

# 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, MARCH 6, 1896.

No. 27.

### THE WOLFVILLIE CLOTHING CO.

#### NOW OPENING NEW SPRING GOODS.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

NOBLE CRANDALL,  
MANAGER.

#### 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 one cent per line  
in every insertion, unless by special ar-  
rangement for standing notices.  
Rates for standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office, and payment for transient advertising  
must 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  
on all work turned out.  
Newspaper communications from all parts  
of the county, or articles upon the topics  
of the day are cordially solicited. The  
editors at the party writing for the ACADIAN  
must invariably accompany the communi-  
cation, although the same may be written  
under a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
DAVID YIBSON BEES,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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ring to take newspapers and periodicals  
from the Post Office, or removing and  
selling them elsewhere, is a criminal  
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For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.15  
A. M.  
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**PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.**  
Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed  
on 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 2.30 P. M.  
services every Sunday, 9 A. M. 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  
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day in the first Sunday in the month at  
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**FRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
Pastor, St. Andrew's Church,  
Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday  
at 11 A. M. and at 7 P. M. Sunday School  
at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday  
at 7.30 P. M. Christian Church, Lunenburg:  
Public Worship on Sunday at 11 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, noon, Prayer Meeting on  
Wednesday evening at 7.30. All the  
saints are free and strangers welcomed at  
all the services. At Uxbridge, preaching  
at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer  
meeting at 7.30 P. M. on Thursdays.

**St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services**  
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion  
at 10.30 at 11.30, 3.30, 4.30 and 8.30 at  
8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7.30  
P. M.

**REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.**  
Robert W. Stearns, Warden.  
St. J. Rector, 41 Warden.

**St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,  
P. M.—Mass 11.00 A. M. on the fourth Sunday  
of each month.**

**Masonic.**  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,  
meets at their hall on the second Friday  
of each month at 7.45 o'clock, P. M.  
P. A. Dixon, Secretary.

**Temperance.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION OF S. O. F. meets  
every Monday evening in their Hall  
at 7.30 o'clock.

**AGADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets**  
every Saturday evening in Temperance  
Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

**CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the**  
Temperance Hall every Friday after-  
noon at 3 o'clock.

#### INEXPENSIVE

**CORRECT  
COLORS  
NEVER  
FADING  
ALWAYS  
GENERATED.  
TECHNICAL  
TOUCHES  
STUDIOUSLY  
SUPPLIED**

In Nap, Beaver, Melton and Pricer,  
\$14.00 and upwards.  
**MCDONALD,  
THE TAILOR,**  
Corner Bell's Lane and Water St.  
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#### Kline Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works is  
now prepared to supply  
**Rough & Dressed Granite**  
—AND—  
**Light Blue Granite.**

**SUITABLE FOR  
MONUMENTAL WORK!**  
The Blue Granite comes from his  
Country at Niagara, and its quality is  
highly endorsed by the Geological De-  
partment at Ottawa.  
Estimates given and orders filed for  
all classes of  
**DRESSED GRANITE.**

**JOHN KLINE,  
NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,  
HALIFAX.**

**"D. & L." MENTHOL  
PLASTER**  
This plaster is made from the finest  
materials and is the best for all  
kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia,  
sprains, strains, and all other  
inflammatory affections. It is  
applied to the affected part and  
removes the pain and restores  
the circulation. It is the best  
remedy for all these affections.  
Price 25c per box. Sold by  
all druggists.

**TAKE THE  
BEST  
CURE  
WITH  
SHILOH'S  
CURE**  
This GREAT CURE Cures promptly every  
case of Catarrh of the Bladder, Gonorrhea,  
Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Whooping Cough,  
Sore Throat, and all other  
inflammatory affections. It is  
the best remedy for all these  
affections. It is the best  
remedy for all these affections.  
Price 25c per bottle. Sold by  
all druggists.

**SHILOH'S CATARRH  
REMEDY.**  
This GREAT CURE Cures promptly every  
case of Catarrh of the Bladder,  
Gonorrhea, Stricture, Hemorrhoids,  
Whooping Cough, Sore Throat,  
and all other inflammatory  
affections. It is the best  
remedy for all these affections.  
Price 25c per bottle. Sold by  
all druggists.

**Harrison Bros.,**  
Agents for  
Canada Stained Glass Works.  
Dealers in Sand-cut, Embossed, Beveled  
and Reveled Glass, Mirror  
Plates, Etc.  
Plain and Artistic Painters, Importers  
of Wall Paper and Decora-  
tions.  
Showrooms: 54 Barrington Street,  
Halifax, N. S.

#### POETRY.

**Fidelity.**  
I do not want you when your feet  
With hazy footsteps tread on air,  
And you can smile on all you meet,  
And banish care;  
But when the road is long and cold,  
And you are weary, and old—  
Come then.

I do not want you when your name  
From lip to lip is proudly rolled,  
I do not want you when your fame  
Has brought you gold;  
But when you fight, and strive, and press,  
And no one reads the songs you pen,  
And life is full of loneliness—  
Come then.

#### SELECT STORY.

**Wolfe the Ranger.**  
CHAPTER X.—Continued.  
"In a moment," he said, slowly and  
thoughtfully, "You must have formed  
some conclusions. Tell me what  
they are. I will tell you if they are  
correct."  
She shook her head.  
"Tell me why I should admit a man  
—such a man—to the castle at this  
hour, secretly, and give him money;  
you saw me give him money?"  
She made a gesture of assent.  
"Well," he said, "I cannot guess."  
"I do not know," she said.  
"He was silent for a moment, as if  
thinking deeply; then he said:  
"Why did you come here at this  
hour of the night?"  
"There was no touch of suspicion  
in his voice, simply the desire to know."  
Constance swept the hair from her  
forehead with a weary gesture.  
"I—I came to look for my lock-  
et."  
"And you set such value on it that  
you ventured to come down in the dark-  
ness in search of it?"  
"Yes," she said, meeting his eyes  
steadily. "I value it above everything  
I possess."  
He put his hand to his waistcoat  
pocket, and held out the lock and a  
fragment of the chain.  
"Is this it?"  
She took it eagerly.  
"I found it lying by the chair in  
which you were sitting. No, I have  
not opened it," he added.  
Her face crimsoned, and she held the  
locket out to him without a word.  
He put it in his pocket.  
"No, I will not pry into your secrets,  
though all unwittingly I might have  
done so. You, tonight, have as unwill-  
ingly, learned something of a secret of  
mine. Shall I tell you the whole of it?"  
And he smiled at her sadly.  
She shrunk back and put out her  
hands.  
"No, no!" she breathed.  
"Ah," he said, intensely. "That is  
for me to decide. Wait!"  
He motioned her to a chair, but Con-  
stance stepped back and shook her head,  
though she was trembling in every  
limb.  
He took two or three paces, his head  
bowed upon his breast; then he turned  
and faced her, his eyes full of dumb  
pain, his lips tightly compressed.  
"No, I cannot," he said. "I expect  
that I will tell you this; that it is you  
who caused me to play the coward  
to-night."  
Constance stared at him with dilated  
eyes.  
"Yes, you!" he repeated, hoarsely,  
and he stretched out his hand toward  
her almost denouncingly. "But for you  
I should have dared that man to do his  
worst! But for you I should have left  
this house to-night never to return!  
But I could not! Girl!"—his hand  
clashed as if in a wild rage at some  
weakness that mastered him—girls  
what have you done to me? Have you  
bewitched me? Ever since I saw you

the night I returned, you have exerted  
an influence over me. You have rob-  
bed me of my strength of will, the  
strength I gloried in—the strength  
which, once gone, renders me weak and  
helpless! Constance!" and he seized  
her hand and drew her to him—what  
have you done to me? what is it?  
Constance, I cannot get you out of my  
thoughts day or night. Is it that I  
love you?"  
There was a sob of actual pain in  
his hoarse, strained voice, and it thrilled  
her, even as she shrank from him  
with a strange sensation of delight and  
despair combined.  
"Is that it? Oh, my girl, my girl!  
If so—and it must be so! It was a  
bad hour for me when first I saw you!"  
He seemed to struggle for calmness,  
and was silent for a moment; then in  
a lower voice he said:  
"Yes, it is so. I love you, Con-  
stance. You are the one woman in all  
the world for me. I know now why  
life has grown so suddenly sweet, and  
worth living. I know now why I wait-  
ed and hung upon your voice. Con-  
stance, I love you—I love you. And  
you—"

He drew her nearer to him—she  
was like a reed in his strong hands—  
and bent toward her with passion-  
ate pleading in his eyes.  
Her brain swam, the room turned  
round with her, and she uttered a low  
cry.  
It seemed to recall him to himself.  
In an utterly altered voice, in a  
voice broken by pain and despair, he  
said:  
"Hush! Pardon me! You shall not  
answer. Not now! I am not quite  
lost to all sense of honor—ah, even  
yet! Not now! To-morrow, to-morrow,  
and yet, Constance—and he bent  
toward her again—"If it were so, if  
you loved me, could you—look me in  
the face, Constance?"  
She raised her heavy eyes to his,  
and words sounding wild in her brain.  
"Constance if ever a woman's face  
mirrored her soul, your's does. And  
I read the soul of a brave woman in  
those eyes. Tell me, would you dare  
lose, more than you can guess, for the  
man you loved? Would you—ah, no,  
I cannot ask you! I am tempted too  
heavily, I will not ask you. Not to-  
night. To-morrow. Go, Constance!  
Oh, my love! My love!"  
In the passion which shook his soul,  
he almost forgot her hand from him  
and strode away from her.  
"Go. Ah go! Leave me to myself  
and the devil that hold me!"  
Constance put her hands to her face  
and, turning slowly, left him.  
She groped her way upstairs, and  
gained her own room, more like a som-  
nambulist than a conscious being.  
Had she been dreaming? She opened  
her hand and looked at the locket;  
but it was not the locket which im-  
pressed her with the reality of the  
scene she had gone through so much  
as the red marks upon her arm in the  
place where the marquis's hand had  
grasped her.  
It was no dream, no vision, no night-  
mare, but a reality. With a cry of ex-  
ultation and bewilderment she sank  
down on the bed and tried to think  
down the incidents of the night in  
proper order, and realize what had hap-  
pened.  
What fearful mystery hung over the  
marquis that he, apparently the proudest  
of men should bring a man into the  
castle at midnight, and bribe him? It  
was a bribe, for he had admitted as  
much to her in the course of his wild  
mad speech. Could it be possible that  
he had been guilty of some crime the  
knowledge of which placed him in the  
marquis's power.  
Even with all the facts fresh in her  
mind, even with the man's words in her  
ears, Constance threw the thought  
away from her.  
She remembered every word, every  
look which accompanied the avowal;  
and the remembrance filled her with  
a strange mixture of pain and joy,  
which was indescribable and ineffable.  
Only once before in her life had she  
ever heard words of love addressed to  
her. And that had been when in the  
hut Rawdon Fenton had declared his  
passion for her. She had shrunk from  
him; had eyed him with a saddened  
glance; but with her coldness and contempt.  
She had shrunk from the marquis,  
but with surprise and not fear; she

had not treated him with scorn as she  
had treated Rawdon Fenton.  
Why had she not?  
As she asked herself the question she  
felt her face, her neck, burn with a sud-  
den flame; and she put her hand be-  
fore her eyes to shut out the answer  
which her heart suggested.  
Was it possible that if he had insist-  
ed upon her replying, if he had insisted  
upon her replying to his question,  
"Do you love me, Constance?" that  
she would have been compelled to an-  
swer "Yes."  
"Oh, no, no!" she breathed aloud.  
How could it possibly be? She had  
known him for only a few days;  
had seen him so few times.  
Then there flashed upon her the con-  
sciousness of the truth that love does  
not require a long apprenticeship; that  
often than not it springs into full life  
and vigor at first sight.  
But she put the thought from her al-  
most fiercely. Who was she that she  
should listen, even for a moment, to  
such an avowal? She, poor and of no  
rank or position, a governess and a  
dependant, to be loved by, and love, a  
noblesman of such rank and place as the  
Great Marquis of Brakespere?

She even laughed—a harsh, hysterical  
laugh—at the idea. And yet—and  
yet— She bared her arm and looked  
at the red marks, the impression of his  
fingers, and as she looked a dreamy  
feeling came over her, and scarcely  
knowing what she did she bent her  
head and touched the red marks with  
her lips.  
After that she lost the power of  
thought, and her mind drifted helplessly  
on the sea of doubt and confusion.  
Work out, mentally and physically—say,  
and spiritually—she shrunk back and  
fell asleep.  
She was awakened by the sound of  
knocking at her door, a knock distinct  
and imperative, yet somewhat sub-  
dued. She rose, thinking it was the  
maid, but she saw it was little more  
than dawn, and listening with her hand  
pressed to her breast, which seemed gid-  
dy and bewildered still, could hear no  
sounds of life in the house.  
The knocking came again, and she  
went to the door and asked who it was.  
"It is I," came the answer, in Lady  
Ruth's voice. "Let me in, please; I  
wish to speak to you."  
Constance hesitated a moment to  
collect herself, then opened the door.  
Lady Ruth entered and turned the  
key, then confronted Constance, and  
fixed her sharp eyes upon her. She  
was fully dressed, but looked as if she  
had either not been to bed or had spent  
a sleepless night. Her face was pale  
to the lips, and there were dark marks  
under the eyes, which glittered with  
suppressed passion.  
Constance feeling weak and over-  
strained, stood staring at her helplessly  
and speechlessly.  
"You did well to let me in," said  
Lady Ruth, in a slow, constrained  
voice, as if struggling hard to retain  
her self-possession. "If you had not,  
I—I would have forced the door.  
What have you to say?"  
"What have I to say?" echoed Con-  
stance dully, and still staring at her.  
"Yes. Do not repeat my words;  
there is no time to be lost. I have not  
come to hand words with you. It is  
a degradation to me to have to speak  
to you at all."  
"Degradation!" repeated Constance.  
"Oh, what do you mean?"  
Lady Ruth's white face was distorted  
by a meer of evil malignity.  
"Once for all, Miss Grahame, let me  
tell you that you cannot play the part  
of injured innocence. Realize that; it  
will save time to both of us, and save  
pain to you. It will be better for me  
to speak plainly."  
She pointed to the bed and then to  
Constance's dressing-gown.  
"You have not been to bed; you are  
still dressed. Why?"  
Constance's face grew crimson, then  
white. She tried to speak. Then, as  
it dashed upon her mind that one word,  
one unguarded word, might lead to the  
discovery of the marquis's secret inter-  
view with the man he had bribed, she  
closed her lips firmly and stood silent.  
"I see," almost hissed Lady Ruth.  
"You are wise; the most elaborate lie  
would not avail you, you shameless  
girl!"  
A shudder ran through Constance's  
frame.

"Shameless?" broke in an agony of  
indignation from her quivering lips.  
"Yes, shameless!" repeated Lady  
Ruth, venomously. "No one but the  
most shameless would be guilty of such  
conduct as yours. Did you consider it  
probable that you could arrange this  
interview without a chance of discov-  
ery? You forget that my room," she  
pointed over her shoulder, still keeping  
her eyes fixed upon Constance's face  
as she spoke, keeps its eyes upon the  
helpless bird it is fascinating to its de-  
struction, "that my room is directly  
over the drawing-room, in which your  
meeting was to take place."  
Constance shrunk back.  
"Oh, you are a capital actress; I  
saw it from the first. But spare me  
your theatricals; they do not deceive  
me. You have not a lover's look man to  
deal with now, Miss Grahame, but a  
woman, who knows, and—hates you!"  
The last two words escaped her un-  
wittingly, but they seemed to relieve  
her.  
Constance's breath came in short,  
quick gasps.  
"You have nothing to say? Well, I  
think you are wise. I've no doubt  
you would deny the fact that you left  
your room—at such an hour!—to meet  
the marquis!"  
"It is a lie!" broke from Constance  
in her agony.  
Lady Ruth smiled scornfully and  
furiously.  
"No use," she said. "I heard his  
voice and yours. I saw you coming  
up the stairs!"  
Constance hid her face in her hands.  
Lady Ruth stood beating her feet upon  
the carpet.  
"I saw you—I saw you! You have  
nothing to say. There is the hard fact  
and I have come to deal with you. If  
you can utter one word of truth, if  
there is one spark of remorse in your  
bosom, tell me—tell me what passed  
between you!"  
Constance dropped her hands and  
looked the infuriated woman in the  
face, her eyes blazing, her lips set.  
"—I would rather die!" she said,  
changing instantly into passionate de-  
fiance.  
Lady Ruth breathed hard, and look-  
ed at her in silence for a moment, and  
if a look could have killed, Constance  
would have fallen at her feet.  
"You are right!" she hissed. "It  
was too much to ask you. Even you  
see not shameless to repeat to an  
innocent woman. May I ask what you  
intend to do? What are your plans?"  
Constance stood upright, and trem-  
bling no longer.  
"My plans?" she repeated, in a low,  
distinct voice.  
"Yes, they have succeeded mar-  
vellously well up to this point. But  
now—now that you have succeeded in  
entrapping your prey, what do you in-  
tend to do? I suppose you imagine  
that there is no obstacle between you  
and the Brakespere coronet? You  
fool!"  
The words were uttered with such  
malignant scorn that Constance involun-  
tarily recoiled.  
"Oh, I read you as easily as a book,"  
continued Lady Ruth, with a laugh.  
"But like most women of your stamp,  
you are too clever and too self-con-  
fident. You think the marquis will  
marry you!" she laughed mockingly.  
"Miss Grahame, you do not know him  
quite well enough. He marries you!  
You!" She looked Constance from  
head to foot with infinite contempt.  
"Fool as you may think him, Lord  
Brakespere is not fool enough to marry  
the girl who consents to meeting him  
secretly in his own house at midnight."  
Constance was speechless for a mo-  
ment, then she raised her hand.  
"Leave my room, Lady Ruth!" she  
exclaimed, pointing to the door.  
Lady Ruth stood firm and eyed her.  
"I know you would say that, but  
you will alter your tone. If I were to  
leave the room, do you know what I  
should do? I should go straight to the  
marquess and tell her what has oc-  
curred."  
"Go!" said Constance. Then, as  
the results presented themselves, flash-  
ed upon her mind, she faltered. What  
explanation could she give to the mar-  
quess? What could she say that  
would not lead to the discovery of the  
marquis's secret. She faltered and  
changed color, and Lady Ruth followed  
up her advantage.  
"You see, there is no escape for you,  
and I do not intend that there shall be.  
You have played your cards well and  
boldly, shamelessly, but you have not  
won the game, Miss Grahame. It is I  
who hold you in my hands, and I in-  
tend to dispose of you. Now listen to  
me. I intend you to leave the castle  
within an hour."



**Result of a  
Neglected Cold.  
DISEASED LUNGS**

Which Doctors Failed to Take  
**CURED BY TRYING  
AYER'S Cherry  
Pectoral.**

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled  
on my lungs, and I did not give it other  
care, but it did not seem to do any good.  
I consulted a doctor, and he recommended  
me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I  
found it to be the best remedy I had ever  
tried. After taking a few doses my  
trouble was relieved, and before I had  
recovered the cold, I was cured. I am  
waterman, Grandville, Ont.

**Consulted a Doctor**  
who found, on examining my lungs, that the  
upper part of the left one was badly affected.  
I consulted a doctor, and he recommended  
me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I  
found it to be the best remedy I had ever  
tried. After taking a few doses my  
trouble was relieved, and before I had  
recovered the cold, I was cured. I am  
waterman, Grandville, Ont.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
Highest Awards at World's Fairs,  
Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

Constance started.  
"Oh, I know; you rely on him to  
protect you," said Lady Ruth, with a  
smile. "He left the house at dawn,  
and will not return till night. We  
have a clear opportunity without your  
knowing it, to do as I tell you, and  
I will not only rob you of your  
chance to the marquess, but every  
man and woman in the place shall  
know the real character of the adven-  
tures who crept into Brakespere  
Castle and planned midnight meetings  
with its master."  
Constance went to the window and  
hung it open. She felt stifling and  
choking.  
Continued Next Week.

Poets are born, not made, he said,  
loftily.  
I know it, said the editor, and that is  
the reason there are so many of them.

**ECONOMY  
IS WEALTH,  
UNGAR'S.**

If your clothes show signs of wear  
have them dyed at  
**UNGAR'S.**  
You won't have to buy new ones.

All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry  
Work done at Halifax prices. Un-  
gar gives satisfaction.

**LOCAL AGENTS: 31  
Rockwell & Co.,  
Wolfville, N. S.**

**Break Up a Cold in Time  
BY USING  
PYNBY-PECTORAL**  
The Quick Cure for COUGHS,  
COLDS, CROUP, BRON-  
CHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.

**DIAMOND  
DINNER  
PILLS**  
CURE  
CONSTIPATION,  
BILIOUSNESS,  
DYSPEPSIA,  
SICK HEADACHE,  
REGULATE THE LIVER.