

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XVI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1896.

No. 10.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.
Local advertising at ten cents per line
every insertion unless by special ar-
rangement for standing notices.
Late for standing advertisements will
be known on application to the
office and payment on financial advertising
not to be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
in all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
use of the party writing for the ACADIAN
and invariably accompany the contribu-
tion, although the same may be written
in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether di-
rected to his name or another's or whether
it has subscribed or not—is responsible
for its payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or
the publisher may continue to send it until
payment is made, and collect the whole
amount when the paper is taken from
the office or rack.
3. The courts have decided that adver-
tising in newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
having them unsealed for sale, is a
violation of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Carriage Hours, 8:00 A. M. to 3:30 P. M.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15
A. M.
Express west close at 9:50 A. M.
Express east close at 3:00 P. M.
Kentville close at 3:30 P. M.
Geo. V. Rank, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed
Sundays at 1 P. M. W. M. Stewart,
G. W. Stewart, Cashier.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter,
Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11
and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.
Ladies' prayer-meeting after evening
service every Sunday, 11 P. M. U. Young
people's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening,
7:30 o'clock and regular church
prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at
8 o'clock. W. M. Prayor, Secretary.
Worship on Wednesday after the first Sun-
day in the first Sunday in the month at
11 P. M.
COLIN W. BOSCOU, Treasurer
A. W. BASS, Secy.

Methodist Church.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph
Lyle, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School
at 10 o'clock. W. M. Prayor, Secretary.
Worship on Thursday evening at 7:30. All
the seats are free and strangers welcomed
at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 7:30 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesdays.

St. John's Church.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; 2d, 4th and 6th
at 11 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
P. M.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector,
Robert W. Storey, Warden,
S. J. Rutherford, Secy.

Francis (H.C.)

St. FRANCIS (H.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
Pastor. Mass 11:00 A. M. the fourth Sunday of
each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,
meets at 8:00 P. M. on the second Friday
of each month at 7:00 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.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets
every Saturday evening in Temperance
Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

Crystal Band of Hope.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 8 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,

Sausages, Bacon, Bologna,
Sausages, and all kinds
of Poultry in stock.

Mr. Leane your orders and they will
be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts
of the town.

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

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, Wors-
teds in Blue, Balok and Fancy
shades.

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

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

NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.



Livery Stables!

Until further notice at
"Bay View."

First-class teams with all the season-
able 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. 13th, 1896.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT



It is a very remarkable remedy, both for
RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA, and
WOUNDING in the quick action to relieve distress.
PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE,
HEADACHE, BRUISES, SCALDS,
BURNS, etc.
PAIN-KILLER is the most powerful
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SCALDS, BURNS, etc.

THE "White is King of All."

White Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Organs

FOR SALE BY
Howard Pineo,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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

The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster

Back-ache, Neck-ache, Sciatic
Pain, Rheumatic Pain,
Pain in the Side, etc.
Promptly Relieved and Cured by

Having used pure D. & L. Menthol Plaster
for years in the back and neck
aches, I can testify to its
value and rapid relief in
all cases of rheumatism, sciatic
ache, etc. It is a
SILVER & LAMBERT'S MENTHOL PLASTER
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, MONTREAL.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

Where all children find relief from
Croup, Whooping Cough and
Sore Throat. The Cure is
taken in time. Sold by
Druggists and Dealers
everywhere. Price, 25c per
bottle. SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER
SHILOH'S CAVARRI
REMEDY

Have you tried this remedy in
croup, whooping cough, sore
throat, etc. Price, 25c. Directions
sent to you free.

For sale by all dealers.

POETRY.

Once and Forever.

Our own are our own forever, God taketh
not back his gift.
They may pass beyond our vision, but
souls shall find them out.
When the waiting is all accomplished,
And the deathly shadows lift,
And glory is given for grieving, and
the ecstasy of God for doubt.

We may find the waiting bitter, and
count the minutes long;
God knoweth we are dust, and he
placeth our pain;
And when faith has grown to fulness,
and the silence changed to song,
We shall eat the fruit of patience, and
shall hunger no again.

No, sorrowing hearts who dumbly in
darkness and all alone,
Sit missing a dear lost presence and
the joy of a vanished day,
Be comforted with this message that our
own are forever our own.
And God, who gave the greatest gift,
he taketh it never away.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.
Livid with fury, Rawson Fenton
sprang to the window.

"I give you a minute," he said; "a
minute to decide. Prevent her going
with me as she wishes—as she wishes
—and I call for assistance."

Lord Elliot advanced upon him, but
the marquis held up his hand.

"Let him call, Elliot," he said, as he
knelt beside Constance. "You shall
not soil your fingers with him. Give
him in charge of the first policeman
who appears, and let us get rid of him."

Rawson Fenton glared from one to
the other.

"Yes," he said, "it is time the police
were on the scene. But when they
come it will be to obey my orders, not
yours."

"The fellow's mad, Wolfe," said
Lord Elliot. "For heaven's sake, let
us end this! I'll fetch a carriage."

He went toward the door, and the
marquis nodded.

"One is waiting," he said, in a low
voice.

"Stop, my lord," said Rawson Fen-
ton. "Do you know who this man is
whom you are aiding and abetting?"

"Stark, staring mad!" muttered
Lord Elliot.

"He is a felon, an outcast, a man
flying from justice. That man is a
criminal. There is a reward out for his
arrest."

Lord Elliot laughed a short laugh,
but a low, wailing cry rose from Con-
stance.

"You think that I am mad, that I
am lying?" went on Rawson Fenton,
wiping the perspiration from his fore-
head. "Ask him, ask her."

"Let me go, Wolfe!" panted Con-
stance. "Let me go before it is too
late!"

The marquis took her hand and
kissed it.

"Be calm, dearest; fear nothing," he
murmured soothingly.

"That man whom you know as the
Marquis of Brakespeare is a thief, a
felon, and is wanted by the police in
Australia. You see it hard to believe?
Look at his face. Ask him if he knows
Gentleman Jack, the leader of the
rangers."

Constance uttered a cry and clung
to Wolfe.

"Too late—too late now!" broke

from her lips.

"Yes, it is too late," said Rawson
Fenton, with a malignant sneer. "Even
you cannot save him. Oh, cling to
him; you will not enjoy the privilege
long. You stare, my lord!" to Elliot,
who regarded him as one regards a
raving lunatic. "You are surprised!
It is only natural. Both men as you
are not in the habit of extending
friendship to a felon. You still think I
am lying? Ask him. Put the plain
question. I don't fancy he will think
it worth while to deny it. Ask him if
he is not the man I accuse him of
being!"

Lord Elliot's eyes removed them-
selves, as if with difficulty, from Fen-
ton to the marquis' face.

It was pale, and stern, but perfectly
calm, and without the faintest sign of
fear or guilt.

"Enough of this," said Lord Elliot.
"You are only prolonging an extremely
painful scene, Mr. Fenton. I can un-
derstand your vexation, but unless you
have completely taken leave of your
senses you will see that your attempt
to force this lady to accompany you has
failed. Leave the place, sir, and at
once!"

Rawson Fenton glared at him, his
lips whitening.

"I will go on one condition," he said,
"that she goes with me."

Before anyone else could speak Con-
stance rose to her feet and confronted
him.

He drew a sharp breath of relief and
gratification.

"Ah, you will come?"

"No," she said; and her voice,
though low, seemed to ring through the
room like a bell. "No, I will not. You
have done your worst, and I stay with
him!"

She stretched out her hand to the
marquis with a gesture that
thrilled three at least of the spectators,
and made even Rawson Fenton quail.

"Very good," he said with a sneer.
He turned again to Lord Elliot. "My
lord, you are a magistrate. I demand
a warrant for the arrest of an Australian
outlaw, and I charge this man, the
Marquis of Brakespeare, with being
that man."

Lord Elliot smiled.

"Refuse, and I ring for assistance!"

The marquis was about to speak,
but Rawson Fenton broke in insolently:

"Spare yourself," he said. "It is
too late, as she has said." He turned
again to Lord Elliot. "If you hesitate
to do as I ask—demand—put the ques-
tion to her: Why did she leave this
man on the eve of her marriage to
him?"

Lord Elliot started.

"It was not out of any great love for
me," said Rawson Fenton, between his
teeth, "but to save him from the pun-
ishment his crime deserves, and he
shall receive it. Ask her if what I
charge him with is not true."

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