THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00.

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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.

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An agreeable laxative and Nerve Tonic. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c., 60c. and $1.00 per package. Sample free.

HO HO The Favorite TOILET POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cts. Sold by Druggists.

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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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PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures

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

Used Externally, It Cures

Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.—Salem Observer.

We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—Canada Farmer.

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Beware of imitations. Buy only the genuine "Perry Davis." Sold everywhere; large bottles, 25c.

Minards Liniment cures Diphtheria.

POETRY.

At Mother's Knee.

Safe to the fold the Shepherd leads
His little lambs at close of day,
And thus my darlings come to me,
At last grown tired of their play;
And while the twilight shadows fall
O'er hill and meadow from above,
I draw my little lambkins safe
Within the fold of home and love

O drowsy eyes of blue and brown!
O nodding heads! I understand;
'Tis time two little travellers start,
With mother's aid for "slumber land."
She folds the dresses snug away,
And frees the restless, dainty feet
From shoe and stocking. Thus, at last,
My little lambs, refreshed and sweet,

And robed in white before me kneel
With folded hands. O Father, thou
Who art the Shepherd of thy flock,
Bow down thy ear and listen now
To each low, childish prayer that these,
My children offer up to thee.
Hallow the twilight hour, O Lord,
That brings them thus before my knee.

And so through all the silent hours
Which lie between the night and day,
They shall not fear, since from the fold
Thy love will drive all foes away.
Sleep, little ones, oh, sweetly sleep,
Till morning sunbeams gather fast;
And safe from slumber-land you come
Back to your mother's knee at last.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

"No," replied the other, curiously. "This is very interesting."

"All studies of human nature are, especially when they are as dramatic as Mr Fenton's. Well, if you take him off his guard, so to speak, you will notice that his face has a peculiar restless and dissatisfied expression, like that of a man who is looking for something without which he cannot be happy or at peace."

"Looking for more money, perhaps?" suggested the first gentleman, with a laugh.

"N—o; I don't think that it is exactly. If it were money he wanted, you see, he would go and make it. It isn't that. It is something I can scarcely define. But there is one explanation obvious enough—he is a lonely man."

"Ah, yes, he isn't married, is he?"

"No wife; no kith or kin."

"That's strange. I suppose he could marry as high as he chose?"

"Almost to the foot of the throne," replied the reflective gentleman. "There is scarcely a noble family in the land which hasn't a daughter it would be glad to give him. Last night I was at the Duchess of Crownbrilliants' ball, and I was told, I could see for myself, that there were half a dozen of the best and most beautiful of our belles who would have stooped—and gladly—to pick up the handkerchief if he had thrown it."

"Strange he doesn't marry—marry a title. Most men in his position would do so. He's not a bad looking man either."

"No," assented the other; "no, rather good-looking than otherwise."

"Perhaps there is some mystery, some affaire de coeur, in his past life, eh?"

"Possibly; though I should rather doubt it. I should think that his heart is pretty well under control. I can't imagine Rawson Fenton labering under the disadvantages of a love affair. Well, I suppose I had better go. Good-morning, sir."

"I'll go, too, I think. Are you going city way?" and the two men walked off.

Meanwhile Rawson Fenton, the object of their analysis, sat before a table in a handsome room on the first floor of the great house, opening his letters.

Some of them he glanced at and dropped into the waste-paper basket; others he read quickly and threw over to his secretary, a pale young man who sat at a table near him and wrote as if for dear life; others he read slowly and attentively, and laid aside in a pile by themselves.

Every now and then a servant in plain black livery, which contrasted with the brilliant livery of the footmen, entered with letters and telegrams which had just arrived, and these were treated as the others.

The light fell full upon the face of the great man. It has changed much since we saw it last in Dr. Grahame's hut. Keener and more acute perhaps, with fine lines drawn upon the brow, and about the eyes, but the old self-restrained, calculating was there still, and accentuated. Success—success so great as to rank with the marvelous and fabulous—had not softened the old expression of conscious power and the desire to make it felt.

He was Rawson Fenton, the adventurer, still, but with the world at his feet.

The work, and hard is was, continued for an hour or more, scarcely a word being spoken. The secretary wrote still more rapidly, if that were possible; the great man rent his letters asunder—letters in business envelopes, letters enclosed in dainty ones stamped with golden crest and breathing perfume.

These latter from women sending him invitations, and couching them in warmer language than the usual formal one. But they raised no corresponding warmth in him. One by one he put them in the waste-paper basket or laid them aside.

A servant entered and announced a famous City name, that of a man who is supposed to control millions.

Mr. Rawson Fenton looked up:

"My excuses. I will see the baron in the city to-morrow."

That was all.

Presently the man appeared again, and approaching the desk, respectfully and almost timidly, placed a piece of paper there.

"Waiting, sir," he said.

Rawson Fenton took it up and glanced at it, and for a moment his impassive face lost its set expression, and a sudden light flashed into his eyes.

"Wait," he said to the servant. Then he took out his watch and looked at it.

"You had better go and get some lunch," he said, addressing the secretary.

The secretary rose at once, laid down his pen, and left the room.

"Show him in," said Mr Rawson Fenton then to the servant.

A minute or two afterward he ushered in an old man with a yellow, wrinkled face, the only noticable feature of which was a pair of small but exceedingly keen eyes. He was dressed very plainly, and looked not unlike an old and very much trusted confidential clerk in a bank.

Rawson Fenton looked up and nodded, and the man made a low bow.

Rawson Fenton bent over his papers until the door closed on the servant, then looked up sharply.

"Lock that door," he said.

The old man moved quickly across the large room—very quickly indeed for an old man—and noiselessly turned the key.

"Well," said Rawson Fenton, coldly, "you have some news?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, straightening his back in a peculiar manner for his age, "I have some news at last. I'm afraid I have been some time, but as I told you, even a detective, Mr. Fenton, cannot work without a clue."

"I know all that," responded Rawson Fenton, quietly, but with his eyes downcast. "What have you discovered? Have you found—her?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"What?" exclaimed Rawson Fenton, raising his eyes, and letting a flash of angry eagerness escape him. "What do you mean? Quick, my time is valuable."

"Yes, sir. In a word, then, I tracked Miss—."

Fenton glanced toward the door.

"The young lady I was in search of. She had gone to live in Buckinghamshire. Here is the address."

Rawson Fenton took it slowly, with an affectation of indifference that was rather overdone.

"Brakespeare Castle," he said. "The Marquis of Brakespeare. Governess to the young Lord Lancebrook."

He put the paper down, and screened his face with his hand from the keen eyes watching him.

"So near!" he muttered. "So near!" and a sigh struggled through his set lips. "Is that all?" he said aloud.

"Well," replied the detective reluctantly. "I'm sorry that it isn't. I ought to have said that that was the young lady's address.

"Was? What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, she has gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, sir. Left this morning suddenly and unexpectedly."

Rawson Fenton rose and stood with his back to the light.

"Well, well, where is she now?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't know, sir," replied the detective. "I received a telegram from one of the servants in my employ at the castle saying that the young lady had left quite suddenly and that no one in the place knew where she had gone."

Rawson Fenton bit his lip.

"But you traced her," he said, with suppressed fury. "You are a detective, and you come and tell me—!"

The man looked up at him.

"I have only just received the wire," he said. "Your instructions were that I should bring you every piece of information as I got it. I have done so, sir."

Rawson Fenton controlled himself with an effort.

"Very good," he said. "Now go and find her for me. Lose no time; spare no expense. Stay," he added as the man rose and seemed to grow old again. "Did you find out whether she was well and—and happy?"

"Yes, sir, quite well. I hadn't a chance of seeing her myself, but the servant I bribed told me.

"Good; that is all. Come to me with information at any hour, day or night."

The man bowed and left the room. Mr. Rawson Fenton sank into his chair and leaned his head on his hands.

His face was pale, paler even than usual, and there were great drops of perspiration on his forehead.

"Constance! Constance!" he murmured, hoarsely. "To think that I can not forget her!" and he struck the desk with his clinched hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

Constance stood looking out of the window of the room at Mrs. Mervyn's the next morning, but she scarcely saw the long row of opposite houses, each exactly like the other, a dreary monotony prevailing over them all. She had slept little, and the thought that had haunted her all night was haunting her now. She had spread her little store of money out upon the dressing-table and regarded it fixedly, and the longer she looked at it the less it seemed to become.

She must do something to earn her livelihood, and that quickly—but what?

Without friends or references she was perfectly helpless. She could not procure even a situation as domestic servant. She turned from the window with a sigh almost of despair, as she thought how soon she would be compelled to leave even this haven of rest.

Mrs. Mervyn had been very kind and attentive, and had herself brought up the plain breakfast, and exchanged a word or two with Constance; and Constance felt that she should desire nothing better in life than to remain where she was, in solitary quiet and peace.

But that could not be, and at last, having no settled purpose in her mind, she put on her out-door things and went out.

She paused a moment or two on the steps, wondering which way she should go, and as she did so a man who had come slowly down the street glanced up at her and crossed over.

"Can you tell me which is Pembridge Crescent, miss?" he asked.

He was an old man with a bent back and a face wrinkled with care, and Constance, as he asked the question, wondered whether he too, like herself was a stranger in the vast city.

"I'm sorry I cannot," she said; "I am quite a stranger."

He took out a paper from his pocket and looked at it, then glanced up at her with a pair of small keen eyes.

"So am I, miss," he said apologetically. "Yes, Pembridge Crescent is the place I want. Thank you, miss; and excuse me for troubling you."

Constance assured him gently that he had given her no trouble, and walked down the street.

The old man followed her slowly; and crossing over presently, stopped as she stopped, uncertain which direction to take.

Constance saw him apparently asking his question of a man who passed; then she turned to the right, hap-hazard, and lost him. She found herself presently in a gay and busy thoroughfare, with brilliant shops and crowded pavements, and walking along lost in her own sad thoughts paused now and then to look at the windows. As she did so she noticed in one a large placard with the words, "Registry office for tutors and governesses."

She stood and looked at this for some minutes reflecting. It was just possible that she might hear of a situation; at any rate, it would be well for her to go in and inquire.

Perhaps Lady Armstead would act as her reference, without requiring to know all the particulars of Constance's sudden departure from Brakespeare Castle.

Summoning up all her courage, she entered the shop. A young lady with very much befrizzled hair and a languid air stood behind the counter and eyed her in the cold-blooded fashion which sometimes greets the would-be purchasser; but her manner grew more frigid, not to say ice-like, as Constance, with a faint blush, said:

"Can you tell me if you have a situation for a governess vacant?"

The girl got a huge book, and laid it open upon the counter.

"Please write your name and address," she said, listlessly.

Constance paused a moment, feeling very much as if she should like to walk out; but resisting the inclination, she took off her glove, and wrote her name and address.

Then the young lady in charge of the office opened another book, and read in a monotonous voice, which clearly indicated her disgust at the whole business:

"'Governess: French, Italian, German, music, good English. Must be certified. Six children. Salary twenty pounds per annum.' Will that do?"

Poor Constance looked at her unsympathetic face again.

"I am afraid not," she said. "I know neither Italian nor German."

"No? Then I'm afraid you will be difficult to suit. Almost all of them know German at any rate," remarked the young lady. "Oh! here's another. 'French, English, usual accomplishments. Salary sixteen pounds per year.'"

"I think that might do," said Constance, her spirits rising somewhat.

"Oh, and there's something else. 'Must have a good contralto voice and be a good player on the violoncello.'"

Constance's heart sank again.

"That will not do," she said. "I can not play anything excepting the piano."

"No? Well, that's all we've got," said the young lady with the most profound indifference. "If we should hear of anything we'll let you know. You are not very particular, I suppose?"

"No," said Constance, quietly, "Good morning"; and she went out again, feeling rather more wretched than before as she joined the throng in front of the shops.

Five minutes after she had left, the old man who had inquired his way of her, entered the shop, and asked if he could engage a governess.

The young lady was much more polite this time, there being a great difference between a person who wants a situation and one who has one to fill. The old gentleman examined the list—a lengthy one—very carefully, and took a note of one or two names, especially that of Miss Constance Grahame, paid the half-crown fee, and departed.

A few minutes afterward he was bowling along in a hansom to Kensington Park Gardens, and alighted at the residence of Mr. Rawson Fenton. The usual crowd was waiting in the hall, but the old gentleman sent his name up and was at once ushered to the great man's room.

Rawson Fenton was hard at work at his table, and the secretary at his, as if they had never left it, and having got rid of his secretary Rawson Fenton nodded coolly to the detective.

"You have lost no time," he said, quietly enough; but the detective was a keen observer by trade and instinct, and saw his employer's eyes lighten and the clean-cut lips contract.

"No, sir," he said; "and I have been very fortunate. I happened to find the cabman who drove the young lady from the station and the rest was easy." He placed the scrap of paper bearing Constance's address on the table, and continued his report, "I felt sure she would go out this morning, so I watched the house," he said as he told how he had followed Constance to the registry office. "I recognized her at once; indeed, the young lady is not easily mistaken," he added, significantly. Rawson Fenton leaned his head on his hand, his acute brain at work.

Constance was found at last, and was near him. But how to keep her there?

He looked up presently as if an idea had occurred to him, and beckoned the detective to draw his chair nearer as he unfolded his plan.

The detective listened intently, nodded respectfully, and after taking a few notes, and quietly remarking that "it was a good plan," took his departure.

For some minutes after he had gone Rawson Fenton paced up and down the room, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming, his whole manner so unlike the cold, constrained, and utterly self possessed one which so impressed every one with whom he was brought into contact, that he seemed scarcely like the same man.

Then suddenly he regained his wonted composure, and settling himself down to work again, rang for his secretary, and was once more the hard headed impassive man of finance.

Continued Next Week.

Old Lady—There, throw away that cigarette, little boy. It makes me sick to see you smoke.

Little Boy—Yes, ma'm; but I'll bet you'd be sicker if you smooked one yourself.

Does a young woman raise a hue and cry on being kissed?

The young woman raises a slight hue, but no cry.

James E. Nicholson.

Almost Passes Belief

Mr. Jas. E. Nicholson, Florenceville, N. B., Struggles for Seven Long Years with

CANCER ON THE LIP,

AND IS CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose; the cancer began to

Eat into the Flesh,

spread to my chin, and I suffered in agony for seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a

Decided Improvement.

Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore under my chin began to heal. In three months my lip began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

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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PYNY-PECTORAL

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., reported in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garceau of chronic cough, from which she had been troubled for years, and cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.

MR. J. H. HUTTY, Chemist, 328 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, as 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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