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 10, 1896. | No. 32.

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THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on 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 comunication, although the same may be writt n over a ficticious signature.

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DAVISON BROS.,
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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Family Medicine of the Age.

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

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POETRY.

That is an exquisite bit of verse that James Whitcomb Riley has addressed to the dying composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Here it is:

Kathleen Mavourneen, the song is still ringing
As fresh and as clear as the trill of a bird,
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing,
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest word.

O, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it?
And have we forgotten his rapturous art?
Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it:
O, why art thou silent, the voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, thy lover still lingers,
The long night is waning—the stars pale and few.
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bound with his tears as the lily with the dew.

The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain,
The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

It is almost as sweet and tender as the famous song that inspired it.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

She thrust the question from her as firmly as she could, and, timing herself exactly, got back to Mrs. Mervyn's at the end of the prescribed hour, and fell to work.

In the afternoon Mrs. Mervyn persuaded her to take another rest, and Constance walked through some of the large thoroughfares and looked at the shops; but her mind was fixed upon the past, and it always was, except when she was at work. And so it came to pass, as it always does, that she flew to the work as positive relief; but even while she was writing, the face of the marquis would sometimes rise between her and the printed page, and she would hear the echo of his deep musical voice.

And at times a strange sadness fell upon her; a yearning so vague and shadowy that she could not analyze it. But it was dangerously like an intense longing to see that face and hear that voice again.

It was a lonely life! Day after day passed with scarcely a break in the work, excepting that of a walk in the park, or a talk with Mrs Mervyn. She read a little, but the books seemed vapid and tame beside her own experience. She began to feel a craving for something, she knew not what; she thought of Arol, and longed with an intensity of longing beyond all words for the sight of his face, the sound of his loving prattle. The loneliness was telling upon her, as Rawson Fenton had calculated it would. She was paler and thinner, and there was gradually creeping into the lovely eyes, like a shadow, an expression of sadness and apathy. The end of the week came, and the results of her toil were apparent in the pile of carefully written sheets.

"I almost think I have earned my three pounds!" she said to Mrs Mervyn as she showed her the heap of paper.

Mrs. Mervyn smiled sadly.

"Thirty!" she said in her subdued voice. "You have been working too hard. I knew you would."

"No, no," said Constance, eagerly. "I wanted to show Mr Thompson how much I could do. I do hope he will come to-day. If he should not—" She turned away with an impatient sigh.

The morning passed. She would not go out, in case her employer should arrive during her absence; and all the afternoon she sat and waited.

Had he forgotten the day, or had she misunderstood him?

Mrs Mervyn brought her a cup of tea as the evening closed in, but Constance could scarcely find voice in which to thank her; and when, after a few words of encouragement, she left the room, Constance paced up and down, feeling utterly dispirited and sick at heart.

Suddenly she heard a knock at the door, and hurriedly gathering her papers together, she stood and waited, her heart beating fast with the reaction of hope.

Mrs. Mervyn came in.

"A gentleman—" she began, but Constance interrupted her.

"Oh, let him come up, please. I am so glad!"

"But it is not Mr Thompson," said Mrs Mervyn, doubtfully.

"Then it must be some one from him," said Constance after a moment's sinking of the heart. "Did he say? Did he give you his name?"

"No," replied Mrs Mervyn. "He only said that he wished to see you on business."

"Then he is from Mr Thompson," said Constance, eagerly. "Please send him up."

Mrs Mervyn went down again; a moment or two passed, and the door opened.

Constance looked up, then started back with a low cry, for there stood Rawson Fenton.

For a space in which one could count twenty they stood regarding each other in silence; Constance pale and open-eyed with astonishment, he with the look in his face which she remembered so well; the expression of quiet determination and inflexibility of purpose.

"Mr Fenton!" she said at last.

He closed the door and came toward her, a certain suppressed eagerness in his eyes and manner.

"Yes, it is I" he said; and his voice, for all its studied calmness, had an undercurrent of excitement. "You are surprised, Constance? You are not—sorry to see me? You will not say that?"

"I—I am surprised," she said, and her voice trembled. "I did not expect—I thought it was some one else."

She did not ask him to sit down, and he stood leaning his hand upon the table which separated them, his dark eyes fixed upon her face with a strange mixture of scrutiny and entreaty.

"I have alarmed you," he said after a moment's pause. "I ought to have sent my name up. But I thought—well, I feared you would not see me."

"Why should I refuse to see you?" she said, with a gentle dignity, which called up before him, as if in a flash of light, the old time, the last time in which he had heard her voice; the time when he had knelt to her—and then threatened her.

"I did not know," he said. "I was afraid. And I could not risk it I wanted to see you too badly."

Constance looked at him, her self-possession coming back to her gradually.

"How did you know that I was here, Mr Fenton?" she asked, and she tried to put the question indifferently.

Another man would have told a glib falsehood, but Rawson Fenton was too clever, and he knew Constance too well to be guilty of an unnecessary lie.

"A person I employ traced you here," he said, quietly.

The blood rushed to Constance's face, making her ten times more beautiful in his eyes.

"You employed a detective to watch me?"

"Yes," he said. "Do not be angry. The great object of my life since I came to England has been to find you."

"To find me?" said Constance.

He inclined his head, never taking his eyes from her face.

"Yes, I tried all means. I searched for you myself, but without avail. Then I sought the aid of a detective. I would have moved heaven and earth, would have adopted any means to find you. You, who know me, can understand that."

Constance turned a little away from him.

"You do not ask me why. But I have come here this evening to tell you. Constance have you forgotten the past?"

"No, Mr Fenton," she replied, quietly, but with an emphysis on his name to rebuke him for addressing her by her Christian one.

"Do you remember the last time we parted? The miserable hut in the bush? I was a poor adventurer then, when I implored your love. Times have changed. Fortune has changed. I am rich. I do not say it boastingly, but to add that though all else has changed, my heart remains the same. Now as then, Constance, I love you. It is this that I have come here to-day to say."

Constance, pale and motionless, listened in silence.

"You are rich?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes," he replied, quietly, and with no trace of vaunting in his earnest voice. "There are few men, even in this London, richer than I am."

"Then," she said, flashing upon him—"then my father," her voice broke slightly, "was not deceived, and you have grown rich on the secret for which he gave his reason and life!"

He did not flinch for an instant.

"You mean the secret of the jasper rock," he said, quietly, almost sadly. "You forget that, if secret there was, it lived only, and died with him. You wrong me, Constance. I left the hut immediately after you. I was carried away by the rangers. Had I stayed and known the discovery your father fancied he had made, I should not have robbed him or you. The place was mine."

He spoke quietly, with an air and tone of patiently-borne injury that almost touched Constance.

"Do you doubt me?" he said. "It was mine from the beginning. I have the deeds—you shall see them—"

She put out her hand.

"It does not matter," she said.

"No," he responded, calmly. "But do not wrong me by so unjust a suspicion. What! I rob you, for whom I would lay down my life! Ah, Constance, do not treat me so coldly. Surely, surely, such devotion, such faithfulness as mine, deserves better treatment. I come to you with the same love, as true and passionate as ever, and lay it at your feet."

He moved nearer to her, and stretched out his hand as he spoke, his passion breaking down, or rather breaking through, his artificial calm, his face pale and working, his lips trembling.

Constance shrank back as she had shrunk from him in the hut, and then as now his face grew set and determined.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he said, huskily. "Does the constant love I bear you count as nothing with you? Won't you say one kind word to me when I tell you that through all the time we have been separated I have thought of no other woman than you, that I have worked with no other object than that of gaining a fortune worthy of your acceptance? If my success has been sweet, it has only been because of the hope—the hope that never left me, and that nerved and strengthened me—that you would consent to share it. Listen to me, Constance. Be my wife, and I will place you in a position which any woman might envy. There is no desire you can form that I will not gratify. Wealth I possess already, rank is within my reach. Give me your love to encourage me, and I will not rest until I have gained a coronet for you! There are many better men, I know, but the best, the highest, could not love you more dearly, more truly, more devotedly than I do!"

He stopped at last, breathing hard, his eager eyes fixed on her face as if by mere force of will he could melt her heart and turn it toward him.

Constance, pale, white to the lips, stood with one hand pressed against her breast, the other grasping the back of a chair. No woman could listen to such a passionate torrent, such an outpouring of a man's heart, unmoved; but the hot, passionate words only made her shrink from him with deeper repugnance.

"I—I will not listen to any more," she said at last, her voice coming with difficulty. "As I told you long, long ago, I—I—Mr Fenton if you have any regard for me, if you have any pity for me, please leave me!"

He stood and looked at her, his breath coming and going heavily.

"Do you realize all that is meant by your rejection?" he said in a low voice. "If you were a queen you could not dismiss me more heartlessly, more scornfully—"

"No, no," she replied; "not scornfully."

"But yes," he retorted. "I am no boaster, but if I had begged the hand of one of the noblest in the kingdom I might not have been refused."

"Ah, then why do you come to me?" she said, with a weary impatience.

"Because I love you and can love no other woman," he responded, passionately. "Do you think I have not tried to crush my love for you out of my heart, that I have not fought hard against it, and tried to forget you? Yes, I have struggled as few men have struggled, but all in vain. You are necessary to my happiness. Life without you is not worth living, and I cannot, will not give up all hope of winning you."

His voice grew hoarse, and he swept his hand with a passionate gesture across his brow.

"Think what you are refusing, Constance," he said. "You are a woman now, not an inexperienced girl. You have seen something of life, of its trials and misfortunes. It has been a hard life for you till now. Come to me, be my wife, and I will make all happiness for you. There is nothing you can ask that I will not give you."

He looked round the room.

"Think! In exchange for this poverty and squalor I offer you a place among the best and highest—"

Constance raised her head

"You say you know me, and you ask me to—sell myself," she said, in a low voice of indignation. "Do not say another word. Even if I were as mercenary as you think me, I am not yet helpless," and instinctively, perhaps unconsciously, her glance fell upon the pile of paper she had covered so laboriously.

He looked for a moment as if he did not comprehend, then a smile crossed his face.

"My poor Constance?" he murmured.

Startled by the significance of his tone, she looked at him with a vague sense of trouble.

"You treat my offer with scorn because you think you are independent. How little you know of the hard world if you think it so easy to earn the right to live in it.

"I—I don't understand," she faltered.

"No?" he said, drawing a little nearer, with the same smile of pity and conscious power. "You never suspected my ruse?"

He pointed to the papers.

She looked from them to him.

"What—what do you mean?" she breathed.

"You do not see, even now?" he answered. "Can you not guess that it was I who sent the man to you with the fictitious offer of work?"

It all flashed upon Constance's mind in a moment. She sunk upon a chair and hid her face in her hands.

He was by her side in a moment.

"Constance," he murmured, "forgive me. I wanted to keep you near me. I wanted to spare you the first bitter disappointment which comes to all those who, like you think they can find work in this hard world. Forgive me; it is all past now; there is no more drudgery for you dearest: nothing but peace and happiness." He sank on his knee and got hold of her hand as he spoke. "Constance, say the word; be my wife—"

She had torn her hand from his grasp and had sprung to her feet in an instant.

"Never!" she panted. "Not if the word would save me from starving. Your wife! I would rather beg—or die. Oh, why did you come? You love me, and deceive me so cruely? you do not know what love means. Please go! Go this instant!"

She stood clutching the curtain with one hand and pointing with the other to the door.

"Heartless!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, his face set and rigid. "Do not be afraid"—she had moved toward the bell—"I am going. I leave you to discover and realize the mistake you have made. Perhaps—who knows?—the time may come when you will admit it—yes, even to me." His manner changed swiftly. "I will wait till then. I ought to hate you—" he paused, as if his emotion mastered him for the moment—"but I can not. As surely as there is a heaven above us, as surely as you and I stand here, the time will come when you will be glad—yes, glad to listen to me."

For a full minute he stood looking at her, his face eloquent with the storm of passion that raged within him; then he took his hat and slowly left the room.

Continued Next Week.

Wonder is said to be expressed in England that there is no popular demonstration in Canada against the British bill permanently excluding Canadian cattle along with all other wild animals. The Canadians valued the right to ship store cattle, and did so very largely, but good authorities among them hold that they are not real sufferers by this bill except through the slander it implies upon our beef. That slander is malicious and hypocritical and highly mischievous, seeing how easy it is to excite the Englishman's unintelligent prejudice against foreign foodstuffs. As for loss to us through the actual prohibition, it is probably less than nil. We are well able to fatten our own beef, and to profit by doing so, and to produce better beef on the average than can be raised in England, as even John Bull testifies after adequate comparison. The real sufferers by the bill are the Scotch and other feeders, who buy lean animals to fatten. It is they who are bitter about it.

—*Montreal Witness.*

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Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS

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