

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

Vol. XV.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1896.

No. 37.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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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.

Newspaper 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
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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Express west close at 7:50 A. M.
Express east close at 8:00 P. M.
Kewville close at 8:45 P. M.
G. W. MASON, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed on Saturdays at 1 P. M.
G. W. MASON, 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. *Sabbath-school*—Sunday, 9:30 A. M. *Prayer-meeting*—Sunday, 7:30 P. M. *Worship*—Sunday, 10:30 A. M. *Worship*—Sunday, 7:30 P. M. *Worship*—Sunday, 10:30 A. M. *Worship*—Sunday, 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 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M.

W. J. BALCOM, PROPRIETOR.
Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

DR. J. C. BROWN'S PAIN-KILLER

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

PAIN-KILLER is a safe and sure remedy for all kinds of PAIN, such as Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, etc.

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THE Wolfville Clothing Co.

—CLAIM THE—
Best Assorted Stock of Cloths!
Imported and Domestic.
The Largest Staff of Experienced 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 SPECIALTY.
A best line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles to select from.
Call and see him. Charges moderate.
Satisfaction given or money returned.
47

The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster

Manufactured by Dr. J. C. Brown, Proprietor, Wolfville, N. S.
It is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

Livery Stables!

Until further notice at "Bay View."
First class teams with all the seasonable equipment. Cattle, pigs, sheep and you shall be cared right. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone.

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TAKE THE BEST CURE FOR COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

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

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY

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

pleased when he comes back. He has been so anxious about you."
Constance met with downcast eyes and blushing face.
"Don't you think you could come down to dinner to-day?"
"Oh, no," said Constance; "I—I would rather not."
"What's that she would rather not?" said the deep, musical voice of the marquis.
"You startled me, Wolfe," said his mother. "I was just saying that Miss Grahame might stretch a point and come down to dinner with us to-day. But she says she will not. Really, there is no reason why she should not; Arol is quite well enough to be left. Ask her, Wolfe."
"I'll do more—command her," he said; and he went round to where she sat behind the curtains, and put his arm round her. "Stand up," he said, "and say that you are ready to obey your future husband, Constance."
Constance, growing pale, would have shrunk back, but his strong arm was round her and supported her.
The marchioness looked at them speechlessly; Arol's eyes dilated with wonder and a dawning delight.
"Mother," said the marquis, very gently, "here is my future wife and your daughter. What do you say to her?"
The marchioness turned pale, and stood for a moment overwhelmed with surprise; then she held out her arms to Constance.
"Oh, my dear," she said, brokenly, "come to me!"
The marquis led Constance to her. The marchioness laid her trembling hands on Constance's head.
"God bless you, my dear, and make you both happy!" she murmured.
Constance took her hands in hers and kissed them, but the old lady drew her up to her bosom and embraced her lovingly.
"And I never thought of it!" she said, with a smile; "I had no idea."
"You thought that you and Arol were the only sensible people in the house, eh, mother?" said the marquis, looking on with happiness beaming in his dark eyes. "Did you think that I had no heart or that I was invulnerable?"
"—I never thought of it at all!" responded the marchioness; "and yet sometimes—But—oh, my dear, I am so glad, so happy!"
"What are you all doing and talking about?" exclaimed Arol, with not unusual impatience. "Why are you kissing Constance for, grandma? What's she been doing?"
"Something very foolish, my boy," said the marquis. "What do you say to having a new suit, Arol?"
Arol stared; then he uttered a shrill cry of delight.
"Do you mean that you are going to marry Constance, Uncle Wolfe?" he exclaimed.
"You have guessed it at once, my boy."
"Oh, I'm so glad I so very, very glad!" he cried; "though," and his face fell for a moment, "I always thought that I should like to marry her myself."
Constance put her arms round him and pressed him to her.

POETRY.

Unspoken Words.

The kindly words that rise within the heart
And thrill it with the sympathetic tone,
But die unspoken, fall to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
A sign that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within.
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.
But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
Poor banished Hagar—prayed a well might word
From out the sand to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind,
Will watch the expected movement of the lip;
Ah! can you let his cutting sentence wind
Around the heart and sear it like a whip?

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.
Love, infinite love for him filled her heart, and if he had been one of the laborers about the place, her joy, her unspoken joy and happiness would have been the same.
She bathed her face, still flushed with his kisses, and went back to the sick room.
Arol looked up as she entered, and his face brightened, and at the sight of his smile she thought with infinite delight that now she need not leave him.
"How long you have been, Constance, dear," he said.
Constance took him in her arms and pressed him to her heart, which seemed overflowing with love.
"Have I, dear?" she murmured.
"Yes; but don't mind," he said, looking at her and touching her cheek; "for you have brought the roses back with you, as grandma told you. How beautiful you look, dear! And so—so happy!" he added, as if puffed.
"I am happy, Arol," she responded, drawing his head to her bosom and kissing him; "happier than I can tell you."
"How pleased Uncle Wolfe will be," he remarked, naively.
Constance's face crimsoned.
"Uncle Wolfe always notices your face so," he went on. "I heard him telling grandma that he knew what you were going to say even before you opened your lips."
"That's because Uncle Wolfe is so clever," said Constance, hiding her face against his.

"No, that's not it. It's because he likes you so much, I think. Don't you think to, grandma?" he asked the marchioness, who came into the room at the moment. "Don't you think Uncle Wolfe likes Constance very much?"
"He would be very ungrateful if he did not, Arol," said the old lady. "You are looking all the better for the fresh air, my dear," she said, as Constance gave her her shawl; "Wolfe will be

"Never mind," he said, "so long as one of us marries you, it's all right; you'll never, never leave me now, will you, Constance, dear?"
"No, Arol," she murmured.
"For the best of all reasons," said the marquis; "she won't be able," and with a laugh he left the room.
The marchioness signed to Constance to come and sit beside her.
"I am all in a flutter, my dear," she said; "I am so surprised! But the news has made me very happy."
"That seems so strange," said Constance in a low voice. "I thought—"
She paused.
"Well, my dear," and the old lady patted the soft, warm hand.
"I thought you would be angry and disappointed," continued Constance, looking down.
"Why, my dear?"
Constance was silent for a moment, then she said, not without a touch of dignity:
"Persons of Lord Brakespeare's rank do not often marry so far beneath them."
The marchioness shook her head and smiled.
"My dear, you don't think yourself really so far beneath him," she remarked shrewdly, "and you are quite right. A pure, true-hearted woman, if she be a lady, is the equal of any man. I think Wolfe has been very wise as well as fortunate. If he had asked me to choose for him—which is the most improbable thing I can think of, and she smiled, "I could not have chosen a wife for him more after my own heart. He was quite right when he said that Arol and I love you. We do, my dear, and you know it."
"And—yet you know nothing about me," said Constance, tremulously.
"Well, not very much, perhaps, my dear," responded the old lady; "but then, you see, what we do know is so good and lovely that we take all the rest for granted. But we do know something. Doctor Griffin has told me that he knew your father, and that he was one of the best of men."
Constance's eyes filled with tears.
"My dear, if an old woman may offer a word of advice—may she?"
"Yes, oh, yes; anything, any thing; do not keep anything from me," said Constance, fervently.
"Well, then, I'd say, put away all such thoughts as that which was worrying you—it was worrying you a little; wasn't it?"
"Ah, yes, yes," and she stifled a little sigh.
"Well, then, don't think of it any more. It is true that Wolfe might have found a wife in what is called our own class—might have married rank and money; but, and the Brakespeare look came into the old lady's eyes, "we are not, I think, in want of money; and as for the rank"—she smiled—"well, we are proud to think of it of very little consequence."
Constance bent and kissed the sweet, placid face.
"Oh, how good, how good you all are to me," she murmured.
"Are we," said the marchioness, laughing; "it is nothing to what we will be. You shall see—you shall see! My dear, this is the happiest day I have spent since Wolfe came back to

me, and it almost seemed that night as if you had brought him."
"If."
"You both came together, and it was you who brought me the news of his return. I shall never forget that. And then there is another thing. Who knows how long he would have remained with us but for you? He was getting restless, he might have gone any day or any moment, but now that he has fallen in love with you he will stay. Yes, he will stay, and it is to you I shall owe his presence. So you see, my dear, what good cause I have for loving you."
"It seems like a dream," murmured Constance, softly. "So strange, so improbable."
"That he should have fallen in love with you?" asked the old lady with a smile. "Well, I think it would have been stranger if he had not. You see, my dear, for one thing you are very pretty; there will be another 'beautiful lady' in the portrait gallery presently," and she laughed at Constance's crimsoned face. "Then you have that sweet, mousy little way with you which men find so irresistible, and naturally; and then, my dear, we all know how good you are. But there, I don't want to make you vain, and so spoil Wolfe's wife. Happy Wolfe!"
"Happy Constance!" murmured Constance, hiding her face on the old lady's shoulder.
"And now, my dear," said the marchioness, "you must tell us exactly what you would like to do. You will want your friends to know."
"My friends?" echoed Constance.
"Yes; so doubt you would like some of them to come and see you. Remember that this place will be yours very soon, and that you must consider it as such. Now, whom shall I ask to come and stay?"
"—No one," said Constance, quickly. "There is no one. I do not think I have a relation in the world; at least, there is none that I know of or remember."
"My poor child, how lonely you must have been!" and the tender-hearted old lady stroked her hair.
"Yes," said Constance, gently. "I have been very lonely since my father died."
"But you will be so no longer, my dear," said the marchioness. "You are among your own people now. Then there is no one whom I can ask? Is there no one to whom I shall write?"
"No," replied Constance, shaking her head. "There is no one excepting Lady Armistead."
"Well, then, I'll write to her at the same time you do, my dear," said the marchioness. "I suppose the wedding will be very soon?"
"Oh, not soon," murmured Constance, blushing.
"I hope so. You see, when you are married I shall feel as if I had got Wolfe quite safe and secure. Oh, my dear, I little thought that night when you came and told me that my son had come back to me, that I should gain a daughter as well! I hope, I pray he may make you happy, and I think he will. The Brakespeare's are not half-hearted in their love; with all their faults they are true and constant. God bless you both, my dear!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The wife of the marquis!

THE WORLD'S GREAT LEADER!

Used by the High and Wealthy and those in Humbler Circumstances.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND THE CHOSEN MEDICINE IN ALL WELL REGULATED HOMES.

Keep a Watch on the Substituter and Imitations.

The world's great leader, Paine's Celery Compound, has no equal for feeding, sustaining, and building up the weak and shattered body.
The greatest of modern medical men—Prof. Edward H. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., after years of hard practice and close scientific research, gave Paine's Celery Compound to millions who were suffering. The wonder-working compound has established rich and poor, learned and unlearned, by its marvellous cures.
The glad news has spread to all civilized lands that Paine's Celery Compound surely and permanently cures even cases too desperate for the physician's skill. Proof of such cures in the testimonial form are received every week from happy and grateful men and women saved from the dark grave.
Paine's Celery Compound has fully proved its power as a banisher of dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia,

kidney and liver troubles, and all diseases arising from impure and poisoned blood. Thousands of men and women, tired out, run-down, sleepless, nervous, morose and despondent, have regained perfect health, strength and buoyancy of spirit, by the well-aided use of nature's own medicine. It has given a new and brighter existence to a vast number of human beings who were tired of life and its many burdens.
If, from the winter weather, and the variable days of early spring, you are left with nervous debility, headaches, insomnia, languidness, and nerves all out of order, do not hesitate a day longer; use Paine's Celery Compound, which is specially adapted for your case, and you will avoid future misery and suffering.
Paine's Celery Compound does not belong to the worthless families of nervines and sedatives that are made public by newspaper advertising, and thus always

deceive unwary and too confiding people. Paine's Celery Compound is a truly scientific prescription recommended by the best medical men, chemists and professional men in the world. To give an idea of the popularity and great eminence that Paine's Celery Compound has reached, it is only necessary to state that millions of well-regulated homes have made it their chosen medicine.
As popular goods are always imitated by unscrupulous men, buyers of Paine's Celery Compound should see that they get the only genuine celery in the world. Look for the trade mark—the name Paine's and the style of celery—on every bottle you are offered by dealers. Avoid all merchants who would substitute something that they call just as good; there is no other medicine that can take the place of Paine's Celery Compound; it is what you most urgently require to make you

well.

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"If."
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Charles H. Hutchinson

Sick Headache CURED PERMANENTLY BY TAKING Ayer's Pills

"I was troubled a long time with sick headache. It was usually accompanied with severe pains in the temples, a sense of fulness and tenderness in one eye, a bad taste in my mouth, tongue coated, lurch and feet cold, and sickness at the stomach. I tried a good many remedies, but succeeded in this complaint; but it began taking Ayer's Pills."

Ayer's Pills

Awarded Medal at World's Fair
Ayer's Sarsaparilla to the Best.

Constance sat beside the window in her own room trying to realize it. Would she wake presently to find that it was all a dream? She thought of the marquis of Brakespeare; it seemed too wildly improbable to be true. What had she done to deserve such happiness—for she was thrilling with such happiness as she had never yet dreamed of.

She could feel his kisses on her face and hair, hear his voice ringing in her heart. She knew now that she had loved him from the first; she understood now why, whenever she thought of him—and when had she ceased to think of him?—her heart had throbbled with a strange mixture of pleasure and pain.

With the unspoken joy that filled her whole being there came, too, a sense of peace and rest.
She had been alone in the world, at the mercy of every wind that blew; at the mercy of Rawson Fenton, and she thought of him—a faint shudder ran through her. She need fear him no longer; one stood beside her now who could and would protect her from any harm Rawson Fenton might attempt to do her. She would put all remembrance of him away from her. It would have been better if she had told Wolfe about him; it would have been wiser and sweeter to have told the whole story of her past life, in which there was nothing for which she should blush; but he had not permitted her to do so.

Well, she would sink it forever. And of him she, for her part would ask nothing. He had said that there was a secret connected with his past, a secret which might bear bitter fruit in the future. He had bidden her trust him and be brave. Yes, she would trust him fully and entirely, and if the trouble of which he spoke so vaguely should come—well, she would bear it, and try and help him to bear it. At any rate, her love should comfort and console him, let what would befall.

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.

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