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, APRIL 24, 1896. No. 34.

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THE ACADIAN.

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Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

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

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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.
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THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU, if taken in time. Price 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00

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

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Taken Internally, It Cures

Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., etc.

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Mr Huggard—Ah, darling, must I say good night? Harsh voice, from the top of stairs (full of sarcasm)—Not necessarily young man; not necessarily if you wish to be truthful you will say good morning.

Ask for Minards and take no other.

I wish it were true that all the world loves a lover.

She—Why?

He—Because you're all the world to me.

POETRY.

Her Argument.

I know that deep within your heart of hearts
You hold me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer
That choicest blessings unto me be given;
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,"
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That gives refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them cannot enter in,
But famished stand before the close-barred doors.

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love that crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

She came forward in her noiseless way, and took Constance's hand and kissed her.

"I knew you would come, my dear, if you could," she said, simply. Then as the marquis bent and kissed her, she said, "You found her then, Wolfe?"

"Yes, mother," he responded, "I found her. She is tired out, and not strong—"

"She shall go to bed at once," said the marchioness.

Constance shook her head.

"Let me go to him at once," she said. "Indeed I am not tired. I could not sleep. I have slept all the way down. Please let me go to him."

The marchioness hesitated, but the marquis, after a glance at Constance, said:

"Let her go, mother."

"Come up to your room, my dear," said the old lady, affectionately.

They went to the room, which Constance noticed, as she entered, had not been disturbed or altered, as if the mistress of the house at least half expected her return; and the marchioness offered to help her off with her cloak, though Constance would not permit it.

"I cannot tell you how grateful we all are to you for coming!" she said. "I hope you left your friend better? Was she very ill?"

Constance murmured something unintelligible, her face crimsoning painfully as she turned away.

"Tell me about Arol, Lady Brakespeare," she said. "I left him so well and happy."

The marchioness sighed.

"Yes. It began with a cold. He got worse so rapidly that he was very ill almost before we realized it. And he has asked for you unceasingly. I think he was conscious of your absence, and missed you even when he was unconscious of anything else.

"Dear child!" murmured Constance, her eyes full of tears.

"It has been such a comfort to me to have Lord Wolfe at home," said the marchioness. "I cannot tell you how good he has been. Till the day he left in search of you he insisted upon sitting up with me to nurse the dear boy. If Arol had been his own child he could not have been more devoted. Ah, with all his wildness he always had the tenderest heart in the world." And she wiped her eyes. "But are you sure you will not take some rest, my dear? It is such a terrible journey!"

"No, I would like to go to him at once," said Constance.

They went through the familiar rooms, the sight of Arol's toys making Constance's heart ache, and entered the sick room.

The nurse rose from beside the bed, and Constance saw the pretty face all flushed and fevered, the golden brown hair streaming over the white pillow.

Constance, too moved to speak, bent down and kissed him, and took one of the hot hands that clutched the coverlid.

"He is not conscious now?" asked the marchioness.

"No, my lady," replied the nurse. "Not now. I think he was a little while ago, for he looked at me as he asked for you and Miss Grahame."

"You see!" whispered the marchioness.

Constance knelt down beside the bed, still holding the tiny hot hand.

"You will get some rest now Miss Grahame has come, my lady?" said the nurse, respectfully.

"Yes," urged Constance.

"I will go and lie down for a little while, presently," said the marchioness.

The door opened as she spoke, and the marquis entered. He had a salver in his hand upon which was some wine, and he poured out a glass.

"She has had nothing since we started, mother," he said, quietly, as he gave the wine to Constance. He took Arol's other hand and held it.

"Is he better, or worse?" he asked, anxiously.

"I think he is the same, my lord," replied the nurse. "Doctor Griffin will be here again early in the morning; he has only just gone."

They stood silently watching the little sufferer for some minutes, and presently he began to toss to and fro, and to talk in a low, rambling murmur. Then he stopped suddenly, and opening his eyes, looked round vacantly, but seemed to recognize the marchioness.

"Grandma!" he said, feebly, "has she come—Miss Grahame?"

"Yes, I am here, Arol, dear," she whispered.

He uttered a weak little cry of joy, and, turning, put his parched lips to her cheek.

"I am so glad, so glad!" he murmured. "You won't go away again?"

"No, dear," responded Constance, almost inaudibly.

"No, stay with me and I shall get better," he said, plaintively. "I'm always missing you when I wake. Oh, I feel so tired, Miss Grahame, dear! I think I have been very ill!"

"You must call me Constance," she murmured.

A loving smile flickered over his face.

"May I? How kind you are to me! It's such a beautiful name. Constance!"

He was silent for a moment, then he turned his heavy eyes on the marquis.

"Oh, is that you, Uncle Wolfe? I'm so glad she has come. You won't let her go again, will you?"

"No, Arol," said the marquis, gently, and he stroked the hot hand that clung to him convulsively. "We've got her now, and we'll keep her, eh? Come away, mother, and leave them alone," he said to the marchioness in a whisper. "He will get better now that he has ceased to fret after her."

"Oh, please God, please God!" murmured the old lady.

She paused a moment as she was leaving the room, and his lips twitched.

"Yes," he assented, almost harshly. "Come away."

"I shall remain with him, nurse," said Constance when they had gone. "You may go and rest. Put the medicine close at hand, and tell me anything I ought to know."

She spoke so firmly that the nurse could not very well refuse to obey, and Constance was left alone.

Arol lay motionless now, his eyes fixed upon her dreamily, his cheek pressed to hers; and presently the tight grasp of his hand relaxed, and he fell into the fitful sleep which is all the rest fever allows.

Your true woman is never happier, never so certainly at her best, as when she is nursing those she loves, and a feeling of rest and peace fell upon Constance; but it was doomed to a speedy interruption.

The door opened slowly, and looking up, she saw Lady Ruth enter.

Constance took no notice, but her heart began to beat, and her face grew pale.

Lady Ruth stole up to the bed and looked down at them with a very different expression to that which the marchioness's face had worn.

"So you have come back?" she said in a whisper that was almost a hiss.

Constance made no reply, did not even look at her.

"You have come back—in triumph, as you think. It will be only short-lived, Miss Grahame, be sure of that."

She had raised her voice slightly above the whisper, and Constance, looking up, glanced at Arol warningly.

"Oh, not here!" she murmured.

Lady Ruth sneered.

"You play your role of the devoted nurse, well," she said. "Confine yourself to that, if you please, while you remain here. It will not be for long."

Constance kept her lips tightly closed and her eyes averted, and Lady Ruth with a look of mingled hate and jealousy, stole out again.

The hours passed, and the dawn came. Arol still lay in the half sleep. Now and again he moved restlessly, but Constance could always soothe him with a kiss or a touch of her hand and a loving murmur, and he always fell off again.

As the sun rose, and caught its way through the curtains of the darkened room, she heard faintly the sound of wheels. It was the doctor's brougham, and he entered the room presently with the marchioness and the nurse.

"This is Miss Grahame," said the marchioness.

He bowed.

"The young lady he has been asking for?" he said as he bent over and looked at him.

They waited the verdict anxiously.

"He is better," he said. "Yes, certainly there is an improvement," as he felt the child's pulse. "Shall we share the credit between us, Miss Grahame?"

Constance's heart throbbed with gratitude and pleasure.

"A child frets more than a grown-up person," he said, in his quiet, professional voice. "I am very glad you have come, my dear young lady," and he nodded emphatically.

Constance's eyes filled with tears.

"You see, my dear!" said the marchioness, laying her hand upon Constance's gratefully.

"If he goes on like this we are all right," said the doctor. "Let him have as much of you as you can, Miss Grahame."

"He shall have all of me!" said Constance, fervently.

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Many Are Deceived When Buying Diamond Dyes.

Many ladies are deceived when they go to purchase Diamond Dyes. They ask for the "Diamond," but many dealers greedy for gain and extra profit, wrap up some worthless make of dye that proves ruinous to the materials that are to be dyed.

We strongly advise the ladies to beware of the merchants who are mean enough to substitute inferior goods. If your merchant sells only common and big profit dyes, send your order direct to us, and we will send the Diamond Dyes by mail to your address. The Diamond Dyes are only ten cents per package (same price as the worthless dyes) and are always warranted perfect. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal.

The old doctor smiled, and in a most natural way gave her his instructions as he sat beside the bed and watched the child's flushed face.

"Your name is familiar to me, Miss Grahame," he said, after some time. "I knew a Doctor Graham in the Curragh."

Constance flushed, then turned pale.

"He was my father," she said in a low voice.

Dr. Griffin held out his hand with a pleased look that grew into a sympathetic one as he glanced at her black dress and at her sad face.

"He was a remarkably clever man," he said, gently. "We were at the Curragh together. Remarkably clever. And you are his daughter? How small the world is. Dear, dear! And you are staying here?"

"While Arol is ill, sir," said Constance, with a sudden flush. "I was his governess."

"Was?" he said. "And now you are his nurse. But you must not knock yourself up. You have been ill, have you not?"

Constance shook her head.

"They must take care of you," he said, quietly; and he smiled at the marchioness as she came toward them, and within hearing, "for little Lord Arol's sake."

"And for her own, doctor," said the marchioness, gently. "You will go and rest now, my dear."

But Constance refused firmly.

"Not yet," she said; "I cannot resign my post so soon," and she looked at the doctor anxiously.

He nodded approvingly.

"That was worthy of the daughter of my old friend," said Doctor Griffin as he rose. "I have every confidence in you, my dear young lady.

"Oh, my dear, if you knew how grateful I am to you!" murmured the marchioness. "But, indeed, you must go and rest. I heard what Dr. Griffin said, and Lord Wolfe would never forgive any of us if you were to be ill."

Constance turned her face away.

"I shall not be ill, dear Lady Brakespeare," she said in a low voice.

The marquis entered at the moment, and came noiselessly to the bed.

"You have done more than the doctor could have accomplished," he said in a voice that thrilled her. "I have not seen him so peaceful yet. Have you tried to thank her, mother?"

"Yes, Wolfe, she replied, meekly, "and I want her to rest, but she will not."

He took out his watch.

"She shall remain another hour," he said, as he glanced at Constance's anxious face. "One hour only, mind. I will go and send her some breakfast. Remember," he added as he reached the door, "it is a command, and you know I like to be obeyed."

And Constance, who had withstood the doctor and the marchioness, lowered her head and said nothing.

CHAPTER XVI.

The crisis had passed, and Arol had passed the dark corner and was on the road to recovery. Since the hour she had re-entered the castle Constance had nursed him with the devotion of a sister; she had scarcely left the bedside, and it was from her hand that he took his medicine and his food; and it was to her that they all looked with the deepest and most profound gratitude.

Since the day she had come back Constance had not left the upper part of the house. There was a balcony running some little distance in front of the windows on the west side, and she had gone out upon this balcony and got a few minutes of fresh air.

The marchioness had urged her to come down at meal times, and the marquis had just stopped short at the point of ordering her to do so, but Constance had resisted all their entreaties.

She had come back, she told herself, for one sole object; to nurse Arol, and she would confine herself to that. As soon as he got well she would return to the lonely life at Mrs Mervyn's, and begin again the struggle for existence.

The marchioness spent a great deal of time in Arol's room, and seemed never so happy as when sitting beside his bed and talking with him and Constance. Lady Ruth had come in about twice a day for some days, but soon after the crisis had passed Constance noticed the discontinuence of her visits, and it was explained by the marchioness.

"Lady Ruth has gone on a visit," she said.

"Yes?" said Constance, who could not help a thrill of relief and satisfaction.

"Yes. She has gone to join her father, Poor Ruth!"

"Because she has gone to join her father?" said Constance, with a faint smile

The marchioness nodded.

"Well, yes. Lord Portaire is a sad martyr to the gout, and—and it is a terrible affliction. There are some days when no one excepting his valet can go near him. I am very sorry for poor Ruth, for she is not adapted to a sick-chamber. She is—is rather restless and energetic," she continued very gently, as if apologizing for finding even such little fault. "Now, you, my dear have such a quiet, mousy way with you when you like, that your very presence seems to soothe one. Would you like Miss Grahame to go now, Arol?" she asked him.

"No!" he said, turning his pale, wasted face, in which, however, already a healthier look was observable. "Who says she is going? You won't go, Constance, dear, will you? I'll get ill again if you do."

Continued Next Week.

The Sheriff—You say that fellow who broke jail left a message behind?

The Keeper—Yes, sir; here it is on this paper: "Excuse the liberty I take."

Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A CAR-DRIVER'S STORY.

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by a friend who told me that I must purchase six bottles, and use them according to directions. I yielded to his persuasion, bought the six bottles, and took the contents of three of these bottles without notices any direct benefit. Before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a carbuncler, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, and the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

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If your clothes show signs of wear have them dyed at

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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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Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS

In a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McCOMBER & SON, Bouchette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garceau of chronic cold in chest and bronchial tubes, and also cured W. O. McCombber of a long-standing cold.

MR. J. H. HUTTY, Chemist, 528 Yonge St., Toronto, writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup Pyny-Pectoral is a most invaluable preparation. It has given the utmost satisfaction to all who have tried it, many having spoken to me of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. Its sale with me has been wonderful, and I can always recommend it as a safe and reliable cough medicine."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

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