

# 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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(In Advance.)

CLUBS OF FIVE IN ADVANCE \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Notices for standing advertisements will be made known to applicants in the office, and payment on receipt of advertising will be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion. The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out. New 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. Address all communications to DAVISON BROS., Editors and Proprietors, Wolffville, N. S.



### THE WOLFFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

—CLAIM THE—

**Best Assorted Stock of Cloths!**

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### W. J. BALCOM, PROPRIETOR.

Wolffville, Nov. 10th, 1894.

### "D. & L." MENTHOL PLASTER

I have invented a Menthol Plaster for the relief of all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, sprains, strains, and all other forms of rheumatoid affections. It is made of the finest menthol, and is applied to the affected part. It is sold by all druggists.

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It is a powerful laxative and purgative. It is made of the finest roots and is sold by all druggists.

### 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.

### W. H. DUNBARSON,

Wolffville, Nov. 14th, 1896.

Ned sank on to a chair, and sat staring on the ground, the muscles of his face twitching spasmodically. "We've come to business, now," remarked Rawson Fenton. "The Marquis of Brakepeare is the leader of the bush gang, Ned, and you and I know it." The man looked up. He displayed a great deal more emotion than he had done under Rawson Fenton's account of himself. "It's—it's a hanging matter, for all I know," he muttered, hoarsely. Rawson Fenton smiled. "Probably," he assented, calmly. "What are you going to do?" demanded Ned, after a moment or two of silence, and he looked up at the pitiless face above him with something like entreaty in his eyes. "I'm—not—sure—yet," replied Rawson Fenton, slowly. Ned rose and touched Rawson Fenton's arm with a new and strange timidity.

### POETRY.

#### A Prayer.

I ask not wealth, but power to take  
And see the things I have a right;  
Not years, but wisdom that shall make  
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan  
Of good and ill be set aside;  
But that the common lot of man  
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep  
My steps in places green and sweet  
Nor find the pathway of the deep  
A path of safety for my feet;

But pray that when the tempest's breath  
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,  
I make not shipwreck of my faith  
In the unshuffled sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know  
How hard the stoniest pillow seems  
God's angels still may come and go  
About the places of my dreams.

—Florence Curry.

### SELECT STORY.

#### Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"I don't know. Suppose we say that it was Lord Brakepeare, the marquis," and he fixed his keen eyes piercingly upon the man's face.

Probably Ned had prepared himself for the shock, for he kept his self-possession.

"The marquis?" he said, with a laugh. "That's likely, ain't it? What should I want to see the marquis for?"

"Why, for money! Blackmail, of course!" said Rawson Fenton, blandly. Long Ned shook his head.

"And why should he—a swell like that—give me money? You're the wrong scent, Mr Fenton. Better give it up, and let me go. I'm getting tired of being badgered and baited."

"I dare say. No; I shall have to trouble you for a little while longer, Ned. I'll tell you why you are likely to get money from the marquis if you want to know."

"Ho, ho," exclaimed Long Ned promptly. "There ain't another man like him anywhere."

"Which is rather a good thing for people with property to lose," said Rawson Fenton, caustically. "It is a pity that such a wonderful man should spend the rest of his life shut up from his fellow-men. A thousand pities!"

Long Ned watched the hard face anxiously. "Mr Fenton—" he began, but Rawson Fenton held up his hand. "Wait," he said; "let me think."

A silence fell upon the room, as with his hands thrust in his pockets, and his eyes bent on the ground, Rawson Fenton's brain went through its work. Then he looked up.

"You wanted money of the marquis?" he asked. Long Ned hung his head. "Yes, I did," he growled. "I'm without a penny, and—"

"You have had money from him before?" asked Rawson Fenton, keenly. Long Ned nodded reluctantly.

"Yes," he replied, with something like a groan. "He gave it to me with out the asking—a lot, and I—I'm a cursed fool—I lost it."

"Drink—play—what?" "I—I drink a bit," said Ned, moodily, "and I had the worst kind of luck as ever a man—What are you driving at, Mr Fenton?" he broke off.

Rawson Fenton smiled. "I was thinking what a nice kind of life you were leading, your dearly loved friend," he said, with a sneer. "The man's baggard face grew red."

"I wouldn't have come to bother him if I could have helped it, but—when a man's starving, and most like he wouldn't have given me any. He said he wouldn't, and he always keeps his word."

"And then you would have gone to the nearest police station and split upon him, and got the reward, if you could," said Rawson Fenton, with a hard laugh. "The man struck the table with his clenched fist."

"I'd sooner have gone and died in the nearest ditch!" "Noble, but foolish," retorted Rawson Fenton. "But you need not die in the ditch, Ned. If you want money, I'll give it you."

"You?" exclaimed Ned, with wide open eyes; then they grew suspicious, and he said, sharply: "What should you give me money for? To split on him?" he buttoned up his coat and dashed his hat on. "You can keep it till you rot, Mr Fenton!" he said, with an oath.

"No," said Rawson Fenton, calmly. "If I give you money, Ned, it will be to hold your tongue!"

"The man eyed him half suspiciously. "To hold my tongue?" he said. "Then you mean to let him loose? You're—you're a gentleman, Mr Fenton. I might 'a' known it."

Rawson Fenton looked at him with a calm smile. "Exactly! for doing nothing but holding your tongue, and you were quite prepared to do that. You'd sooner die in a ditch, you know. Living on three pounds a week punctually paid is better than dying in a ditch, is it not?"

"But—bit—what are you doing it for?" said Ned, knitting his brow. "I don't see—"

"You see the money," retorted Rawson Fenton. "That should be quite enough for you."

"But you don't mean so harm to him?" asked Ned, with a sudden return of suspicion, and he looked from the coins to the pale face of the man who had made the tempting offer.

"Harm?" Fenton smiled. "If I meant him harm I could work it much more cheaply than this. What should prevent me going to the police straight away, my friend?"

"That's true," muttered Ned. He stretched out his hand and took the money, and turned it over with a loving glance at it before he put it in his pocket.

"That's all right," remarked Rawson Fenton. "And now I think our pleasant little interview may be brought to a conclusion. Be off, my friend. Get to London as soon as you can, and enjoy yourself. Send me the address of your diggings, and you shall get your allowance regularly. Remember, all I ask you to do is—nothing but hold your tongue. Good-night!" and he nodded a dismissal.

Long Ned turned up his coat collar. "All right," he said, slowly. "It's a bargain. Mind, I do it, I take your money, on the understanding between us—a large sum is to come to him we've been speaking about. I've got your word on that."

"Certainly," assented Rawson Fenton, impassively. "I take that as straight and above board. If you mean to play false, why—"

He turned and looked at Rawson Fenton significantly and with a gleam in his eyes that was more eloquent than words.

Rawson Fenton laughed. "You'll do all sorts of dreadful things, ah, Ned! All right. Good-bye."

The man nodded out, and Rawson Fenton waited a moment or two, then followed him.

He stood in the shadow watching him. Long Ned had slouched to the road, his face turned to London, but suddenly he stopped and looked toward the castle.

Rawson Fenton knew the thought that was passing through the man's mind. "Will he go and warn him?" he asked himself. Then, as Ned turned and tramped Londonward, he muttered, "No; three pounds a week are not to be resisted, I have got him."

The stars seemed to dance in a mad whirl above Rawson Fenton as he walked to the blacksmith's, where his brougham awaited him.



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### The Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted as the World's Best.

Ayer's Pills for Head and Bowels.

moral over on his tongue.

The Marquis of Brakepeare an outlaw and a felon, and in his power!

The brougham stopped, and he got out and entered the house. It was, as has been said, quite a small hunting-box of a place, but with wealth one can affect variety, and in this case the plain little house had been transformed into a miniature palace.

A footman in plain but handsome livery was waiting to receive him, and deferentially assisted him with his coat and hat. Rawson Fenton went into a small room which had been fitted up as a study and library, and sat down at the table.

There was a pile of letters, but he pushed them from him, and closing his eyes, leaned back in his chair and gave himself up to the delicious dream which he had revelled in all the way home.

Constance, beautiful Constance, who had become the most famous woman in the country—Constance, who was to marry the Marquis of Brakepeare—he had thought he had lost her, but she was still his! Yes, through all he had always regarded her as his, as though he had some heaven-born right to her, and she should be his.

Continued Next Week.

### A TERRIBLE CONDITION IN MID-SUMMER.

Faine's Celery Compound a Fortifier and Builder.

"I have no ambition, vim or energy these days. I feel all-gone, listless, dependent and miserable, and I often wish that this weary, weary life was over."

The above declaration and humble confession is made at this particular season by young and old who are out of gear physically, and as a consequence, are easily prostrated by the prevailing hot weather.

It is suicidal for sickly men and women to attempt to pass through the terrible heat of summer without the aid of such a health and strength builder as Faine's Celery Compound.

Weak, weary and used up people, who complain of languor, lassitude, want of buoyancy, mental depression and fatigue by day, require the tonic effects of such a medicine as Faine's Celery Compound.

The use of this great stimulating and health-building remedy soon restores mental and bodily vigor, and gives that true health and strength that can combat all the dangers that beset us in July.

Faine's Celery Compound to-day is doing a mighty work for thousands of half-dead people. Letters received daily from every part of Canada show that the great medicine has rescued people from the grave, and is giving them a new life.

Reader, we counsel you to give Faine's Celery Compound an honest trial if you would be well, vigorous and happy during the most trying months of the year.

As a blood maker, blood purifier, health giver and system renovator Mantey's Celery-Nerve Compound is unrivalled.

"The eruption on the face particularly have been removed, and I feel like a new man. I consider Mantey's Celery Compound better than any other medicine for blood and liver troubles, as it has given me in my case."—Isiah Leffler, Watford, Ont.