

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, JANUARY 10, 1896.

No. 19.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY

We will mark down the entire stock to amazingly low prices.

Every Garment guaranteed to fit and gives satisfaction or money refunded.

Remember this offer is only for month of January, 1896.

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

or every insertion, unless by special

arrangement for standing notices.

Not for standing advertisements will

be made known on application to the

editor, and payment on terms of 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.

Newly 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 name may be written

over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAYTON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

INEXPENSIVE

CORRECT

ONLY

ALWAYS

CELEBRATED.

TECHNICAL

OUCHES

STUDIOUSLY

SUPPLIED.

In Nap, Beaver, Melton and Frieze,

\$14.00 and upwards.

MCDONALD,

THE TAILOR,

Corner Bell's Lane and Water St.

Halifax, N. S.

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POETRY.

Our Birthdays.

Life's milestones—for we've gained the

hilltop now,

And turned our faces to the setting

sun—

Are pauses in the symphony of years?

Are rests in journeying ere the day be

done?

Are but eases 'neath the waving palms;

Are records 'read at night' from Mem-

ory's scroll?

Are shavers of wheat grown heavy for

our care,

While far behind our fields are reaped

and bare.

But see the lesson in these speaking

things!

For sunset makes another world—a

day.

Our music fades, but mounts on heav-

enly wings;

The blessed wave their palms in realms

of light;

The records of our love rekindle life's light.

And for the sheaves of wheat our toil

hath won,

We meet His hand, we hear His voice:

"Well done!"

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ed: "A task! No, you see, I've been

travelling about, and he would have

been in the way. But don't be upset,

I'm quite capable of dressing myself!"

"Very well, dear," she said; and as

he passed on across the hall she rejoined

Constance, who had shrunk out of sight

behind a man in armor.

"You will see Mrs. Russell, dear?"

"Yes," said Constance. Goodnight,

Lady Brakespares."

"Good night, dear, and—

thank you very much"; and she looked

as if she were going to kiss her, but

Constance did not meet her half way.

She had a kind of feeling that she ought

not to take advantage of the old lady's

excitement, but the withered hand

pressed the soft, warm one with a grate-

ful clasp.

"Constance had no idea where to find

Mrs. Russell, but asked her way of a

footman in the housekeeper's room, and

found a comfortable-looking personage

in a plain black silk busily engaged

with sheets and blankets.

"She dropped half a courtesy as Con-

stance entered and gave the marionettes

message.

"The south room? Yes, miss, I

thought that would be the one, and I've

given orders about it; but they're all so

busy in the servants' hall," and she

laughed good-naturedly.

"Can I help you?" asked Constance.

"Oh, thank you, miss; if you

wouldn't mind carrying up this pair of

castanets. His lordship's room is

next to year's so it won't be out of the

way. It's his lordship's old room," she

continued as they went up the back

stairs. "He chose it because because

he could see the paddock where the

horses are exercised in the morning.

I was only head housemaid then, Miss

Grahame, but of course I can't remem-

ber him, though he has altered," she

added.

"I knew him by his portrait," said

Constance.

"Ay, yes, miss, of course. But he

has altered. He seems so—

"This stopped for a word—so much quieter,

and staidier, and I saw that there

were some specks of grey in his hair;

beautiful hair, like Lord Lancelot's,

isn't it miss? The Brakespares all

have that hair."

"Yes," said Constance, as they en-

tered a large room, with a large bed

which looked so solidly built as to be

immovable, and with antique furniture

that might have been there, as no

doubt it had been, for generations.

"This is the room, miss, and there is

his lordship's gun hanging up as it

used to when he was a young man;

though for some time he has not used

it, and he has sold it," she said.

"No," said Constance. "Shall I put

the candles here?" and she placed

them on the dressing-table.

"She had so sooner dressed, than she

heard a knock at the door, and Arol's

voice calling to her, and when she op-

ened the door he came in with a joy-

ous bound.

"Oh, Miss Grahame!" he exclaimed,

throwing his arms around her neck and

kissing her. "I'm so glad you are up

and here! I was afraid you had gone

and I've been out in the stable with

him this morning—yes I have. And he's

been so kind, and he says that my

pony is only a gingerbread one, only

pretty to look at, and he's going to buy

me a real good one. And he's going

to take me—or I was going to take

him to the lake, but I said I'd come

"Perhaps the Marquis has grown

more as well as staidier," said Con-

stance, laughing.

"Thank you, Miss Grahame," said a

voice at the door, and Constance, swing-

ing round, saw the Marquis standing

there and regarding them with a strange

smile.

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