

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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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.

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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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METHODIST CHURCH--Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon, Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services. At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

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ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F. meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

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It gives fresh, clean, clear, cool water. It is a most valuable remedy in all cases of cholera, dysentery, and all the various ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is sold by all druggists.

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The Throat Cure. It is a most valuable remedy in all cases of sore throat, tonsillitis, and all the various ailments of the throat and larynx. It is sold by all druggists.

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For all kinds of skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all the various ailments of the skin. It is sold by all druggists.

broke from her pale lips. The marchioness, pale herself, but smiling, laid her hand on Constance's arm.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," she said, quietly, and with a gentle touch of pride. "Wells will come to no harm and will harm no one."

She was quite right. Constance saw him struggling in the confused mass of men for a moment, a moment in which the blood seemed to well from her heart, then she saw him single out one great hulking fellow, and seeing him in his arms raise him bodily and carry and push him to the door.

In another moment the man was outside, and the marchioness, composedly setting his collar and scarf to rights, was making his way back to the platform through a lane of excited and cheering demotics.

Constance dropped her lips, her eyes, a faint color in her cheeks as the roar of applause was renewed again and again.

"Splendidly done!" exclaimed some one near her; and as a lady, carried away by excitement, taking out her handkerchief, was waving it, all the rest, with the exception of the marchioness and Constance, followed suit.

The marchioness got back quickly to his seat, feeling rather ashamed of herself, but Rawson Fenton's face was pale then before, and he looked up with a quick glance of envy and hatred toward the gallery. No applause he could wish that night could wipe out that which the marchioness, his rival, all unwittingly and unwillingly evoked.

But the marchioness had procured silence in the most effective fashion, and the candidate began to speak.

His voice, clear and distinct, could be heard all over the hall, and in a moment or two he was listened to with rapt admiration. On Constance's ears the voice sounded as a false note in music, and jarred; but not so on the others. And she could understand the spell he cast upon them. She scarcely listened to his words, but present, it seemed to her that he was addressing herself. It was a wild fancy, she thought, born of her peculiar state of mind, but she raised her head and looked down at him, and she met his eyes fixed upon her. Then she listened. What was it he was saying?

"My friends, everything comes to him who waits--waits and works. I do not wish to speak of myself. I do not desire to claim anything, not even the smallest amount of cleverness. I am fully aware of my manifold shortcomings, and I own them with sincere humility. But this I will say: that throughout the course of my checkered life I have never set my heart on an object and waited and worked for it without getting it. Sometimes the wait has been long, the work was hard and painful, but too often seemingly quite hopeless; but the object was attained at last. And so, while this hand has strength, and this brain sentiment, I will cleave to the faith that is in me. I will say, and I have said, that there is no purpose in the world that cannot be achieved, no desire unattained, if a man will but wait and work." There were loud cheers, roused as much by the orator's manner as by his pregnant words; then he went on, and it seemed to Constance that his eyes flashed into hers with the glitter of defiance and even mockery. "I will not tell you what is in my heart at this present moment. One desire is that I may become the member for Berrington. I think that desire will be gratified. Another is--I cannot tell you; but this I will say: that it is the desire of my life, and I call you here to bear witness that to-night I prophesy its gratification."

Constance heard no more. His voice rang discordantly in her ears. It was no use to tell herself that he was addressing this mob, not her; that she was not even in his thoughts. It was of no use. The impression had sank deeply into her soul, and could not be erased all in a moment.

She listened no longer, but fell into a dazed dream, from which she was aroused by the touch of her lover's hand, the sound of his voice.

"Tired out, dearest?" he said; and how sweet his deep, grave voice, softened by love's accents, sounded in her ears after that hard, repelling one!

She turned to him gratefully, all her

POETRY.

A Song of the Toilers.

Early and late we have borne
The burden and heat of the day;
Visions and dreams of the morn
Have vanished forever away.
Heavily, friend by friend,
Our willing hands we have set
To the weight of the world--to the end
Hath not come yet.

Once in the dawning, we stood
By the side of a beautiful stream,
Slowly, strong, from a wood,
With songs on its lips, and the gleam
Of light from the heavens above
Aster in its tranquil breast;
But the name of that stream was love
Was love--not rest.

We toiled on the mountain at morn,
We stood on the glorious height
And saw the full valleys of corn
In a rapture of plenty and light;
But the reaper came forth from his cot
His parted lips still wet
From a hasty repast, and his lot
Finds no rest yet.

We sat in the shade of the trees
A moment when noonday was won,
Uncovered our heads to the breeze,
And smiled in the face of the sun.
But the trees were building a space
Staunch timbers the storms to fret,
And the sun wrought on in his place--
There is no rest yet.

Steadfastly, gladly, till eve
We bore our full part with the strong;
Why should we falter or grieve,
Thus doing our brothers wrong?
We said: "We shall rest to-night
When the flowery ways are wet";
But the moon in the east shines bright--
There is no rest yet!

Oh, strongly the world hath stood
On pillars of toil till now;
The taste of our bread is good
Seasoned with sweat of the brow.
The streams are turning the mills,
Their hands to the firm wheels set,
And the slow dark trees on the hills
Are building yet.

The vigilant stars in the sky,
Each on his errand pressed,
Goes with his torch borne high,
Nor falters, nor asks for rest.
Patience! be strong, O soul,
In God's high purpose set!
Somewhere, at some fair goal,
Thou'lt rest thee yet!

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXVI.--Continued.

There was consciousness of power in his face, in the lithe, upright figure, in his attitude, as, with one foot lightly resting on the low rail that edged the platform, he leaned forward, waiting for comparative silence.

They were fighting in the crowd, and shrieks of rage and pain mingled with the yells of cheering. Several of the men on the platform were pale and excited, but this man stood perfectly calm and patient.

His manner fascinated Constance and as one looks at a tiger or a beautiful make she looked at him.

"You are not frightened, dearest?" inquired the marchioness, placidly. She had seen several elections.

"No, no," replied Constance; and she tried to force some color into her face, which she felt was white, but she could not take her eyes off the face of Rawson Fenton.

The duke got up and shouted for silence, but the row continued, when suddenly the marchioness, who had sat perfectly still, rose, and walking slowly to the edge of the platform, dropped into the body of the hall.

Constance sprang to her feet and clutched the rail in front of her, watching his stalwart figure as it forced its way into the densest and most exciting part of the mass.

"Oh, what is he going to do?"

heart's joy at his presence shining in her eyes.

"Yes," she breathed, "quite tired."

"Come along then," he said. "What a splendid speech Mr. Fenton made. By George! he may rise to any height in the House. Did you admire it, Constance?"

Before she could answer Rawson Fenton stood before them.

"I fear we have wearied you, marchioness," he said, bowing to her, but keeping his eyes fixed on Constance whose face, which had brightened at her lover's presence, had grown overcast again. "I cannot thank you enough for coming; but this I must say--if I win the election, upon which I have set my heart, I shall owe it to Lord Brakespear."

"Nonsense!" said the marchioness.

"But yes!" he responded, earnestly. "Not a bit of it," said the marchioness, with a smile. "But I hope you'll win, and I think you will. It was a good speech, though I dare say the ladies will think it rather unsatisfactory."

"Indeed?" asked Rawson Fenton. The marchioness laughed.

"You roused their curiosity and failed to satisfy it. I'll wager they are all wondering what other desire you wanted to gratify could be; eh, Constance?"

Rawson Fenton shot a glance at her. "Perhaps Miss Grahame could guess," he said, in a low voice.

Constance looked at him sideways as she passed.

"I have no curiosity, Mr. Fenton," she said; that was all.

He bowed low.

"I presume," he added, with mock humility, "if ever you should care to know--which is so unlikely--I will tell you, Miss Grahame."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"You frightened Constance to-night, Wolfe," said the marchioness.

They were standing in the drawing-room, and Constance had gone upstairs to take her things off.

"Well, I suppose I did," he said, remorsefully. "I didn't think of that or anything," he added, apologetically. "I felt I could not stand that row any longer, and that I must stop it. I'm very sorry; I thought she looked pale."

"She has very often of late," said the marchioness. "Sometimes I have fancied that she was not quite happy. No, not that, Wolfe," she corrected herself quickly, as he turned swiftly to her. "Not unhappy, but as if something were troubling her."

"Mother!"--nothing could exceed his concern and even alarm--"surely you are fancying things. Constance troubled! Great Heavens!"

The old lady put her hand on his arm gently.

"Perhaps it is fancy, Wolfe," she said. "I wish you were married," she sighed.

Wolfe stared at her and laughed abruptly.

"Ah, so do I," he murmured, eloquently.

"Well, why don't you ask her?" said the old lady.

He absolutely started, and his hand some face flushed hotly.

"Ask her! Do you think she would marry me so--so quickly, so soon after our engagement?"

The marchioness smiled.

"I don't know; but I should ask her, Wolfe," she said, softly, and left the room.

He paced up and down, his brain in a whirl. Could it be possible that Constance would marry him straight away--say in a couple of weeks? If so--but it was almost too good to bear thinking of.

When she came down, a few minutes afterwards, looking somewhat pale still, but, oh, how beautiful! he felt that he must take her in his arms; but he wisely refrained, and instead seated himself in a chair beside her.

"Well, dearest," he said, "glad it's all over and you are back home?"

"Very!" she said. "But it isn't all over--the election, you mean, do you not? There are ever so many events, aren't there? meetings, and all that kind of thing."

"Yes."

She sighed.

"I detest the whole of it," she said, with a little sigh. "You won't speak again, Wolfe?"

"No," he replied, with a laugh; "but I suppose I shall be mixed up with the affair more or less."

Her face fell.

"Unless," he added, "I cut it all and get away."

He felt her start under his hand, which was lovingly caressing her shell-like ear.

"You are going away," she said, trying to speak firmly; but her voice failed pitifully.

"Well, I thought of it," he said, speaking as naturally and easily as he could. "You see, I could escape all this election nuisance, as you suggest."

"Yes, you would," she assented; but her heart sank lower and lower.

"The only objection is that I don't care about going alone," he resumed, in the same tone.

"No? Is there no one who could go with you?"

"Well, yes; there is one person I should like as a companion. But I don't know--"

"You don't know whether he would go! Have you asked him? No? Why not do so?"

"I will," he said, in a low voice. "It isn't a him, but a her," and her name in Constance Grahame."

Constance started, and looked at him with a vague trouble and surprise in her lovely wide-open eyes.

"I? Wolfe!"

"Yes," he said, coolly, though his heart was beating fast; "why not?"

"But--" she said; "her brows knit

on the great leopard skin on which the marchioness's chair was placed before the huge wood fire, and hiding her face in the old lady's lap, told her what had passed.

The marchioness kissed her.

"I am very glad, my dear," she said, simply. "It is better for you both, and better for me. You love each other dearly, and I want to see you back soon, both in your right places here at the castle. In a fortnight--"

"Three weeks," said Constance.

"Very well, dear. We shall have to work hard--"

"But it is to be a very quiet wedding," said Constance, looking up earnestly.

The old lady nodded.

"That is for you and Wolfe to decide. Which means that he will do just as you please. And now you must tell me whom you would like to have here, dear."

Constance started, and her face grew red.

"I--I forgot!" she murmured. "I--I cannot be married from here!"

The marchioness smiled, and stroked the long tresses of silken hair which had got loose and streamed over her knee, serving to partly hide the lovely face.

"Well, it is not usual but I don't think it matters in the very least, dear. You see, this is your home."

Constance shook her head. She cared little for conventionalities, but she knew that such a breach of etiquette as would be committed by her going from the castle to the church was one which the world would talk about; and as the wife of the Marquis of Brakespear she believed her to cause so little gossip as possible.

"I--I might go to London," she said. The marchioness shook her head.

"No, my dear, not that. All the Brakespears for years past have been married in their own church, and I should like Wolfe and you to plight your vows at the old altar."

"What is to be done?" murmured Constance, her eyes filling. "I have no friends--"

The marchioness stopped her.

"Don't say that, dear. You have so many. Ah! why, yes, of course! You broke off her phalaris lace lightness up. The duchess will be only too delighted."

"The duchess!"

"Yes," and she patted her hand lovingly and soothingly. "She will be only too glad to have you married from the Towers. There is nothing the duchess loves better than a wedding, and for your and Wolfe's wedding she would do anything. My dear, it is the very thing! You can go and stay there two or three days before the day, and Wolfe can remain here. You will only be separated by a few miles from each other, and that is something, isn't it?" And she smiled.

"But--but it will have to be a grand wedding then?" said Constance, reluctantly.

"Not necessarily. A little grand, perhaps. We mustn't deprive the duchess of a little gaiety. I will go over and see her to-morrow, dear. And now go to bed and get a good night's sleep. I can't tell you how happy you have made me."

Continued Next Week.

ALL PRIZE GOODS

Colored by the Diamond Dyes.

It is a fact worthy of note that all the best rag carpets, rugs and mats shown at country fairs and exhibitions last year were dyed with the best and brilliant Diamond Dyes.

This season, we hear that even more extensive work is going on for the coming autumn fairs. The ladies who are experts in the art of carpet, rug and mat making are now buying Diamond Dyes in large quantities to color their materials for the manufacture of exhibition goods.

At all fairs, aims out of every tax exhibitors of homemade carpets, rugs and mats use the Diamond Dyes, knowing full well that the imitative dyes can never give satisfactory results.

If you are about coloring materials for exhibition goods, do not allow a very dealer to sell you the imitation, crude dye. He makes a large profit, but you suffer loss of your money, time and materials if you are unfortunate enough to use them.

Every ingredient in **Manley's Celery-Nerve Compound** is a blood maker and health-giver. If you are weak or run down, try it.

Dear Sir: It is with pleasure I can recommend others to take Manley's Celery-Nerve Compound. It is a thoroughly scientific and a sterling preparation, and as a tonic I think it has no equal. Other members of my family besides myself have used it, and in all cases it gave the most gratifying and pleasant results.

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