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, JULY 17, 1896. No. 45.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 standing notices.

Notices of standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must 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 in all work turned out.

Newsy 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 comunications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, 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 refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *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 6.05 a. m.

Express west close at 7.20 a. m.

Express east close at 252 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 10 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 2 30 p m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 2.30 p m.

COLIN W. ROSCOE, } Ushers
ANDREW BARSS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. P. M. Macdonald, Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m., and at 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

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.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m; 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.

Robert W. Starr, } Wardens.
S. J. Rutherford, }

ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11 00 a m 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 7½ o'clock p. m.

F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8 00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon 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.

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

W. H. DUNCANSON.

Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

—THE—

Wolfville Clothing Co.

—CLAIM THE—

Best Assorted Stock of Cloths!

Imported and Domestic.

The Largest Staff of Experienced Workmen,

and a Cutter of more thorough Practical Experience

than any Tailoring Establishment in Kings County.

☞ *Can't we sell you your next suit?*

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 36.

A. H. WESTHAVER,
Watchmaker & Jeweller.

First Class Work at short notice.

FINE REPAIRING A SPECIALITY.

A neat line of Watches, Clocks, Jewellry and Spectacles to select from. Call and see him. Charges moderate.

☞ Satisfaction given or money returned. 47

"D. & L." MENTHOL PLASTER

I have prescribed Menthol Plaster in a number of cases of neuralgic and rheumatic pains, and am very much pleased with the effects and pleasantness of its application.—W. H. CARPENTER, M. D., Hotel Oxford, Boston.

I have used Menthol Plasters in several cases of muscular rheumatism, and find in every case they gave immediate relief.—J. B. HOUSE M. D., Washington, D. C.

It Cures Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Pains in Back or Side, or any Muscular Pains.

Price 25c. | Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd. Sole Proprietors, MONTREAL.

Livery Stables!

Until further notice at "Bay View."

First-class teams with all the seasonable 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.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN
PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures

Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., etc.

Used Externally, It Cures

Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.—Salem Observer.

We can hear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in allaying the severest pain, and know it to be a good Article.—Cincinnati Dispatch.

Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—Tennessee Organ.

It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—Magnet News.

Beware of imitations. Buy only the genuine "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere; large bottles, 25c.

An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c., 60c. and $1.00 per package. Sample free.

KO NO The Favorite COUGH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cts. Sold by Druggists.

SHILOH'S CURE.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will cure YOU, if taken in time. Price 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.00.

For sale by all dealers.

POETRY.

Songs Unsung.

Sweet the song of the thrush at dawning,
When the grass lies wet with spangled dew;
Sweet the sound of the brook's low whisper
'Mid reeds and rushes wandering through;
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur
That croons in the branches all day long;
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music
And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

The fairest hope is the one which faded,
The brightest leaf is the one that fell;
The song that leaps from the lips of sirens
Dies away in an old sea-shell.
Far to the heights of viewless fancy
The soul's swift flight like a swallow goes
For the note unheard is the bird's best carol
And the bud unblown is the reddest rose.

Deepest thoughts are the ones unspoken,
That only the heart sense, listening, hears;
Most great joys bring a touch of silence,
Greatest grief is in unshed tears.
What we hear is the fleeting echo;
A song dies out, but a dream lives on;
The rose-red tint of the rarest morning
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

Somewhere, dim in the days to follow
And far away in the life to be,
Passing sweet, is a song of gladness—
The spirit-chant of the soul set free.
Chords untouched are the ones we wait for—
That never rise from the harp unstrung;
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,
And listen still for the songs unsung.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXIV.—*Continued.*

"I must say that I never can refrain from envying the man who owns—by birth, not purchase—one of the old English mansions," said Rawson Fenton, with an air of frank candor.

"Ah, yes," said the duchess, with her genial smile. "But you have no idea what they cost in repairs, Mr Fenton. The duke often declares that he could have built the Towers over and over again with the money he has spent in tinkering it."

"Yes," he responded, bending forward, "a new house with the latest improvements, but unhallowed by time and barren of associations."

"I didn't know you were a poet, Mr Fenton," exclaimed Lady Ruth.

He smiled, not at all discomfited.

"I have all an Englishman's reverence for antiquity, Lady Ruth."

"Soup, sir?" asked a footman at his elbow. "Clear or thick?"

Rawson Fenton replied at hazard, and took up his spoon.

"I mortally offended an alderman at a City dinner the other day by declining turtle soup," he said.

Constance could not continue through the whole evening looking straight in front of her, and she turned her eyes upon him.

Suddenly the expression of his face changed, and his eyes grew fixed upon the innocent piece of plate.

Constance could not help being startled by the change in his face, and she watched him. He looked down at the spoon for a moment, then raised his eyes and glanced round the table. Then he put down the spoon, and took up a fork and seemed to examine it with an affectation of aimless curiosity. Was it only fancy, or did she really see his hand tremble?

However, he said nothing, but went on with his dinner, and Constance, listening to Lord Norman, had almost forgotten the strange and unaccountable change in Rawson Fenton's expression when he turned to her and said:

"How seldom one sees a crest that is markedly appropriate to the house to which it belongs."

Constance looked at him with a cold surprise.

"A strange remark, you think?" he said, with a smile. "Let me explain. This crest now," and he pointed to the spoon, but swiftly, as if he did not want the gesture noticed, "this is the Brakespeare crest?"

"Yes," assented Constance.

"The Brakespeare crest," he repeated. "A spear, broken apparently, with an eagle hovering over it."

Constance waited in silence, feeling his eyes keen as a hawk's, not an eagle's fixed upon her.

"You see, of course! A broken spear—Brakespeare. I don't think I ever met with one more appropriate to the family name."

"No?" said Constance.

He turned to his plate with a smile, but his acute brain was, wonderful to relate, in a whirl. The dining-room of Brakespeare Castle vanished from his view, and, instead, he saw himself in the lonely hut in the Australian wilds, the log fire burning brightly, and himself kneeling in front of it looking at a ring which he had picked up from the floor after the rangers had fled. And that ring bore, engraved upon it, this same crest—a broken spear and an eagle. The crest of the Marquis of Brakespeare! The man who had robbed him of the woman he loved, the woman he had sworn to make his own.

Rawson Fenton was a clever man, with a head as hard, a heart as cold—save to one woman—as the nether mill-stone, and yet at that moment his head swam and his heart beat furiously.

What did it mean?

He looked up from his plate to the man who sat at the head of the table, the great marquis to whom the whole country seemed to bow the knee. Was the ring his? Could it be possible that he—the marquis—was there in that hut in the bush that eventful night? No, it was impossible. And yet—the crest?

Rawson Fenton, with a face perfectly calm and self-possessed, with the bland half smile which we all feel it our duty to put on with our dress clothes, felt on fire with a vague, half-expressed emotion.

Like most self-made men he believed devoutly in luck and Fate. What did this discovery portend?

As he ate the outlet which the footman put before him, he tried to follow the matter out to its logical conclusion.

Who was in the hut that night? No one but Constance and her father and himself until Dan came. Neither of them could have had the ring, with its crest, the crest he saw on the spoons and knive and forks before him. And afterward only the rangers.

One of those rangers must have had the ring in his possession and dropped it on the floor where he, Rawson Fenton, found it.

Who was that ranger, and how did he come by it? Had he stolen it? It could not have belonged to him, unless he was a member of the family. What was the clew to the mystery?

He looked up and watched the marquis.

He was talking to the duchess on his right. Talking in the free, frank voice of a perfectly happy man.

Rawson Fenton listened intently, acutely, and as he did so something, some far-off distant echo, seemed to strike upon his ears. But it was vague, indefinite, indistinct, not to be analyzed.

Had he heard the voice before? He bent forward, still apparently intent upon his cutlet.

"We think of Italy, Rome, Venice, and Dante's Florence," the marquis was saying in an undertone, but still audible to Rawson Fenton; "anywhere that Constance likes."

So he was speaking of their wedding-tour! A sharp spasm shot through Rawson Fenton's heart, and he glanced out of the corner of his eye at the beautiful face beside him. Their honeymoon trip! Then they were to be married soon. He bent lower over his plate, and his breath came fast and his face paled.

"We shall be among the grouse at Glenlivet next year, I hope," the marquis was saying. "And I hope you and the duke will come, duchess. You must bring him by sheer force if necessary."

The duchess made some laughing rejoinder.

Rawson Fenton leaned back, his eyes fixed upon the crest on his fork.

The lady on his left spoke to him, and he almost started. She was saying something about his chance of winning the seat. He replied almost at hap-hazard.

"You are sure to win, I think," she said. "Especially if the duke and the marquis are on your side."

He made a suitable reply, but spoke at random. A broken spear with an eagle! Yes, that was the crest engraved on the ring which he had picked up on the floor of the hut in the bush.

He turned to Constance.

"The marquis has been a great traveller, has he not?" he said.

Looking straight before her she replied:

"Yes, I believe so.

"Well, you should know," he said, with a significant smile.

Constance colored, but grew more ice-like.

"Yes, he has—I think."

"Has he ever been to Australia?" he said, carelessly.

She half turned her eyes upon him.

"To Australia?" she said.

He nodded carelessly.

"Yes; I rather think I heard somebody say that he had been there."

"I do not know," she replied curtly.

He turned his attention to his plate, balked in this direction, but the crest stared him in the face, and he felt—he the calm, cold Rawson Fenton—that he could have seized the marquis by the throat, and cried: "This crest, the same is on the ring I found! Explain!"

The dinner proceeded.

To Constance it seemed as interminable as it did to him.

At last the ladies rose. Rawson Fenton opened the door for them, and as Constance passed out he let his eyes dwell longingly, hungrily, on her face. She had never seemed more lovely, more worth winning to him than she did to-night.

"Draw your chairs closer," said the marquis, with the smile that was once so rare but was now so frequent, on his face. "We have an old port, if you care for it, Mr Fenton, and he touched the rare wine lying snug in its wicker cradle.

Rawson Fenton poured out a glass with due care.

"There is no wine like port," he said.

Lord Norman sipped and nodded.

"It will never be beaten," he said, sententiously.

"And yet there are so many rivals in the field," said Rawson Fenton, holding the glass up to the light and viewing it critically. "For instance, the Australian wines."

The marquis bent forward with courteous attention.

"You were saying," he said.

"I was going to say that the Australian wines were meeting with a great deal of notice," said Rawson Fenton. He had moved up to the next seat to the marquis, and his keen eyes were fixed upon him, but with a veiled keenness.

"Yes, yes," assented the marquis, "so I have heard."

"Then you have not tasted them?" asked Rawson Fenton.

"Give me port before all the wines in the world," remarked Lord Norman, consistently filling his glass.

"I take great interest in Australia," said Rawson Fenton, leaning back in his chair with an easeful smile. "I suppose it is because I began to make money there."

The marquis inclined his head with gracious attention.

"Were you ever there, Lord Brakespeare? I have heard that you are a great traveller."

The marquis raised his glass and drank his wine leisurely.

"Oh, yes," he said carelessly, "I have been to Australia."

Rawson Fenton lowered his lids to hide the flash of his eyes.

"Indeed! What part, may I ask?"

The marquis carefully pushed the port to Lord Norman.

"I beg your pardon, Mr Fenton. What part? Oh, I roamed about promiscuously. It is an interesting country.'

"I envy you your travelling experience, Brakespeare," said Lord Norman. "You seem to have been everywhere."

The marquis smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss, Norman," he said."

"But he gains a great deal of knowledge of his fellow men," remarked Rawson Fenton. "But we were speaking of Australia. Did you penetrate into the wilds, marquis?"

"The wilds?" he replied. "It depends upon what you call the wilds. I did the usual tourist round. Finish the bottle, Norman. No? Mr Fenton, you will have some more wine?'

Rawson Fenton shook his head, and the marquis rose.

"Shall we join the ladies?" he said.

Had he tried to balk him? was the question in Rawson Fenton's mind. But the marquis's manner had been so natural, so unforced, that Fenton could not answer the question in the affirmative.

They went into the drawing room. Constance was seated at the piano, and Rawson Fenton was moving in her direction when the marquis stepped past him. He stopped and looked at her. His brain was still in a ferment, his question: How did it happen that the ring he picked up from the floor of the hut bore the Marquis of Brakespeare's crest? still unanswered.

Coffee was served, and he found himself surrounded and questioned about the coming election.

A few days ago it had been foremost in his thoughts. Now he could scarcely speak of it. His eyes kept wandering toward Constance at the piano. Her voice—for they had persuaded her to sing—rang in his ears. Her presence, the sight of her face, the sound of her voice, had awakened the old passion in his breast. She was betrothed to the Marquis of Brakespeare. No matter. He would win her, snatch her from him. She should be his!

He broke away from the circle surrounding him, and moved toward her. She had just finished a song, and was leaving the piano, amid a murmur of applause.

"I have come to say, 'Good-night,'" he said.

Constance extended her hand coldly, and as he took it he bent forward and murmured, inaudibly to any but herself, "I have kept my promise. You can trust me."

"Good-night, Mr Fenton," she said.

He made his adieus to the marchioness and the duchess.

"But your carriage," said the former. "You must let us send you home, Mr Fenton."

"Thank you, marchioness, he said. "But my man assured me that the damage would be repaired long before this. Good-night."

He went into the hall, and glanced round him. The Brakespeare crest on the stained window was invisible, but he felt rather than saw it there, and on the buttons of the footman's livery.

"Your carriage is not here, sir," said the butler.

"No matter," he said, I will walk. It is at the blacksmith's, in the village, no doubt," and he passed out.

All the way down the avenue the strange coincidence of the crest filled his mind. He reached the lodge, still thinking of it as he threw a coin to the lodge-keeper.

The village nestled outside the park, and still buried in thought, he made his way toward it.

He had reached the dark turn of the road, when suddenly a dark figure stepped out of the darkness and touched his arm.

"Guv'nor, is that you," said the man in a cautious voice.

Rawson Fenton's nerves were highly strung that night, and he started; but he recovered himself in a moment, and grasped the arm of the unseen man who had arrested him.

"Yes, it is I," he said. "What do you want?"

At the sound of his voice the man uttered an exclamation and tried to free himself. But Rawson Fenton held him tight and dragged him into the faint light that flickered from the lamp of the village inn.

Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A CAB-DRIVER'S STORY.

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by a friend who told me that I must purchase six bottles, and use them according to directions. I yielded to his persuasion, bought the six bottles, and took the contents of three of these bottles without noticing any direct benefit. Before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, and the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

CHAPTER XXV.

Rawson Fenton's keen eyes scanned the man's face searchingly. He thought him a tramp at first sight, but after a moment's examination he saw that the fellow had scarcely the tramp look about him, though he was poorly dressed in a long rough coat, which was stained with rain and mud; his face was unshaven, and still further concealed by a broad-brimmed slouch hat, which, at Rawson Fenton's strong grasp he had pulled over his eyes.

He could have wrenched himself from Rawson Fenton's hold easily enough, but he was held captive as much by the keen piercing eyes as by the smooth white hand.

"Let go, guv'nor!" he said, surlily.

"Not so fast, my friend," retorted Rawson Fenton. "Have the goodness to remember that it was you who accosted me. May I ask what it is that you want?"

"Nothing of you."

"But of some one else, eh? And who might that be, pray?"

"That's no business of yours," the man growled.

Rawson Fenton eyed him with a half smile.

"I wonder what you are, my friend," he thought; "and what you are lurking about Brakespeare Castle for?"

"Good-night," said the man, getting his arm free.

Continued Next Week.

A Boy's Appearance.

Ruth Ashmore, addressing herself to "That Boy, of Mine," in March *Ladies' Home Journal*, writes that his personal appearance "should be good. You owe that to yourself. And whether it is at the office or when you are out visiting you should be a clean, wholesome looking young man. Cleanliness does much toward godliness, and a clean body aids a clean soul. It may not be in your power to possess a dress suit, but if you should not, don't borrow or hire one. Brush up the best clothes you have, make them immaculate, and then enjoy yourself and forget your clothes. Your linen can always be fresh and clean, and your tie can be in good style and properly knotted. Never wear a loud scarf, and never imitation jewelry. Gentlemen select plain gold buttons, and simple gold links and scarfpins of the most modest pattern. If you can afford dress clothes, remember never to appear in them until after dark. You may wear, as you like best, either a lawn tie or a black satin one, but the stiff little bow should be looped by yourself, and not bought ready made."

Bessie—Ma and pa have been quarrelling, haven't they? Willie—Yes. Bessie—Which one got the worst of it, do you know? Willie—Not yet. I'm waiting to see which one of them skins the door going out.

Willie—What does a still, small voice mean, papa? Willie's Father—That's what anyone hears, Willie, when they have done wrong. Willie—But when you've done wrong the voice you hear isn't still and small.