

An Old Settler in Dufron County.

with Rheumatism, and Mechanical Appliances to Friends Thought to be Recover.

Shells, urns, out body in the township of after Co., knows Mr. P., postmaster of Ang...

Canada from England, and for thirty-eight years a resident of Melancthon, thirty years of that time postmaster, and for eleven years a member of the...

of thirty years. The justice of the peace since of the county. It will be Mr August stands high of his neighbors.

of 1894-95 Mr August is an unusually severe case, being confined to his bed for about three months of the season. I was in fact a trifle...

ended from the case was a rope which I used...

of my hands, and this change in bed or rise to a sitting position as only those racked with pain could suffer, and...

at an advanced age, my neighbors thought it possible for me to lead a normal life. I had taken Pink Pills, and at last I found them a trial. I bought...

the pills about the first of July, taking at the outset one or two, and increasing to three within a couple of weeks. I found an improvement, and by...

of April I was able to get up, free from the pains, and with a little of the stiffness of the treatment a short time found myself fully restored. I had taken Pink Pills, and I had...

of the trouble in my back, and I had no hesitation in saying recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

are a perfect blood purifier, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, headache, all nervous affections of the heart, the...

of the grippe, diseases of the lungs, diseases of the stomach, and all diseases of the blood, such as...

of the blood, such as scurvy, erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills glow to pale and swollen, and are a specific for...

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are called upon to fill the may find the experience in and trying. Cherished plans...

to be abandoned. Success must be given up. Different ways to be formed. Old...

to be modified. Heavy must be assumed. New...

to be undertaken. Naturally from the fact. But when...

of the right spirit of nature, a rest is needed, and a trust in God...

of the old back, hope breaking, a grace and strength proving a date. Many are the...

of the old. A father dies and one behind him, or a father are both removed, and...

of the old. Myrtle is made by death in the land. They are filled by the...

of the old. Some may be better in some cases than others, steps in and does the best...

of the old. It is high respect, and that reward.

of the old. I have been told that you are, how I've bothered me about this...

of the old. I'm not grieving. I've about the bill, I admit, but...

of the old. I've been able to grasp anything...

of the old. Miss Salina Gay bet me a...

of the old. You suppose you will get...

of the old. Yes, indeed! Jack Swift, on her last night, told me...

of the old. I'm holding the...

of the old. I came home the other day...

of the old. I've been told that you are, how I've bothered me about this...

of the old. I'm not grieving. I've about the bill, I admit, but...

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, SEPTEMBER 18, 1896.

No. 2

THE ACADIAN

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POETRY.
Burdens.
We all must bear them. Yain regret
Love's longing for the dear, lost face,
Which even sleep cannot forget,
Nor yet the coming years replace;
The disappointment all must know,
When hope's mirage proves a dream,
The fading March's waters flow,
Where tempting wayside fountains gleam.
We all must bear them. Some may smile,
And hide their burden in a song;
The wine-press is not trod alone,
They learn to suffer and give strong;
We find no balm in Gilead's vale,
No recompense for pain or loss,
And oft our weary efforts fail
To lift the pressure of the cross.
We all must bear them. Why despair?
The wine-press is not trod alone,
They learn to suffer and give strong;
We find no balm in Gilead's vale,
No recompense for pain or loss,
And oft our weary efforts fail
To lift the pressure of the cross.

SELECT STORY.
Wolfe the Ranger.
CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.
"No," he said. "To-morrow the bride will be miles away. I did not speak over-confidently, you see, Lady Ruth, when I said that I could prevent this happy union."
She looked at him half fearfully, for there was something fiendish in his cool, triumphant air, and the arduous smile on his white face.
"I must ask you to help me still," he went on. "I am afraid you are cold," for her teeth were chattering.
"I am cold and wet, yes," she asserted, "but so matter. Go on."
"Miss Grahame finds it absolutely necessary to leave the Towers at once," he said.
Lady Ruth started.
"She will go! And at once—to-night, do you mean?"
"At once—to-night. Within a few minutes," he replied.
She gazed at him, more deeply impressed than she had ever been in her life.
"You—you must have some great hold upon her!" she murmured, with chattering teeth.
He smiled.
"I have. She will leave at once, and of course, secretly. The marquis arrives at eight?"
She made a gesture of assent.
"If you are willing to help me still, Lady Ruth, I will ask you to drive to Berrington Station."
"To Berrington Station?" she repeated, her sharp eyes fixed upon him.
"Yes; but not by the road the marquis will take coming from it. You understand?"
She nodded. Her acute brain was beginning to comprehend so much of his plot.
"You will wait there some little time; say until the London train has started, and then return."
"I see," she murmured, in a whisper. "Thank you! You will then be able to say that you had reason to believe that Miss Grahame intended to run away, and that you had gone to the station hoping to dissuade her from such a step, but that you found she had not left by that train."
"Yes, yes," she assented, the blood coming and going in her face, her eyes growing sharp and keen. "I see, Mr. Rawson Fenton you are a clever man."

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"Thanks," he said, with a cold smile. "But the cleverest man can effect little or nothing without the aid of a clever woman, Lady Ruth; and so I am obliged to demand your assistance."
"You shall have it—you shall have it!" she responded. "I would give ten years of my life to prevent this marriage—to save my cousin Wolfe from this mesalliance. I will help you, But"—she looked up at him with hungry eyes—"I should like to know what it is she has done that gives you such a hold upon her."
He turned upon her with a sudden savagery breaking through his enforced calm.
"She has done!" he exclaimed, then he pulled himself up. "I can not tell you, Lady Ruth. Be content. Her marriage with your cousin, the marquis, is prevented, and the field is left open to—any one who likes to take it."
Her face flushed, and her eyes dropped.
"I am content," she said. "Is there anything else?"
"No—yes. Remember, though it is scarcely necessary to remind you who are so good an actress, but it will be well to remember that you are her friend."
She thought a moment, as if to take in the significance of the words.
"I understand. Oh, yes, I understand!"
"He nodded.
"And if you can keep an eye upon her, and prevent any disturbing her while she is making her preparations—"
"I know," she said, quickly. "Trust to me. Good-bye, Mr. Fenton; we shall not meet again for some time. Ah! By the way, about your election?"
"My election?" he repeated. "That is a very small matter, Lady Ruth, compared with the service I am rendering your noble family in saving one of its members from mistake marriage."
She looked at him.
"You give it all up!" she murmured.
"Great Heavens! how you must love her, or hate him!"
He laughed, a strange laugh.
"I do—hate a little of both," he said.
"The girl has bewitched you both," she said, between her teeth. "Thank Heaven! that, as far as we are concerned there is an end of her to-night."
His face reddened angrily, for she could not bear to hear Constance spoken slightly of, and a sharp retort rose to his lips; but Lady Ruth, with a hurried "Good-bye, Mr. Fenton," darted off.

CHAPTER XXXI.
Like a man walking in her sleep, Constance made her way up the stairs to her own room.
Men have been known to walk some yards after their heads have been severed from their bodies by a cannonball. An anguish past all description had rent Constance's heart in twain, and she moved like one who has been dead, but who has been galvanised into action.
One thing only stood out plainly in her whirling brain.
"I have to meet him in a few minutes at the side door; I have to keep silent, say no word, and go with him, or Wolfe is lost."
As she entered the room, Mary, the maid, looked up, and dropped her work, for the face of her beloved mistress, the face Mary thought the loveliest in all the world, was like that of a ghost.
"Oh, miss, what is the matter?" she exclaimed, rising and staring at her.
Constance sank into a chair, breathing heavily.
"Look the door!" she whispered, hoarsely.
Mary obeyed, scarcely removing her eyes from her mistress's face.
"Give me—give me some water," panted Constance.
She was chilled to the bone, all but her head, which was burning; and her lips were parched as if by fire.
Mary got her some water, and stood over her.
"Let me call her grace, miss, do!" she pleaded. "You look so very ill!"
"No, no," gasped Constance. "Do not call any one Mary!"—and she turned, her eyes looking unnaturally large by the dark rings round them—"Mary you and I—have been good friends?"
"Oh, yes, miss; yes, indeed!" responded the frightened girl. "You have always been kind and good to me; no one could have been kinder!"
"Yes, I have—have I not?" said poor Constance, in a broken whisper. "And—and I think you like me—a little."
Mary began to cry.
"Don't cry," said Constance, dully. "I want you to help me."
"To help you? Oh, miss!"
"Yes. I have heard bad news—bad news!" she swept the hair from her hot brow, and stared vacantly before her, seeing nothing but Rawson Fenton's white face, like that of an all-powerful, taunting demon. "Bad news. I must leave here at once."
"Leave here, miss?" ejaculated Mary, in an awed whisper. "Here—the Towers—at once!"
"At once," repeated Constance, her eyes wandering to the imperials already packed.
"But—but—the wedding, miss?" faltered Mary, an awful suspicion flashing across her simple mind that her mistress had gone mad.
Constance winced, and her lips quivered. Her wedding? Whose wedding? Not Constance Grahame's, for Constance Grahame was dead—dead! She had died in the arbor an hour ago.
"Yes," she said, in the same dull, mechanical voice. "I must leave here at once, and without any one knowing it."
Mary started, and stared at her. Yes, she must be mad!
"—I have had terrible news," went on Constance, speaking as if she were reciting a lesson. "News that makes it impossible for me to remain here. I must go at once."
"Let me call the duchess," she said, in a terror.
Constance held up her hand.
"If you have the least spark of love for me, stay here and call no one," she said.
The girl came back to her side slowly, and began to cry again.
"You frighten me, miss," she sobbed.
"I am sorry," said Constance. Do not be frightened. I want you to help me, Mary. I want you to go with me. Mary, I want you, where are you going?"
Constance shook her head.
"I don't know. I shall know presently, Mary; there is no one in the world I can trust but you. Don't you desert me."
"I will never desert you!" cried the girl. "Never! You have always been kind and good to me, and I—I love you, Miss Constance!"
Constance put out her hand, still staring before her, and took the girl's hand.
"You must help me," she said, hoarsely. "Something dreadful has happened. I must leave here at once!"
"Oh, miss, you'll wait until the marquis comes back?"
Constance shuddered, and covered her eyes with her hand.
"No, no! I cannot wait a minute. He must not know. Mary, do as I tell you. Get a bag and pack some things—ah, what is that?"
She clutched the girl's arm, and listened tremblingly.
It was Lady Kitty's voice outside of the door.
"Constance! Miss Grahame!" she called.
Constance kept silence, and waited.
"Miss Grahame, dear, the duchess wants you to come down, if you will." Then a voice—Lady Ruth's—was heard.
"Don't disturb her, Kitty; she is lying down. I went in just now and found her asleep."
Then Lady Kate said something in a hushed voice, and footsteps were heard descending the steps.
Mary looked at Constance in terrified questioning.
"Pack the bag!" said Constance, shuddering at the sound of Lady Ruth's voice. "Take some things for yourself; there is not a moment to lose."
Naturally, the girl hesitated; she still thought her mistress mad.
"But—but to-morrow! My lord, the marquis!" she gasped. "Oh, miss!"
Constance rose, white to the lips, and with a look on her face, the memory of which the girl carried to her grave.
"Don't speak to me of him!" she panted. "Do as I bid you, and as you please!"

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

Pale and terrified, Mary went into the next room to carry out her mistress's orders, and Constance sank back into the chair.
A moment after she rose and went to the writing table.
Taking a sheet of note-paper, she wrote:
"Dear Wolfe,"
Then she looked at it, stifled a cry of anguish, and tearing up the sheet, wrote on a fresh one:
"My Lord,—I have left the Towers with Mr Rawson Fenton. Do not think of me or attempt to follow me."
"Constance Grahame."
That was all. She looked at it, and if her heart could have been written down by her eyes, what words of love of despair, that sheet of note-paper, would have borne!
She laid it on the table.
Mary came back into the room with two bags in her hands.
"I've done what you told me, miss," she whispered; "but I'm afraid—"
"Give me my cloak," said Constance. Mar got it and wrapped it round her.
"You are all wet, miss," she said piteously.
"No matter," said Constance, with feverish eagerness.
"Oh, miss, if you'd only let me call the duchess, if you only wait till the marquis comes! What will he say?" and she sobbed, for, next to her mistress, Mary worshiped Lord Brakespear.
Constance set her teeth hard.
"—Don't—don't speak to me of the marquis again!" she said, hoarsely.
"Oh, miss, what has he done?" she wailed.
Constance turned on her with a gleam of suspicion in her eyes.
"Does? Nothing," she responded, angrily. "It has nothing to do with him. Ask no questions, but obey me."
"Yes, miss," wailed Mary, submissively.
She threw a hasty glance round the room.
"Are you going to leave everything, miss—your jewels, the suit of pearls—?"
"Everything—yes," said Constance.
"Are you ready? Open the door and see—if any one is there."
Mary opened the door. Lady Ruth had played her part in the tragedy well and the night was clear.
"There is no one there, miss."
"Come, then," said Constance; and she went past her and went down the small back stairs.
She opened the outer door, and Rawson Fenton sprang forward.
"Constance, you have come!" he exclaimed, in a hushed whisper. Then, as he saw the girl, he shrank back. "Who is this?" he demanded.
"My maid," replied Constance, hoarsely.
"We do not want her. Think, consider, Constance," he went on in hurried persuasion, "she will only be in the way."
"I will not go without her," said Constance, standing immovable as a statue.
He bit his lip.
"Very well," he said; "You shall do as you please. The carriage is here. Give me your arm."
She shrank from him and caught Mary's arm and held it tightly.
Mary stared at Rawson Fenton.
"Mr Fenton!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Miss Constance!"
"Silence!" hissed Rawson Fenton. "Do as your mistress tells you, and hold your tongue."
The girl looked at him, and the despair was strong upon her to shriek for help, but Constance's hand was grasping her arm, and she went on in silence.
Rawson Fenton led the way, as if every inch of it were familiar to him, and they reached the carriage.
He put them in and followed, saying to the coachman, in a hushed voice: "Wavertree Station."
Constance fell back in a corner of

the carriage in a dead faint, and Rawson Fenton bent forward and spoke her name.
"Constance! Constance! Be brave; be calm."
But Mary interposed between them. "Let her alone, if you please, sir," she said, coldly. "You only frighten her."
At eight o'clock in the drawing-room of the Towers the people who were staying in the house were gathered together waiting for the welcome sound of the dinner-bell.
As the gong sounded, the duchess entered, resplendent in black satin and point lace.
She looked round with a smile, then her genial face grew more serious.
"—Isn't Constance come down yet?" she asked of Lady Kitty, who, just released from the school room, was happy in an evening dress of pale blue, cut as low as her parents and guardians would permit it.
"—Not yet," she replied. "I went up to her room about half an hour ago, but Ruth said she was asleep and I mustn't disturb her."
"Quite right," said the duke, with a chuckle. "Trying day to-morrow. Get as much rest as she can. She'd like a sensible girl, by George!"
"—And where is Ruth?" asked the duchess.
"Lady Kitty looked round vaguely. "I left her on her way to her room to dress," she said.
"Oh, well," she'll be here presently, said the duchess.
The duke jugged out his old fashioned watch from his fob. He liked his dinner served to the minute, and was always ready for it, having spent the afternoon among his beloved cattle pens.
"Wolfe ought to be here now," he said. "Hate dinner being kept; things are always spoiled."
A footman threw open the door.
"Lord Brakespear," he announced.
The marquis entered in his fur coat, a small leather box in his hand.
"Only just looked in to tell you that I have arrived," he said, smiling round upon them. "Give me ten minutes to dress, and don't wait unless you like, duchess."
His glance still wandered.
"Where is Constance, duchess?"
"—In her room safe and sound," returned the duchess, laughingly.
He smiled and nodded.
"All right; I shan't be more than ten minutes," and he went out.
Continued Next Week.

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