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.

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 writ in over a ficticious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S

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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.

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Wolfville Clothing Co.

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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?*

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PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

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NATURE'S GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER
IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN.
CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION DIZZINESS ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION
1, 2, 50 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.
An agreeable Laxative and Nerve Tonic. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c., 60c. and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

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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.

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THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures whereall 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.

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POETRY.

"Once Upon a Time."

My little child comes to my knee,
And tugging pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale beloved so well—
A tale my mother told to me
Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime,
Of that great host serene and white
The shepherds saw one winter night,
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem, once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of one who prayed alone and wept
While his wearied followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side,
And echoes of the distant chime,
Bring that sweet story back to me,
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners, once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tomes or mellow rhyme
Like misty shadows fade away;
But that sweet story bides for aye;
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXI.—*Continued.*

All this would have been amusing enough to Constance—if it had related to any one else; but as it was, it was simply torture.

She saw the pale, self-possessed face coming nearer, and, making an effort, she rose.

"I—I will go and find Lady Brakespeare," she said.

But it was too late! the next moment the music ceased, and Rawson Fenton and his partner came to a standstill within a few yards of her.

She sunk into her seat again, and with a vague, wild idea of hiding herself, raised her fan before her face.

Rawson Fenton, with his partner on his arm, paced slowly along the side of the room, and in another moment they would have turned and gone in another direction, but just then some one trod on the lady's dress. She turned to gather up the rent skirt and smile into the face of the meekly apologetic offender, and in doing so saw the duchess beckoning her with her fan.

"Poor Lady Angela," said the duchess. "What a tear. I've got a pin somewhere," and she beckoned again.

Rawson Fenton and Angela came up. Constance still held her fan, almost covered behind it.

"Much of a tear, my dear?" said the duchess. "I can give you a pin. Good-evening, Mr Fenton," as he bowed to her, and she gave him her hand.

"It was my fault," he said. "I ought to have taken more care!"

The clear, incisive tones struck upon Constance's ear like icicles.

Several other persons, the dance being over, were gathering round, and from behind her fan she caught the shimmer of Lady Ruth's red dress.

"No, I can't find it!" said the duchess. "I am afraid you will have to go to one of the maids, Angela. Unless—have you got a pin, my dear?" and she turned to Constance.

The moment had come that was to be fended off no longer.

She lowered her fan, dropped it rather, and got out the "No."

As she did so she raised her eyes and met Fenton's hard ones fixed upon her. He did not start or utter a word, but the paleness of his face increased to pallor, and he stood as if turned to stone looking at her.

Lady Ruth's voice broke the pause.

"Here is what you want," she said in a business-like way. "I never go to a dance without at least one safety-pin. There is a hint for you, Angela."

Rawson Fenton seemed to recover himself, and taking the pin, went down on his knees to the rent dress.

"Oh, you can't do that," said Lady Ruth with her short sharp laugh. "You would only make it worse. Hold my fan, Constance."

Constance held out her hand, but Lady Ruth stopped suddenly and looked at her keenly; and Constance knew that she was wondering why her face had gone so white—for she could feel that it was white.

Lady Ruth gave her the fan slowly, her eyes still fixed on her scrutinizingly, then she stooped down and quickly pinned up the rent.

"There," she said. "But don't dance with Mr Fenton again, for punishment."

"A punishment too awful for even so great a crime!" he said slowly, and with a mirthless smile, his eyes bent on the ground, yet, as Constance knew, seeing her quite plainly.

"When you have quite done quarreling," said the duchess, "I want to introduce Mr Fenton to two friends of mine; Lady Eversleigh"—Rawson Fenton bowed to the lady who had so freshly criticised him—"and Miss Grahame," said the duchess.

He kept his eyes fixed on the ground as he bowed to her, then he raised them and looked at her steadily and intently.

Constance, feeling as if a cold hand were clutching at her heart, inclined her head, and her breath came in difficult little gasps; and Lady Ruth, who [illegible] he looked keenly from one to the other.

Lady Angela's partner for the next dance came up and took her away, and Rawson Fenton, thus left free, went and stood beside Lady Eversleigh and talked to her; but Constance could feel his glance settling upon herself now and again.

Surely something or somebody would come to her aid! Where was Wolfe? Why did he not come and take her away, out of the reach of those cold, steel-like eyes which, with every glance, seemed to say:

"I am here. You cannot escape!"

She had never felt like this before, never been afraid of him till now. Why was it? Why had he not recognized her, but had been content to offer her the formal greeting of a stranger? Ah, why did not Wolfe come?

Then she felt rather than saw that he was leaving Lady Eversleigh and coming to her.

"Have you a dance left, Miss Grahame," he said, "or am I too late?"

"My card is full," she said without looking up.

"I am sorry," he said slowly, calmly. "Perhaps an accident may give me a chance vacancy. If so, will you remember me?"

There was no other reply possible than a "Yes," and her lips formed it.

He took out his programme.

"Forgive me, do you spell your name with an 'e' or without?"

"With an 'e' she said; and she looked at him as the bird may look at the serpent into whose cage it has been thrust.

"Thanks," he said. Then he stood looking round the room without a trace of emotion or of feeling of any kind in his cold face.

"Your dance is a splendid success, duchess," he said.

He had all the air of an equal, Constance noticed; that man whom she remembered as an adventurer in the bush, and his aplomb and cool self-possession only struck her with a new fear.

"Thank you," responded the duchess. "I am glad you think so. Oh, my dear, here is Wolfe; you will dance with him now?"

The marquis came up with a lady on his arm, who smiled at Rawson Fenton. The smile seemed to remind him. "This is my dance," he said to her.

"Are you rested, dearest?" he murmured.

She rose with, ah! what a glad feeling of finding refuge and protection, and put her hand on his arm.

The duchess stopped them.

"Wolfe, do you know Mr Fenton?" she said.

Constance's heart stood still. The marquis turned with prompt politeness.

"The marquis of Brakespeare," said the duchess. "Have you two not met before?"

"I think not," said Rawson Fenton, with the slight inclination of the head which a man bestows upon the man he is introduced to.

"I am sure we have not," said the marquis in the frank, genial tone which had become habitual with him of late.

It was over in a moment. The next she felt his dear arm round her waist, and they were slowly whirling away—away from the spot which Rawson Fenton's presence had made hateful.

CHAPTER XXII.

"This is our first waltz, Constance," whispered the marquis in her ear. "Our first!"

Her hands closed on his shoulder tightly. For a moment she had forgotten Rawson Fenton, everything, in the unspeakable joy of being near, touching the man she loved with all the intensity of her passionate soul. What harm could come to her while he was near, while his strong arm was round her? What could separate them?

"How beautifully you dance," he said. "You ought to have a better partner."

"No, no!" she murmured, allowing her head to rest on his breast for a moment.

"There is too much of the elephant in my movements," with a laugh, "but if you'll bear with me for a few minutes longer. Our first waltz, but not our last; you'll dance with me again, Constance?"

"Yes, yes," she responded in a low voice, "as often as I can. Ah, how happy I am!"

"I like to hear you say that," he said. "But there is some cause for it to-night, you vain girl. Do you know that I am quite tired of hearing your praises sung? I have been asking myself for the last hour or two what I have done to deserve so great a treasure as everybody tells me I have got."

"A treasure!" she murmured. "Such a poor thing as I am! Don't laugh at me, Wolfe."

"I never was more serious in my life," he retorted. "Surely they are not going to finish yet. We seem to be dancing scarcely five minutes. Can you go round once more, or are you tired?"

"Wolfe, I could go on forever!" she replied with a little clutch of his hand

"I thought you looked rather tired a little while ago, but you seem all right again now."

"Ah, yes, I am all right," she said. How could she be otherwise than all right with his strong arm round her, his breath stirring her hair, his voice in her ear.

"Who was that Mr Fenton the duchess introduced to me?" he asked, presently.

The aimless question dispelled all Constance's happiness in a moment, and woke her from her delicious love dream. The music sounded harsh and strained, and a cold breath seemed to pass over her.

She hesitated. Her guardian angel hovering over her whispered "Tell the truth." But, alas! it is at such critical moments as these that we turn a deaf ear to the angel, who counsels in vain.

"I have only just been introduced to him," she replied, almost inaudibly.

"Looks a clever sort of man," he said. "I have heard people talking about him ever since he came in. I fancy he is going to stand for Berrington; I must ask the duke."

"What does it matter,' she said, with weary impatience. "Let us talk about—ourselves."

He looked down at her with smiling surprise. It was the first sign of impatience she had ever shown.

"Ourselves! Very well. What about this next dance?"

She shook her head.

"Impossible. I have given it away. The next, perhaps—no, that has gone. Ah, why didn't you write your name on every other line, Wolfe?"

"So I would if I had been more selfish," he returned, "but I know I am not first-rate at waltzing, and I didn't want to spoil your evening, dearest, so I sacrificed myself."

Everything he said and did was eloquent of his love and consideration for her; and she was concealing something from him, deceiving him! Her heart ached, and her face grew pale. He stopped in a moment.

"You are tired, Constance!" he said. "Let us stop and go into the cool somewhere."

"Very well," she said, and she slipped her arm down to his and her hands closed tightly. If she could only find courage to say, "Let us go home, Wolfe!"

They meandered through the now crowded room, and gained one of the ferneries that adjoined the saloon, and he found her a seat.

"This is nice," he said, taking the fan from her and fanning her, his eyes dwelling on her face with all a lover's delight in her beauty and grace. He was a Brakespeare, and therefore proud, and the praises he had heard had not lessened his love, but increased his pride in her. Yes, not only in his own eyes, but in the opinion of the world he had done wisely in taking this pearl among women for his own. He would never have reason, as some men, too many, alas! have, to be ashamed of his wife. She would be a fitting and worthy successor to his mother, and would wear the Brakespeare coronet with general honor and approval.

He was proud of her to-night, and his love fed on his pride and grew to a goodly stature.

"Shall I get you an ice?" he asked her, handing over her and speaking in accents of loving devotion. "Or is it a cup of tea that your soul craves. The color has come back to your face again now."

"I want nothing, nothing but you!" she said in a low voice, and lifting her face to his with a look in her lovely eyes that no one could resist. He bent lower and would have kissed her, but at that moment voices sounded quite close to them, and the duke and Rawson Fenton entered the fernery.

The marquis drew back just in time, and renewed his fanning. He did not notice that the color had fled from her face again.

The duke's slow, mellow voice, suggesting roast beef and old port, reached them distinctly, as the two men stood quite near them, but hidden from them behind a palm.

"I don't see why you shouldn't do it, Fenton," he said. "Berrington will be vacant presently, I know; and I really don't see where they could get a better candidate."

"You are very kind, duke," said Rawson Fenton, his clear, incisive voice contrasting markedly with the rich tones of the duke.

"Oh, don't thank me," said his grace, with a laugh. "I've got nothing, or very little to do with it. Times are changed. I used to have Berrington in my pocket in the good—or bad—old days, and I'd only to say, 'Vote for So-and-so,' and they voted and the man went in; but that's all altered now."

"And yet so much influence still remains to you," said Fenton, in the tone he knew so well how to use. "I should feel almost, if not perfectly, secure if I had your support, duke.

The duke grunted.

"Oh, I am all right," he said, easily "I'll support you; but I m not everybody. There's another man you should [illegible] support would be worth twice as much as mine."

"Who is that, duke?" asked Rawson Fenton.

"The Marquis of Brakespeare," replied the duke.

Constance started, and the marquis shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I don't think I ought to listen any longer," he said; and he made a movement to attract the attention of the two men; but they were too absorbed to hear him.

"The Marquis of Brakespeare," said Rawson Fenton, thoughtfully. "Yes. He is a great friend of yours, duke?"

"Of course," assented his grace. "Capital fellow. Most popular man in the place, though he has only been back a short time. Get him to come forward and answer for you, or better still, make a speech in your favor, and you are sure of winning. Do you know him?"

"I was introduced to him to night."

"Ah, yes," said the duke; just the time to ask him—in good humor. And no wonder, lucky dog! going to marry the prettiest and most taking girl in the room, by gad!"

"And she is—?" asked Rawson Fenton, calmly.

Continued Next Week.

AYER'S Hair VIGOR

Restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says:

"A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. F. FENWICK, Digby, N. S.

Growth of Hair.

"Eight years ago, I had the variololid, and lost my hair, which previously was quite abundant. I tried a variety of preparations, but without beneficial result, till I began to fear I should be permanently bald. About six months ago, my husband brought home a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began at once to use it. In a short time, new hair began to appear, and there is now every prospect of as thick a growth of hair as before my illness."—Mrs. A. WEBER, Polymnia St., New Orleans, La.

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Ayer's Pills cure Sick Headache.

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ARE THEY FRAIL, RESTLESS AND NERVOUS?

Paine's Celery Compound Will Make Them Bright and Happy as Larks.

As a rule, parents are to blame if their children are puny, weak, nervous and irritable. The little ones may be well clothed and amply fed, and yet sadly neglected.

It should be remembered that the children inherit many of the troubles that parents suffer from. Thousands of little ones suffer from weakened nerves—a legacy from father or mother. This nervous condition begets irritableness, bad temper, headache, indigestion, stomach troubles and impure blood.

If your dear ones are afflicted with any of the troubles mentioned above, how can you expect them to be bright, happy and healthy? They need your best and most intelligent care, or they will grow up in disease and utter wretchedness.

Give the children Paine's Celery Compound; it is the medicine that is particularly adapted for fortifying the nervous system, for building flesh, bone and muscle, and for producing pure, clean blood. Paine's Celery Compound is pleasant to take, it is entirely vegetable, and cannot harm the most delicate organism. It will banish every trace of sickness and disease in a very short time; it will give natural appetite, sweet sleep, and will make the little ones as happy as larks.

A mighty chorus of gratitude has gone up all over the Dominion from glad fathers and mothers who have had their dearest ones perfectly restored to health by Paine's Celery Compound.

Mrs Powell, of Palace Street, Montreal, writes:

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound with most gratifying results at different times when I found myself run-down to a nervous condition. I have also found Paine's Celery Compound an excellent preparation for my children.

"In the early part of the past summer my children seemed to be frail, nervous and restless, and had no appetite for their meals. Fully convinced from personal experience, of the great value of Paine's Celery Compound, I resolved to have my little ones use it. The results are so pleasing and satisfactory, that I am prompted to advise you, for the benefit of parents who are anxious regarding the condition of their dear ones who are frail or nervous."