

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, OCTOBER 16, 1896.

No. 6.

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
for every insertion, unless by special
arrangement for circulating notices.

Notices for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment of such advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian-Journal is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

News 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
under 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 it
has been subscribed or not—is responsible
for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay up all arrears, or
the publisher may continue to send it until
payment is made, and collect the whole
amount, whether the paper is taken from
the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refer-
ring to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for a *prima facie*
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 10:00
a. m.
Express west close at 12:00 p. m.
Express east close at 2:00 p. m.
Kentville close at 10 p. m.
Geo. V. BIRD, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed
Sundays and 1 p. m.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Foster,
Pastor—Services Sunday, preaching at 11
a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 p. m.
Half hour prayer-meeting after evening
services every Sunday. B. Y. P. U. Young
People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening
at 7:30 o'clock, and regular Church
services on Thursday evening at
7:30. Woman's Mission Aid Society
meets on Wednesday after the first Sun-
day in the first Sunday in the month at
2:30 p. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. Joseph Hart, Pastor.

Sermons 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
services are free and all members welcome
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
1st and 3d S. S. 11 a. m., 7:30, 4th and 5th at
8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
p. m.

Rev. Kenneth C. Hind, Rector.

Robert W. Stone, 3rd Warden.
S. J. Hetherford, 4th Warden.

By FRANCIS (H. U.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,

P. P.—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 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.

ADADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets

every Saturday evening in Temperance
Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the

Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 3 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.

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

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 Trousers, Fall
and Winter Overcoatings, Wor-
seds 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.

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

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. 19th, 1894.

The "D. & L."

Back-Ache, Face-Ache, Stomach
Pain, Neuralgia, Rheumatism,
Headache, Toothache, etc., etc.
Promptly Relieved and Cured by
this

Menthol Plaster

Having used this D. & L. Menthol
Plaster for several years, I can say
that it is the best remedy I have
ever used for the above ailments.
DAVIDSON & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, MONTREAL.

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

EVERY FAMILY

SHOULD KNOW THAT

PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for
GENERAL and SPECIAL use, and
acts in the most rapid and reliable
manner.

PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for
GENERAL and SPECIAL use, and
acts in the most rapid and reliable
manner.

PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for
GENERAL and SPECIAL use, and
acts in the most rapid and reliable
manner.

PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for
GENERAL and SPECIAL use, and
acts in the most rapid and reliable
manner.

PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for
GENERAL and SPECIAL use, and
acts in the most rapid and reliable
manner.

PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for
GENERAL and SPECIAL use, and
acts in the most rapid and reliable
manner.

PAIN-KILLER

is a very remarkable remedy, both for
GENERAL and SPECIAL use, and
acts in the most rapid and reliable
manner.



POETRY.

Autumn.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

choices. "I have been near him all
night, watching—" She stopped, scarce-
ly daring to tell even the dear friend of
the terrors the silent hours had held
for her. The duchess pressed her hand.

"It is a mercy he did not overtake
them," she whispered.

The marchioness bowed her head.
"Yes," she said, simply. "I have
been grateful to Providence for that all
night. If he had found the man—"

"What will he do now?" asked the
duchess, anxiously.

The marchioness shook her head.
"I do not know. He cannot stay
here. It would drive him mad, I know
that; and I am afraid that he will go
off as he did before. I had looked for-
ward to ending my life in peace and
happiness with him—and her—by my
side. And now! Ah! how could she
have the heart to do it! But we do not
know all yet; perhaps we never shall
know."

"You still believe in her?" asked
the duchess.

The old lady raised her tear-stained
face, and looked at the sunlight which
should have fallen like a blessing upon
the bride and bridegroom—and her lips
trembled.

"I cannot think her wholly base and
heartless. I think there is some dark
mystery. And yet she left him! What
can explain or extenuate that?"

"Nothing," responded the duchess.
"Ah, what is that?" for a footstep
sounded behind her.

It was the marchioness.
His face was white and haggard, and
the dark eyes looked as if he had
passed through a well lighted
illness; but he came forward and laid
his hand on his mother's shoulder,
steadily for a moment, but with a look
in them which wrung both the women's
hearts.

"The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

In the wild west wind that soles and moans,
In the stream that frets o'er its troubled
stones,
In the weary wail of the ceaseless rain,
On plashing wood-walk and sodden plain,
Sad nature mourns her fill.

The year is dying, dying,
They are gathered round his grave—
The grasses, that shiver, and blanch and
die,
The leaves that float earthward silently,
The hollyhock bows her stately head,
To the moist rich mold of the garden
bed;

And bee and butterfly, folding their
wings,
As they perish amid their wanderings,
Are the last rose petals wave.

The year is dying, dying,
Oh, fall and plumb, and fall,
Thick robes in russet and gold he lies,
While his dirge rolls up to the low gray
skies.

can see her sitting there still. There
is not a rose-tree that is not eloquent of
her; whichever way I turn I seem to
see her. Stay here! Yes, if I want to
go mad!"

"He is right," whispered the duchess.
"Let him go, dear, for a time."

"Yes," he said, "I must go; but not
to-day," he added, slowly, and grimly.
"This is my wedding-day, and I will
not run away. Do you think I am
going to play the wren? The wren
almost fiercely upon the duchess, and
the old Wolfe Brakespear seemed to
look at her out of his eyes. "No! not
while there is rough work still to be
done in the world, I've done with love
and women; but something still re-
mains. There must be fighting some-
where that wants a strong arm—"

He stopped at the low, anguished sob that
broke from his mother. "There, there,
mother! Don't think I am going to
throw my life away, hard as she has
made it!" he was silent a moment,
then he said, in a low voice. "But I
came to ask you something."

"Yes, Wolfe," said the duchess, re-
solved that, let it be what it might, she
would grant it him. All of them could
not do too much for this wronged and
broken-hearted man.

"She left"—his voice stuck—"she
left some things behind her at the
Towers?"

"Yes," assented the duchess, in a low
voice, "almost everything."

"I want them sent here," he said,
slowly; "everything that belongs to
her."

The duchess looked at him anxiously
and perplexedly.

"She may send for them," he said,
"and I should like to send a message
with them; that is all. 'Everything,'
he added.

"They shall be sent, Wolfe," promised
the duchess, "as fast as I can."

He went to the window and looked
out.

"Yes, except that— Will you ask
them to speak as little and as gently as
they can of her? Ah! is not known yet,
will not be known until—the day of
reckoning."

There was so grim a significance in
his tone that the two women shuddered.

"Let them wait till then before they
condemn her wholly. I can not think,"
he put his hand to his forehead; "it is
all dark and misty as yet; but I can
wait—I can wait; and when it is all
clear—"

"Uncle Wolfe! Uncle Wolfe!" cried
Arol's voice, and the boy ran in.

The duchess saw him start and
tremble.

"Come to see, Arol," she said, quick-
ly and warningly; but he ran past her
and seized the marchioness's hand.

"Oh, Uncle Wolfe, what dreadful
stories they are telling about dear Con-
stance!" he exclaimed, his face on fire,
his eyes flashing. "I heard nurse and
Mrs Russell talking, and they were say-
ing— They were lives! Where is Con-
stance?"

The two women were speechless,
waiting tremblingly for the outbreak of
the storm, their eyes fixed on the man's
face.

He bent down and took Arol in his
arms, and gently pressed the boy's hot
face against his own white one.

"Hush, Arol!" he said, and his voice
sounded as if it came from a distance.
"Do not ask for Constance again. Con-
stance—has—gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Arol, too terrified
to cry.

"Yes," he said, "gone forever. That
is bad for both of us, Arol, but—but we
must bear it like men, and say nothing."

He put Arol down, and with bowed
head left the room, and crossing the
corridor, entered his own. There he
paused, as if he had forgotten what he
had come for; and, with a sigh, he un-
locked the large battered portmanteau
which had excited Mrs Russell's curi-
osity on the night of his arrival, and
turned over its contents.

Among them was a bundle of papers,
and he took it out and carried it to his
writing-table. The bundle was tied
round with a piece of red-ribbon, and
he cut it with his knife and let the
papers fall upon the table.

With the listless weariness of a man
performing a duty with his hands while
his mind is far absent, he tore up some
of the papers and threw the fragments
into the waste-paper basket.

Presently he came to a single sheet

John T. Chisholm,
47 & 49 Water St.,
Windsor, N. S.

Write us for
samples!

DEALER IN
FIRST-CLASS
Dry Goods, Clothing and
MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Elegant
Show in Black
& Cold Dress Goods,
including PRETTY GOOD S.

Kid Gloves
Perin's
Kid Gloves

of paper, and lying next it a square of
parliament bearing an official seal.

He was about to tear up the former,
but something on it arrested his atten-
tion, and he looked at it with a half-
awakened interest for some minutes. It
appeared to recall some memories, for
he leaned back, his head sank upon his
breast as if in deep thought.

At last he folded the single sheet in-
side the parliament, and put them in his
breast-pocket.

Within an hour he had arranged or
destroyed the notes and papers, and
then he rang the bell.

His valet entered, and fully keeping
his eyes from his master's face, as if
from respect for the sorrow which had
so changed it, and the marquis gave him
his orders.

"We shall leave England to-morrow,"
he said. "Pack what is necessary."

Then he took his hat and went down
to the stable. He had said that he
would not play the woman, and he would
not. It should not be said that he had
Brakespear had hidden himself in his
chamber because a woman had seen