

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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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. DUNBARSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th 1895. 11



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Best Assorted Stock of Cloths!
Imported and Domestic.
The Largest Staff of Experienced Workmen,
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PAIN-KILLER is a new one for Rheumatism, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all kinds of nervous and muscular pain.
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POETRY.
The Old Home Paper.
I can't every line that it offers.
Each item brings something to view
Through the vista of years—of youth's
pleasures and fears,
And serves the keen touch to renew
The death of the girl I once courted,
The growth of the firm I once jeered,
The rise of a friend whom I loved to command,
The fall of a man I revered.
As I read I drift dreamily backward
To the days when to live was but joy,
I think and I pore, till the dull city's
roar
Grows faint—and again I'm a boy.
Rare perfumes of green country byways,
Far music of women and bees,
And the quaint little town with its
streets leading down
To the creek and the low-bending
trees.
Around me the forms of my comrades,
About me their glories unaltered,
Each breast undented, with the faith of a
child
Looking forth to a place in the world.
And the paper tells how all have
prospered!
I follow their lines as they flow,
Appending each gain, regretting each
pain.
For the sake of the days long ago,
Above all the huge city dallies
With ponderous utterance wail,
This scant page has power to spread out
for an hour
A fairy-land sweet to mine eyes.

SELECT STORY.
Wolfe the Ranger.
CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.
"May I come up with you?" said Lady Ruth.
"Certainly," murmured Constance, still overwhelmed by this sudden and unaccountable change in Lady Ruth's manner.
"I'll take my things off here, if I may," said Lady Ruth, when they had reached Constance's room. "No; don't ring for the maid; I want to talk to you. Now, I dare say," she went on, as she took off her hat and smoothed her hair, "that you are rather surprised by the change in my manner?" and she glanced sharply over her shoulder at Constance, who had been regarding her in silence.
She colored.
"Am I to speak quite frankly, Lady Ruth?" she asked, with a faint smile.
"Certainly, I am always frank myself; I think it is by far the best plan," replied Lady Ruth, setting herself in an easy-chair, and looking up at Constance watchfully, with her head on one side and her eyes half closed, and with not a trace of shame or embarrassment on her face.
"Well, then, I am," said Constance, quietly and distinctly.
"I thought you would be," remarked Lady Ruth, cheerfully. "You see, you never did understand me. I suppose you will say that it was my fault if you did not?"
"I thought I understood you very well," said Constance, with a gravity that ought to have brought a blush to Lady Ruth's face, but it did not.
"No, I don't think you did. Let me explain. Of course you knew that I did not view the prospect of your marriage with the marquis with any pleasure. That I think you understood."
"Yes, I think I understood that," assented Constance, dryly.
"And I would have done anything—I did, indeed, do all I could to prevent

it," continued Lady Ruth, as calmly and easily as if she were discussing something that had only the very faintest interest for either of them. "I thought the best thing to do was to get you out of the home and out of his reach, and I did it."
Constance turned her head aside that she might hide the indignant flush which rose to her face from the keen, sharp eyes.
"I thought I had won the day. You see, I did not take chance, accident, into my calculation. I suppose some people would call it fate, Arol's getting the fever just at the moment you left. I call it accident, and a very tiresome one."
"Need you tell me all this, Lady Ruth?" said Constance, unable to keep silence longer.
"Yes, I think so. If we are to get on together—and I intend that we shall—we'd better come to a complete and thorough understanding. To tell you the truth; I rather like—well, I admire you. You are such a complete deception. I don't mean anything offensive."
"No?" said Constance, with delicate irony.
"No; I imagined that you were just the ordinary young girl who could be circumvented quite easily; that was where I made a mistake. I didn't give you credit for the tenacity of purpose which you possess. I didn't quite comprehend that you were as resolved upon marrying the marquis as I was upon preventing you."
"Lady Ruth—" began Constance, her eyes beginning to flash.
Lady Ruth held up her hand.
"Don't be angry. We agreed that we would speak frankly, didn't we? By the way, please call me 'Ruth.' The future Marchioness of Brakpeare is or will be—superior in rank; besides, we'd better be friends, and address each other as such."
"I should prefer to use your title, Lady Ruth, if you do not mind," said Constance, quietly.
Lady Ruth shrugged her shoulders.
"As you like. Well, to resume. Having failed, I take the only course open to me, and acknowledge my failure as gracefully as I can; and she smiled up at the grave, beautiful face above her.—My dear Constance, what a pretty name it is!—I have the greatest contempt for family quarrels and jars, and I don't intend that the world shall amuse itself by talking about the quarrel between me and Wolfe's wife. Why, they'd say I was jealous," and she laughed, but it was a very thin, and mirthless sound. "Besides, I don't think I could afford to quarrel with him and you. I like the castle and I intend that you shall ask me down very often."
Constance remained silent. She could not have responded with a "Come as often as you like, dear Ruth," to save her life.
"So you see I lose no time in coming to you and making the amende honorable. I hope I've done it fairly well, but if I haven't, I'll try to do so. Frankly, I'm very sorry that I didn't accept the inevitable at the start and make the best of it. I might have known that Wolfe would fall in love with you, and knowing it, have been perfectly convinced that he would have his way, if all the world said so."
Constance remained silent. She had taken up a piece of work and bent over it gravely.
"I suppose you are very happy?" said Lady Ruth after a pause, during which she had been watching Constance's face with keen scrutiny.
Constance looked up for a second.
"Yes, I am very happy," she said, thinking as she spoke that she would be still happier if Lady Ruth would get up and go down stairs and leave her in peace.
"Ah, yes, of course. It would be very odd if you were not. Love is a strange thing; I don't profess to understand it. You see, I have never been in love myself."
"No?" said Constance.
"No. Because I have never met the right man, I suppose. My time will come some day, perhaps; meanwhile, well, I must amuse myself with looking on at the happiness of others. And he is very happy, too, I suppose?"

Constance colored.
"I hope so," she replied.
"Ah, yes; yes, he would be. That's quite natural. But take care, my dear Constance!"
Constance's fingers stopped, and she looked enquiringly at the sharp face.
"Take care," repeated Lady Ruth. "I know him better than you do, my dear, though I am not in love with him, perhaps just because I am not, and I venture to utter a word of warning."
Constance half rose.
"Shall we go down to the marchioness?" she said, coldly.
Lady Ruth laughed.
"I beg your pardon, but that little air of quiet dignity becomes you so well! No, let us wait a minute or two till I've 'got through,' as the Americans say, and don't be angry and impatient. I'm actuated by the most friendly feelings I assure you. I really want your course of true love to run smoothly, and I think I can help you if you'll be wise and listen to me."
"I will listen to you for hours—on any other topic, Lady Ruth," said Constance.
She laughed.
"Thanks; but this is the only one you and I can talk about," she said, with covert insolence. Just bear me out and you will see how little cause you have for anger. I really mean to tell you, and that's why I want to tell you to proceed with caution, my dear."
"With caution?" echoed Constance, coldly.
"Yes, I don't want you and Wolfe to quarrel, and I've always noticed that most lovers' quarrels are caused by their misunderstanding each other. I suppose, though, you think you do understand Wolfe?"
Constance made no reply.
"I thought so. It would be odd if you didn't. But pardon me, my dear Constance, if I venture to doubt it. Why, just think how short a time you have known each other! A few weeks, so to speak. I suppose he has told you all his past history?" and she watched Constance through half closed eyes.
"No? Well, perhaps he was wise not to do so. But you have told him all yours, my dear, of course?"
Constance fought to keep the color from rising to her face, and knew she had not succeeded by the smile that crept slowly into Lady Ruth's sharp eyes.
"Mutual trust? Well, that's very nice, but it's very dangerous, my dear. Especially with such a jealous lover as Wolfe."
"Jealous?" said Constance, the word creeping her before she knew it.
"What! Not found that out yet?" exclaimed Lady Ruth, with a laugh. "My dear girl, Wolfe is the most jealous of his sex. He is the kind of man that must not only wear the rose himself, but will not allow any other man near it; would lose his head, indeed, if he thought any one else had even touched it. Now, I've no doubt that there has been some one else—"
Constance sat up, and rose from her seat, and Lady Ruth laughed.
"That blush betrays you, my dear! Why, of course I. You are too good-looking to have gone through the world without an affair de coeur! Wolfe was not the first man to lose his heart, I know."
"Can we not talk of something else, Lady Ruth?" said Constance, coldly.
"Bear with me a few minutes longer, my dear," she replied. "All I want to say is—don't tell Wolfe anything of those other little affairs. Take my advice and keep them to yourself. One rouse his jealousy, and—"
She shrugged her shoulders. "Let sleeping dogs be, is a very good maxim—especially for lovers. Now, I think you ought to be grateful to me, but I'm afraid you aren't. Never mind, I must console myself with the reflection that I have done the friendly thing by you. You see, I know Wolfe so well." She paused a moment. "He is most charming while he has his own way, but once let him think that he is only playing second fiddle—she paused with her eyes on Constance's face— and of course he must be only playing second fiddle mustn't he, dear?"
Constance looked down at her with lightly compressed lips.
"If you mean that I have over loved any one but Wolfe—" she began, her eyes flashing; but Lady Ruth held up

her hand with a laugh.
"My dear child, don't overwhelm me! I didn't say anything of the kind. How should I know? But I do know that he is not the first man who has fallen in love with you."
Constance moved away.
"I must go to Arol now," she said coldly.
Lady Ruth got up from the lounge.
"The dear child! Let me go with you! I should never have left him but for my father's illness. I hope you'll like my father, my dear, but I'm afraid you won't. You'll be very singular if you do. He is a martyr to the gout, poor man; and everybody belonging to him is a martyr to him. But he will be sure to like you; he always falls in love with pretty women—and generally tells them so the first time he sees them. You see, he has some of the Brakpeare blood in him. They are all alike!"
And with this amiable speech, she linked her arm in Constance's and laughed. Constance, feeling as if she would give anything to be able to draw her arm away, walked in this fashion by her side to Arol's room.
He was sitting by the window yawning over a book, which he promptly flung on to the bed as they appeared. "What a time you have been, Constance!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms round her neck. "I thought you were never coming. So you've come back, Cousin Ruth," he added, putting up his face to be kissed, but with no great eagerness.
"Yes, I've come back for an hour or two. I'm not going to stay, Arol! You don't want me now that you have got your dear Constance back, do you?"
The boy blushed.
"I'm very glad you have come," he said. "Yes, I've got Constance. You know, with an air of the most profound satisfaction, "that she is going to stay, that she's never going to leave me any more?"
"Yes; I've heard all about it, Arol," said Lady Ruth, smiling, though her thin lips looked hard and strained. "What a good thing it is! And now I really must go and see grandmamma. I shall see you before I go, Constance, dear."
Constance inclined her head, and Lady Ruth, with another peck at Arol's cheek, left the room.
Arol was silent for a minute or two, evidently deep in thought; then he said, slowly:
"How fond Ruth seems to be of you, Constance, dear?"
"Yes," assented Constance, rather awkwardly.
"What mistakes I do make," he said, gravely. "Now, I always fancied that she didn't like you, somehow. I don't know why I fancied it, but I did."
"Well, you mustn't fancy it any longer," said Constance, hurriedly. "Where is your book? Shall I read to you, dear?"
And she caught up the book and began reading at once to stop any further remarks.
Lady Ruth went slowly down the stairs, smiling no longer, but with a look on her face that would have set Arol pondering still more deeply.
Once she paused, and looking round the grand old hall, at the tattered flags suspended from the oaken rafters, at the view of the park which she could see from the oriel-window, and her thin lips trembled as she muttered:
"She mistreats her! Never!"
She went into the drawing-room and found the marchioness seated in her accustomed chair.
"Where have you been, Ruth?" asked the old lady as Lady Ruth seated herself beside her. "It was very good of you to come over."
"Oh, I felt that I must come and pay my respects to Wolfe's future wife as soon as possible; and I have been upstairs talking to her. I think Wolfe will have a very handsome wife."
The marchioness looked slightly disappointed.
"Yes, Constance is very beautiful," she said, in her gentle way; "but she is more than that!"
Lady Ruth looked at her with bland inquiry.
"She is so good," exclaimed the old lady. "I never met any one with a sweeter nature than Constance's, so unselfish and considerate of others. She

has nursed Arol as if he had been her own child, and there is not a person in the house who does not love and respect her. As for me—well, I feel that I have found a daughter in my old age!"
Lady Ruth's face seemed to grow thinner and sharper, and her hands clasped each other tightly in her lap.
"I admire her very much, of course," she said, quietly; "but I did not think she was such a paragon, though she always looked good tempered." She paused a moment. "By the way, who is she, aunt—for I suppose she has told you all her history!" and she shot a glance sideways at the marchioness.
The old lady shook her head placidly.
"She is the daughter of a medical man who is dead, so no doubt you know, Dr. Griffin knew him years ago, and speaks very highly of him, indeed."
"Oh!" was the curt comment. "And does he speak as highly of the daughter?"
"He knew little or nothing of Constance," replied the marchioness.
"Does any one know anything of her?" asked Lady Ruth. "Of course," she added, sharply, "I am not curious on my own account, but one hates to be asked natural questions about Wolfe's future wife that one cannot answer, and people will ask me questions. It will be very embarrassing to have to reply. Really, I don't know anything about her, and neither does any one else. That will be anything but satisfactory."
Continued Next Week.

Miss Paemaker—Are you looking for an early spring, Mr. Newbick?
Mr. Newbick—On the contrary, as I begin lessons on the bike to-morrow, my mind is dwelling on an early fall.
Marie—Is Michel jealous of her husband?
Nellie—Jealous! I should think so! Why, on their wedding trip she wouldn't even let him admire the scenery!
The dead body found in a trunk in Austin, Tex., a few days ago has been identified thus far as the mortal remains of at least nineteen different men, with several states and territories to boot from.

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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.
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