

# 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 3, 1896.

No. 43.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS (5 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 inserted 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 at all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names 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  
DAVID K. BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Half hour prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening every Sunday, 7:30 p. m. Young people's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Mission A. S. Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 8:30 p. m.

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St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 8 a. m. Services every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

KEY KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Stors, Wardens.  
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St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. on the fourth Sunday of each month.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

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CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 4 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. DUNOANSON,  
Wolfville, Nov. 14th 1895.

### THE

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### Best Assorted Stock of Cloths

Imported and Domestic.

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Can't we sell you your next suit?

NOBLE GRANDALL,  
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### A. H. WESTHAVER,

## Watchmaker & Jeweller.

First Class Work at short notice.

### FINE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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

Satisfaction given or money returned.

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

I have prepared Menthol Plaster in a number of sizes and shapes, and it is the best for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, strains, and all kinds of pains in the muscles, joints, and bones. It is also useful for all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and itching. It is sold in boxes of 10 and 25 pieces. Price 50c per box. Sole Proprietors, Montreal.

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Until further notice at "Bay View."

First-class teams with all the seasonable equipments. Come one, come all and you shall be well served. Beautiful Double Teams for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone.

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PROPRIETOR.  
Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

### THE GREAT PAIN-KILLER

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, it Cures  
Dizziness, Gripe, 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, Frost-bite, etc.

No article ever obtained so much unbounded popularity. We have never been able to keep it in stock. It is the most reliable family medicine in the world. It is sold in boxes of 10 and 25 pieces. Price 50c per box. Sole Proprietors, Montreal.

### KARL'S GLOVER

IT'S FRESH, NEW, AND CLEAR SKIN.

CURES CONSTIPATION  
INDIGESTION, BRUISES,  
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

As a reliable Laxative and Nervine. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c per box. Price 50c. Sold by Druggists.

### NO NO

The Favorite Food for the Sick and Invalid.

Captain Frederick, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal. "I have used No. No. in my family for many years. It is the best medicine I have ever found that will cure any ailment. Price 50c. Sold by Druggists."

### SHILOH'S CURE

For Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all kinds of Coughs. Price 50c. Sold by Druggists.

and took Constance to the entrance. A few minutes afterward Rawson Fenton appeared with the marchioness. "I—I am so sorry!" panted Constance, as she leaned back in the corner of the carriage. "My dear, why didn't you say you were tired before," murmured the old lady, sympathetically. "I should have been glad to go. Good-night, Mr. Fenton."

Constance saw his pale face as he stood with uplifted hat, and with a shudder drew her cloak round her so that it almost hid her eyes. "Let her alone, mother," said the marchioness in a low and anxious voice. "she is tired out. It has been a trying evening for her."

She lay back in silence, and after a time his hand stole toward hers, and took it and held it firmly. Her fingers closed on it with a firm little grasp. The carriage sped on its way, and stopping forward to arrange her cloak more closely round her, he touched her arm.

She opened her eyes and looked forward, nearer and still nearer to him, and suddenly she had slipped to her knees and was resting against his breast.

"Wolfe, Wolfe," she murmured, her breath coming in painful gasps, "you will love me always, Wolfe? Whatever happens—whatever they say, you will love me?" and she clung to him.

"Constance, Constance, my darling!" he murmured, gathering her to him and kissing her. "What has come to you tonight? What has frightened you? Love you I will, yes, against all the world, and till death."

### POETRY.

#### Face? God.

Inaudible voices call us, and we go;  
Invisible hands restrain us and we stay;  
Forces unfelt by our dull senses sway  
Our wavering wills and hedge us in the way.  
We call our own because we do not know,  
We creep reluctant through Pain's darkened road,  
To greet Life's dearest Joy the other side;  
We linger, laughing, where the ways divide.  
Saying, "So close!" while we front  
Pain's red signal, yes, black, imminent doom.  
We kneel impatient on To-morrow's door,  
Behind which sorrow sits; nor ever more  
Shall anything be as it was before,  
Nor sweet To-day's unheeded rose re-bloom.

Aro we, then, slaves of ignorant circumstance?  
Nay, God forbid! We have both the heavenly Guide,  
The Lamp of Life, the Way both sure and tried,  
If we but walk therein, nor stray outside,  
God holds the world, not blinds, us—  
Julia Traft Baynes, in the Independent.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Constance tossed to and fro that night, sleepless, restless, and consumed by a fever of apprehension. The pale face of Rawson Fenton, with its sinister smile, so cold and confident, haunted her.

Over and over again, as the slow hours dragged themselves along, she asked herself the question: Why had she not told Wolfe the story of her life in its entirety? If she had done so, the presence of this man, who pursued and persecuted her with such relentless persistence, would have been a matter of indifference to her.

Could she tell him, even now? She resolved to do so twenty times in the hour, but her resolve always broke away from her.

Lady Ruth's words, spoken with such seeming carelessness, rose vividly before her. She had spoken of the marchioness's hot temper and easily aroused jealousy. Constance remembered too, all too distinctly, the sinister remark of Rawson Fenton. How could she explain satisfactorily her reputation of him as a stranger—him with whom she had spent weeks and months in an Australian cabin—him who had twice proposed marriage to her?

Had he any object in coming to the castle other than the political one? He had vowed that he would never speak to her of love again unless she made the first advances; was there any truth in his assertion—promise, as it might be called?

She mistrusted him, and did not believe a word he said, and yet surely, now that she was the promised wife of another man, he would cease to persecute her. He must see how hopeless and utterly futile his further pursuit of her must be.

These and a hundred other thoughts tortured her through the few remaining hours of the night, and the gray dawn found her still awake and haunted by a vague presentiment of coming ill.

Ah, if she had but only summoned up sufficient courage, when Rawson Fenton came up to her in the ball-room, to say "I know this gentleman very well," and had she, on their journey home, told Wolfe the whole story, what peace she would have secured for herself!

A little after nine a knock came to the door, and Arol's voice was heard calling to her.

Constance, who had been pacing up and down in her dressing-room for the last hour, let him in.

"Uncle Wolfe said I wasn't to disturb you, Constance, dear," he said, as she put her arms round him and kissed him. "He said you was very, very

tired last night, and the house was to be kept very quiet so as not to wake you. So I waited outside until I heard you pull up the blinds, and here's Mary with some breakfast, and grandma says you are to have a good long sleep before you come down."

Mary came in with a dainty little breakfast on a tray, and was deeply concerned that her beloved young mistress should have got up thus early.

"The marchioness's love, miss, and he hopes you will not get up for some hours yet; and these flowers are for you. He cut them himself, miss."

Constance could scarcely speak as she pressed the blossoms to her lips. Her loving words and thoughtfulness sharpened the sting of her self-reproach.

"Uncle Wolfe's been telling me all about the ball," said Arol, curling himself up on one of the chairs. "He says you were the most beautiful girl in the room, Constance, and I'm sure that's true. I wish I had been there. How soon do you think I shall be grown up enough to go to a ball?"

"Not for a long while yet, dear," she replied, burying her hand in his long curls, earnestly, and finding comfort and consolation in his presence. "Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Because I want to dance with you, Constance, dear," he answered, with perfect gravity. "Uncle Wolfe says all the gentlemen wanted to dance with you last night. Did you enjoy yourself very much, dear? I hope you didn't quite forget me!"

"That I did not," replied Constance, with absolute truth. "Indeed, in the middle of one of the dances, I was thinking that if it should be fine to-day you and I would take the ponies for a drive."

He sprang up instantly.

"Why, it's a lovely day, Constance, dear!" he exclaimed, delightedly.

"Very well, then," she said. "You go and order the ponies, and we will start directly."

He ran off gleefully, and Constance finished dressing.

Out in the open air, during the drive she might perhaps arrive at some determination, might see some road out of the difficulty which surrounded her.

On his way down the stairs, two steps at a time, Arol ran into the marchioness.

"Halloo!" he said, catching him and swinging him on to his shoulder. "Where are you going at this break-neck pace, young man?"

"Going to order the ponies, Constance and I are going for a drive."

"Oh, indeed!" said the marchioness. "Well, you are a favored individual! Go and tell Constance that if she will drive over to Mrs. Marsh's I will meet you there, say at twelve o'clock, I am going to ride over to Waverton on business, and will take Mrs. Marsh's as I come back."

"It was almost a relief to Constance, much as she longed to see him and get his morning caress, to find that the marchioness had started before she came down."

"You look rather pale, this morning," said the marchioness. "You are not ill, my dear?" she added, with tender anxiety.

"No," replied Constance, with a wan little smile, "only a little tired still."

"The drive will do you good, dear," said the old lady. "Wolfe will meet you at Mrs. Marsh's; he has been very anxious about you."

Constance's pale face flushed, and she averted her eyes.

"I—I am sorry I distressed him last night," she murmured, wistfully.

"My dear, he quite understood, and was full of sympathy. The unusual excitement was too much for you. He has been reproaching himself all the morning for not bringing you home earlier."

Every loving word seemed to stab Constance, and as she got into the phaeton, her heart ached with the longing to throw herself upon the marchioness's bosom and tell her all.

She drove through the park and along the narrow lanes, all radiant in their autumn glory, with Arol chattering like a magpie at her side; but the fresh air and the brightness of the morning brought her no peace. Ever before her there loomed the coming ordeal of the evening, when she would have to meet Rawson Fenton, to speak to and listen to him, and play her part

of deception and concealment.

They turned on to the moor, and the ponies were going along at a smart pace, reeling in the autumn breeze that blew over the broad plain, when suddenly Arol exclaimed:

"Look, Constance! What's that?"

Constance looked in the direction to which he pointed, and saw a tall, thin figure standing up distinctly against the sky. It was a gentleman in shooting attire, and carrying a gun. She recognized Rawson Fenton, far off as he was, and her heart sank.

"He is coming across the moor to ward us," said Arol; "I wonder who it is?"

Constance checked the ponies almost instinctively, and her face grew pale.

"Why, you are not afraid of him, whoever it is, are you, Constance, dear?" Arol asked.

The question was more significant than he imagined.

"Yes, she was afraid of him, and she knew it; but she must crush all fear out of her heart. She touched the ponies with her whip, and they bounded forward.

She saw him walking toward the road on ahead, and knew that he would intercept her, for the road wound round in his direction, and she gradually schooled herself into composure, resolving that she would simply bow and pass on without stopping.

But as the carriage reached the spot where he was standing, leaning on his gun, and evidently waiting for her approach, and she bowed coldly, he raised his hat and stepped into the road.

It would have been impossible to have driven on without attracting Arol's attention to her want of courtesy, and with tightly set lips she pulled the ponies up.

He came to the side of the carriage with a smile on his face, which was as pale as if he had spent the morning at his writing-table instead of on the glorious moor.

"Good-morning, Miss Grahame," he said; "I could not lose the opportunity of asking you how you were after last night's disipation," and he held out his hand.

Constance just touched it with her gloved fingers, and murmured a conventional response, looking straight before her.

"Is this Lord Lancashire, of whom I have heard so much?" he said, smiling at Arol, whose large eyes took stock of him with frank seriousness.

"Yes," replied Constance, "this is Lord Lancashire," and her face flushed with resentment at his persistence.

"This is Mr. Rawson Fenton, Arol," she said, reluctantly.

Arol took off his hat and held out his hand, but with no very great promptitude.

"The duchess has been telling me of his illness. He looks quite recovered, thanks to you, Miss Grahame."

"He is quite well," said Constance, mechanically.

"I hope you have had good sport, Mr. Fenton," said Arol, with all the Brake-speare gravity, and anxious to be polite to a friend of "dear Constance's."

"Thank you, yes, Lord Lancashire," he replied, "very good sport."

"What have you shot?" asked Arol.

"Some plover and a rabbit or two. Would you like to see them? I left them in the hollow tire; I'll go and fetch them."

"Oh, no, please don't trouble; I'll go," said Arol, eagerly; and he jumped out and ran to the spot to which Rawson Fenton had pointed.

Immediately he had got out of ear-shot Rawson Fenton drew closer to the phaeton, and laying his hand on it, bent forward.

"I thought it likely that I might see you this morning," he said in a low voice.

The color mounted to Constance's brow, and she flushed an indignant glance upon him. Did he dare to think that she had driven out on the chance and hope of seeing him?

"I wished to see," he said, fully comprehending the flush and her look. "Last night it seemed to me that you were rather unwilling that I should be come a guest of Lord Brake-speare."

She remained silent.

"Ah! I was right," he said, his eyes fixed on hers keenly. "Well, I was desirous of telling you that you need have no such reluctance; to remind

you that by no word or deed of mine will any one learn that we were anything more than strangers till last night, I think you can trust me, Miss Grahame."

Constance's heart beat.

"I have nothing to trust to you," she said, coldly. "There shall be no such word between us, Mr. Fenton."

"I will not insist upon a word," he said, with a sinister smile. "All I wanted to say was, that you need be under no apprehension because I happen to spend a few hours under the same roof with you. That is all. I am a man of my word, as you know, and what I said last night I shall stand by. Don't let my presence make you unhappy, or even uneasy."

Constance set her lips tightly.

"Will you please tell Lord Lancashire that I am waiting, Mr. Fenton?" she said.

"He is coming," he answered, glancing over his shoulder, "and I have said all I wanted to say."

Continued Next Week.

### He Preached on Business.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own?—Matthew xx, 15.

Taking this for his text, Rev. J. M. Whitson, of New York, says the question nowadays is: Is it lawful for me to drive a rival out of business by selling below cost longer than he can stand it, haven't I a right to do it? Or if I control the sale of a necessary article haven't I a right to screw the price up as high as I like? But society is nowadays working more and more closely to the principle which Roman lawyers laid down before the dark ages: "So use what is yours as not to injure another's." Business is not a charity. But it is justice. A man's business is his own, but his hammer to crush a competitor, or his lance to bleed a customer. We shall probably see this principle wrought further into statute law than it has been.

All private business is a sort of public trust—that is, it is for the public benefit, including, of course, the benefit of the man who carries it on. It is to be worked for all it is worth, not to his alone, but also to those whose wants he supplies. By supplying their wants he makes his living. The more and the better he does it, the more he makes by it. But it is he to think only of what he thus gets, and not equally of what he thus gives? This, then, is his trust, his public trust; to care as much for public as for private benefit. Many business men now act on this social theory. Conscience and a sense of personal honor, stimulated by the public approval of their example, may be relied on to bring it ultimately into general adoption.

There is going to be a wonderful eclipse of the moon next week. Well, keep quiet about it. If my wife finds it out she will insist on having a new dress for the occasion.

### A NASTY TONGUE

Is Proof Positive That You Are in Langer.

Thousands Die Each Year From Liver Trouble.

PAINE'S CULERY COMPOUND PROMPTLY CURES THIS INSIDIOUS DISEASE.

The liver is the great housekeeper of our health. On its right and proper action depends our enjoyment of life. One of the simplest indications of a disordered and diseased liver is a nasty tongue—furred and coated. The coated tongue is proof positive that your liver is not working well. Other symptoms are as follows: nausea, taste in the mouth, pains under the shoulder blades, and in the region of the kidneys. The mental symptoms of liver trouble are often far worse than the bodily ills. Sufferers experience mental anguish, gloomy forebodings, melancholy, and a general feeling of disgust with life. When these bodily and mental troubles are experienced, your liver tells you it wants help. If help is not given at once sickness and death must result.

Thousands have found Paine's Culery Compound a sure and certain cure for liver disease. It always acts promptly on the great nervous system and restores the healthy and natural action that the liver must have at all times. Paine's Culery Compound drives from the system all the poisons that have accumulated, and the sick one regains his old-time vim and energy; the muscles and tissues are made to hard and firm, the skin clear and fresh, so that perfect health is the result.

Read this letter written by Mrs. George Durant, of Elms, Ont: "No stronger proof can be given of the virtues and powers of Paine's Culery Compound in the cure of liver troubles:—

"For many years I have been a sufferer from liver trouble, and have doctored with several physicians, but only found relief for a very short time. My husband advised me to try Paine's Culery Compound. I did so, and found so much relief from the first bottle that I continued, and I am now using the third bottle. Your Compound has done more for me than any physician. For months before using the Compound I never had one night of sound sleep; but now I can go to bed and sleep soundly and naturally, and feel like a new creature in the morning."

FOR SALE.

The House and Lot on Grand Street, opposite the Methodist Church, is for sale.

Apply to W. H. DUNOANSON, Wolfville, N. S.