anything? Will you come into the air?"

She stook her head, and smiled up at him.

"No, no; just leave her alone, and go and dance with some one else," said the duchess, peremptorily. "Oh, here is a partner for you, or are you engaged, Ruth? Glad to see you. How late you are!"

Constance turned with a little start to find Lady Ruth standing beside her.

She was exquisitively dressed in a costume of Worth's that exactly suited her petite style, and, with her thin face flushed a little, looked at her best.

Her sharp eyes ran over Constance's plain, white dress, and a quick, jealous light flashed for a moment in them.

"Yes, I'm late, dear duchess," she said. "But I'm a nurse, you must remember, and couldn't get leave earlier. No, I'm not engaged, if Wolfe wants a partner. Are you sure you won't dance, Constance? How well you are looking to-night!"

Constance murmured something scarcely audible, and the marquis, still looking at his darling, took Lady Ruth's arm and led her away.

"I'll come back directly," he said, over her shoulder.

"Oh, yes," said Lady Ruth, with a laugh that was rather hard. "I won't keep him long!"

Constance looked after them wistfully; this was to have been her dance; her first dance with Wolfe. And she had lost it to Lady Ruth. It was almost like an omen. Then her eyes wandered round the room again in search of the cold, clean-cut face of Rawson Fenton. Was it possible that he would not see her?

"There are a great many people you know, my dear?" asked the duchess.

Constance answered at random, and with a start;

"Yes, oh, yes."

"If there is any one you would like to know, tell me," said her grace. "There are a great many of our own people here—I mean the country people, but there are also a great many from London. The duke likes to have plenty of guns at work, and he's fond of society, so that we are always moving in herds and flocks, as he calls it. What a pretty dress that is of Ruth's. It's just the color that suits her. Ruth wants something a little vivid; she couldn't wear dead white like some people," and she looked and smiled at Constance's dress approvingly.

Constance scarcely heard her, Rawson Fenton was dancing now, and had once almost touched her skirt.

"Who is that tall man with the pale face and the dark eyes?" suddenly asked the lady next the duchess.

Her grace put up her gold eye glasses.

"Which man? There are so man tall men in the room."

"There, dancing with Lady Angela. He is the only absolutely cool-looking man in the room."

The duchess dropped her glasses.

"That's a good bit of description, my dear," she said with a smile. "That is Mr Rawson Fenton."

The lady looked at him.

"And who is Mr Rawson Fenton?" she asked with languid interest.

The duchess shrugged her shoulders.

"A friend of the duke's," she replied. "They are fellow directors of some cattle company or other; something to do with New Zealand or Australia I think. But apart from that, he is quite a famous man. Not to know Mr Rawson Fenton is to argue one's self unknown, my dear," she added, banteringly.

The lady smiled.

"He is a—remarkable-looking man," she said with a yawn.

"Yes, and he is remarkable," responded the duchess. "I believe he is the first man in the City just now. Somebody was saying that his wealth and influence are extraordinary, quite fabulous."

"I don't like City men," remarked the lady calmly.

The duchess laughed.

"No? I don't know. They are a change. They are quite the fashion now, I believe. Do you know Mr Rawson Fenton, my dear?" And she turned to Constance.

Her face went pale for a moment.

"I have heard of him," she answered, trying to speak calmly and indifferently.

"It would be very strange if you had not. The papers—the society papers especially—have always got some paragraph or other about him."

"I don't see any society papers," said Constance, scarcely knowing what she was saying; for he and his partner were coming toward them in the course of the dance, and she could not take her eyes off him.

"What's he here for?" asked the lady.

The duchess laughed at the naivete of the question.

"Because he was asked—and to amuse himself, I suppose," she replied.

"But I thought that sort of a man never danced."

"Oh, I don't think Mr Rawson Fenton is 'that sort of a man,'" said the duchess. He is quite a society man, and goes everywhere, so I am told. I met him several times in London this season. He is quite accomplished, and very popular."

"Popular? I should doubt that," was the lady's languid comment.

"Well, my dear, if you had three or four daughters to marry instead of being lucky enough to have one, and she married to the best match of the year, you would understand. Millionaires are none too plentiful, at least here in England, though I'm told that in America they are thick as blackberries in autumn.

"If I had an unmarried girl I don't think—yes, I'm sure I shouldn't like her to marry your Mr Fenton," retorted the lady.

"You seem to have taken a positive dislike to the poor man," laughed the duchess.

"I never take anything so positive as a dislike, but his is not the sort of face I should care to trust," said the lady.

"Well, at any rate don't call him 'my Mr Fenton.' But I'll have my revenge, and introduce him when he comes this way."

Constance's heart seemed to stand still. She made an effort to rise, but felt unable to do so. She could only sit and look and wait.

"By the way," said the duchess, after a pause, "I rather think I heard the duke saying something about his wanting to get into Parliament, and adding that he could do it quite easily."

"What! the duke! How could he?"

"No, no, Mr Fenton."

"Oh, I had quite forgotten him," said the lady, listlessly.

"Yes, he looks the kind of man who would go in for politics. George," this was her husband, "says that there are only two kinds of men in the House now—the too foolish, and the too clever."

The duchess laughed.

"I don't believe he said anything of the kind," she retorted.

Continued Next Week.

Judge (to expert witness)—Remember, sir, you are to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Expert—Then, your honor, I might as well step down. I can tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, but if it comes to the whole truth, my fee isn't sufficiently large.

Just before the curtain went up for the third act Mr Jagway returned and took his seat.

You may have gone out for a breath of fresh air, observed Mrs Jagway, in a rasping whisper, but that isn't the kind of breath you brought back with you.

Aunt Jane—In my young days, Evelyn, girls amused themselves with a spinning wheel.

Evelyn—But, aunty dear, you ought to see my wheel spin.

Nodd—Do you believe in a man's wife having her own way?

Todd—Certainly. I always pin my faith on the inevitable.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says:

"A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

Growth of Hair.

"Eight years ago, I had the varioloid, and lost my hair, which previously was quite abundant. I tried a variety of preparations, but without beneficial result, till I began to fear I should be permanently bald. About six months ago, my husband brought home a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began at once to use it. In a short time, new hair began to appear, and there is now every prospect of as thick a growth of hair as before my illness."—Mrs. A. WEBER, Polymnia St., New Orleans, La.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.

Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

If your clothes show signs of wear have them dyed at

UNGAR'S.

You won't have to buy new ones.

All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry Work done at Halifax prices. **Ungar** gives satisfaction.

LOCAL AGENTS: 31
Rockwell & Co,
Wolfville, - - N. S.