

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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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction at 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.

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Office from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Closed 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 10 A. 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. All society reports on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 8:30 P. M.

COLES W. BROWN, Overseer & B. Y. P. U. S. S.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. F. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, District Church, Wolfville; Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. and at 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 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 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 at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; at 10 A. M. and 8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Storey, J. Wardens.
S. J. Hutcheson, J.

St. FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, F. J.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the fourth Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 2 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.

My orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNBARSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1896.

THE

Wolfville Clothing Co.

HAVE THE

Finest and Largest Stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS to be found in the County.

English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds and Trouserings, Fall and Winter Overcoatings, Worsted in Blue, Black and Fancy shades.

All of which will be made up in the latest style by a full staff of competent workmen. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

We have also the agency of Clement's laundry—leaves here Tuesday and returns Friday noon.

NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

Men of Rawson Fenton's nature do not, when their schemes fail, either hang themselves or repent.

The following day Lord Elliot, who had not forgotten that he had taken that gentleman in hand, went to London and to the marriage solicitors.

The men of law listened to the story of the strange discovery of the Jasper rock with respectful attention, and when he had concluded, shook their heads.

"We have received no communication either from Mr. Fenton's solicitors or himself," said the head of the firm. "It is a remarkable story, my lord, remarkable. From what you say, I conclude that the documents are probably forgeries. But it would be hard to prove it. Mr. Fenton—we know him by repute, of course—is a very wealthy man, and would, if the property is as valuable as you say, fight hard. We should like to see the deeds."

"I'll go and get them," said Lord Elliot, promptly.

The lawyer smiled.

"Give me the address and I'll have 'em here in a couple of hours," said Lord Elliot. "My friend's wife isn't going to be robbed if I can help it."

"Surely, your worship does not meditate—ahem—violence?" said the lawyer, gravely.

"Never mind," replied Lord Elliot. "Just give me his address."

They argued and reconstrated, but in the end they gave him the address in Kensington Park Gardens, and Lord Elliot jumped in a cab and was driven there.

The pale-faced secretary received him with the sympathetic indifference of an overworked man.

"Mr. Fenton left England last night, my lord," he said.

"Where has he gone?" demanded Lord Elliot.

"The secretary slightly shook his head.

"I have no idea," my lord.

"Gone abroad," is a vague address, and though Lord Elliot spent the day and many others, in searching for Mr. Rawson Fenton, he failed to get any tidings of him.

But that same night, as the Countess plotted her pathless way through the moonlit sea, a tall, thin man with a pale and haggard face came up on deck and paced up and down.

His name stood on the passenger list as "John Smith," but the pale face and dark cunning eyes were those of Rawson Fenton.

The night was cold; but though he wore a heavy fur lined coat, it was thrown open, and his hands were burning.

Night, and especially moonlight night, is the time when conscience is in full working order and bent upon doing its duty, but Rawson Fenton and conscience had parted company long ago, and this that tortured him was not the silent monitor, but the passionate, helpless rage of a man who has lived to see the pet scheme of his life cast down and trodden under foot.

He was rich still, but his riches could bring him no consolation. He had lost the woman to gain whom he had put forth all his strength and all his cunning, to find his strength but weakness and his cunning as naught.

He had lost Constance! For him there was no power, no beauty in the glorious moonlight. The furies were gathered round him and lashing him with their whips—the whips which his

own evil thoughts and deeds had plaited.

"Constance! Constance!" every lap of the waves seemed to whisper tauntingly, and as he paced up and down in the silence of the night, he could have shrieked her name aloud and cursed her.

Now and again an officer of the watch passed him, and once after glancing curiously at the white, haggard face, gave him good-night, remarking that it was cold.

Rawson Fenton glared at him for a moment as if he had not understood them, without a word, paced on.

The officer looked after him still with curiosity.

"That man's been drinking," he said to a mate. "Inflated delirium tremens, if I'm not mistaken. Why doesn't he go below? Keep an eye on him."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the mate. The passenger paced to the stern of the vessel, and stood looking toward the shore they had left behind.

And as he did so another word seemed to rise and ring in his ears, "Forger!"

His face grew black and he grasped the iron rail in front of him.

He had seen England for the last time. He knew the stuff of which Lord Elliot was made, and knew that he would not let the matter of those deeds rest, and the fire in his breast seemed to leap up more fiercely. He had lost Constance, and his own good name—the Rawson Fenton, the millionaire, the man whose name had been a power in the land! He would have been a member of Parliament; would have raised himself to what pinnacle of greatness? And he had lost it all through her!

With a groan he turned, and as he did so a man rose from a pile of ropes beside him.

Fenton started and looked at him half absently, and then his eyes grew fixed, and a savage oath sprang to his lips.

The man was standing looking out at the sea, and unconscious that any one was near him.

Rawson Fenton buttoned the fur coat across his chest, and with quick but stealthy steps approached the man and grasped him by the shoulder.

The man turned sharply and fell back a step with an exclamation.

"Yes," hissed Rawson Fenton, "it's I, you dog! You cur, you betrayed me!"

"Take your hands off!" said Ned, for it was he. "Take your hands off!" he repeated, with an oath, his eyes blazing.

"You betrayed me, you hound!" said Rawson Fenton again, and clutching him grimly. "Why shouldn't I fling your miserable carcass overboard?" and he thrust his white face close to the man's.

Ned caught his arms and forced them down, and holding them in a grip like that of a vice, laughed at him.

"So your best gunner, are you?" he cried, tauntingly. "You've lost your little game, whatever it was, oh? I'm glad of it. Yes, I betrayed you, as you call it. Curse you, I wish I'd split upon you that very night! But your best now. Now, look here, and be shook him. "It's no wish o' mine that we should be on the same ship; but I'll give you a word of warning. Keep out of my way, or blessed if I shall be able to keep from doing you an injury. There—be off with you!" and he thrust him from him.

Rawson Fenton had been longing for something to wreak his fury on, and the object was before him.

He sprang at Ned, and they struggled together on the clean and slippery deck.

The mate who had turned for a moment, now looked in their direction in time to see Fenton spring.

With a cry of warning he ran toward them, but before he could reach the spot, he saw Rawson Fenton, in a wild and furious attempt to force Ned over the rail, miss his footing and fall overboard.

In a moment the alarm was given, the vessel backed, and a boat lowered.

They saw the white face and the waving arms on the surface of the water for a second or two, and heard one awful, despairing shriek; but by the time they had reached the spot the face had disappeared and all was silent.

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.

The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster

Back-Ache, Face-Ache, Neuralgia, Pain, Rheumatic Pain, Pains in the Side, etc.

Temporarily Relieved and Cured by

The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster

Having used this D. & L. Menthol Plaster in various cases of the kind, and having found it to be the most reliable and most effective remedy for the relief of all the above mentioned pains, I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with any of the above mentioned pains.

Price 50c.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd.,
Proprietors, Montreal.

White Sewing Machine Co.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Thomas Organs

FOR SALE BY—

Howard Pinoe,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil. Machines and Organs repaired. 25

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

PAIN-KILLER

Is a very valuable remedy, both for the relief of pain and for the relief of fever. It is a safe and reliable remedy for the relief of all the above mentioned pains, and is the most effective remedy for the relief of all the above mentioned pains.

Price 50c.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd.,
Proprietors, Montreal.

TAKE THE BEST

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

Shilo's Cure is the best remedy for the relief of all the above mentioned pains, and is the most effective remedy for the relief of all the above mentioned pains.

Price 50c.

SHILOH'S CURE,
Proprietors, Montreal.

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.

My orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNBARSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1896.

POETRY.

A Thanksgiving of the Past.

An old time, rambling farmhouse, set
Far back among the trees,
A road walk leading up to it,
A door which opens with ease.

A snow laden couple just inside,
To grasp your willing hand,
A merry welcome from a large
And ever growing band.

The slow and solemn service, led
By father's trembling voice,
And hymns which stir the soul and make
The weary heart rejoice.

The facial beard round which we meet
In joyous happy throng,
The stories of the year just past,
The jest and laugh and song.

The glorious old fireplace, filled
With crackling glowing flames,
The roasted apple, cider, nut—
Do others taste the same?

The quiet nook upon the stairs,
With only room for two,
The downcast eyes, the sweet, soft voice
That opened heaven to you—
Did ever modern thanksgiving
Contain such joy and bliss!
One brother or football game
Bring happiness like this!

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Continued.

Rumors so astounding as to rival the most marvelous story in that most marvelous of story books, "The Arabian Nights" flew up and down, and gathered volume as they flew; but so far as the outer world is concerned, the mystery of her flight is a mystery still. But the crowd that thronged the approach to the church and the church itself, and expected to glean something from the faces of the bride and bridegroom, were disappointed.

After the fierce ordeal through which Constance had passed, the facing of the crowd was not likely to overwhelm her. It is doubtful whether she even saw the eager and curious faces that lined the path, for she had only eyes for the handsome, and, at last, perfectly happy face of her husband.

The sun shone brightly, the organs pealed out its seemingly joyous tones, and the bells rang merrily; and the people as she passed out on the arm of the marquis, thought only of her sweet beautiful face; and, forgetting the mysterious events which had postponed their lord's wedding, cheered lustily.

And there were tears in the eyes of the women, as well as cheers on the lips of the men, when, as she entered the carriage, the bride turned, and bending her beautiful head, put her arms round young Lord Arol and kissed him.

"That's a wonderful young woman," said the duke, as, three hours later, the wedding party stood on the steps watching the departure of the bride and bridegroom, and he started after the carriage, from which, nestled in furs and Wolfe's arms, Constance was taking a last lingering look at the group on the steps—"A wonderful young woman! A man doesn't give away a girl like that every day. I wonder, now," and he turned to the duchess with a chuckle, "what the poor devil Fenton feels like? By Gad! if I'd made such a hard fight for her and lost her, I think I should go away quietly and hang myself!"

But the duke, who was simplicity and honesty itself, did not understand rogues.

THE BEST REMEDY

IN THE WORLD TO-DAY FOR RHEUMATISM IS

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure

Try it and Be Convinced.

St. John, N. B. Sept. 14, 1896.

S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Hamilton, Ont.

GENTLEMEN.—Being a great sufferer from Rheumatism I was induced to try your Kootenay Cure. I was confined to my bed and had to be carried, as I could not walk. After taking the medicine for a few weeks I was able to return to my work, and by continuing its use I have five pounds in weight and eat my food with relief. Since being cured I received a thorough dressing from rain, but did not have the slightest twinges of Rheumatism as a result. I make this statement freely on behalf of fellow sufferers that they may be benefited by taking Kootenay Cure.

Yours truly,
DILL DENIGER.

For sale by T. L. HARVEY, Wolfville.

How Children are Spoiled.

The dangers that cluster about the untutored feet of the young mother begin from the very first dawning of her baby's intelligence. Long before she dreams of his knowing anything, or receiving mental impressions, the seeds are sowing for good or ill in his character. I have watched the growth of weeds thus, with the slightest touch might have been slipped away from the tender soil; but time passed by, and the intruder flourished apace. Get control of your child during the first three years and you are sure of him. The habit of obedience and deference firmly rooted then, he will never fall in after years, when he has slipped the apron-strings. The trouble is too often with the parents. The mother herself fosters ugly traits by injudicious managing. Her baby refuses to kiss her. She makes believe to cry about it, and thus gives a lesson that will soon have him crying for what he wants. He bumps his head and she whips the door or whatever it was that hurt him, thus teaching him to be combative and spiteful. What is it that makes nearly all children liars and many of them thieves? They are trained to be so by the unconscious fingers that point the way. The mother pretenses anything, everything, to keep peace and avoid a combat with the little creature, who even now is beyond her control. She does not fall through these promises, and the child becomes her judge. Never tell a lie to a child, or in any way deceive him, if you would hope to get the proper influence. Do not rob him of the happiness of supreme trust in you. It will cling to him through life.

Times Revenges.

Here is an example of "Time's revenges." Two Jews of Bagdad have lately purchased all the land on which ancient Babylon stood. That Babylon by whose waters the Jews in exile wept and prayed is now the property of those who, in their despair, hanged their harps upon the trees that are therein.

Fifty Years Ago.

This is the stamp that the letter bore which carried the story far and wide, of certain cure for the hemorrhoids. That bubbled up from the tainted tide of the blood below. And 'twas Ayer's name and his Sarsaparilla, that all now know, that was just beginning its fight of fame with its cures of 50 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is the original Sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record of cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only Sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record!

50 Years of Cures.

comes a good brown. See that the boards are perfectly clean and dry, then with a large painter's brush apply the stain. When this is dry give a second coating is necessary. Wash the brush in soft soap and soda, using plenty of warm water, dry it and then give the boards a coating of linseed oil, mixed with a good drying medium. When the oil has dried in begin polishing with the usual beeswax and turpentine. The two or three rubbings with this will be necessary before a good surface is obtained.

PRIESTLEY'S CELEBRATED DRESS GOODS!

In the Following Styles:—

Samples Ready for Mailing.

PRIESTLEY'S WOOL CASHMERE.
PRIESTLEY'S WOOL SERGES.
PRIESTLEY'S WOOL CREPONS.
PRIESTLEY'S WOOL FIGURES.
PRIESTLEY'S SATIN SOLEILS.
PRIESTLEY'S FANCY WOOL NOBELS.
PRIESTLEY'S SILK AND WOOL EUDORAS.
PRIESTLEY'S SILK AND WOOL HENRIETTES.
PRIESTLEY'S WATERPROOF CRAVENNETTES.

Priestley's Goods are Sold by all Leading Dry Goods Houses in the World. For Sale in Windsor by

JOHN T. CHISHOLM,

47 & 49 Water St. Windsor, N. S.