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 writt n over a ficticious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S

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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. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO HO The Favorite TOOTH 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.

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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.

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POETRY.

Just Common Folks.

A hundred humble songsters trill
The notes that to their lays belong,
Where just one nightingale might fill
The place with its transcendent song.
And thus fame comes, and with its smile
A soul with lasting greatness cloaks,
And leaves a thousand else the while
To be for aye just common folks.

If only sweetest bells were rung,
How we should miss the minor chimes;
If only grandest poets sung
There'd be no humble little rhymes.
The modest clinging vines add grace
Unto the forest's giant oaks,
And 'mid earth's mighty is a place
To people with just common folks.

Not they the warriors who shall win
Upon the battlefield a name
To sound above the awful din;
Not their's the painter's deathless fame.
Not their's the poet's muse that brings
The rhythmic gift his soul invokes:
Above the lowly, 'neath the great,
Are millions of just common folks.

Fate has not lifted them above
The level of the human plan;
They share with them a brother-love,
In touch with pleasure and with pain.
One great, far-reaching brotherhood
With common burdens, common yokes,
And common wrongs and common good,
God's army of just common folks.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XVIII. *Continued.*

Love! Her heart was overflowing with it. No woman that ever lived had loved as she loved him. Day and night, as long as she lived, she would surround him with her love, rendering his future so happy that he should be forced to forget the past of which he had spoken. He had said that a cloud hovered over him menacing danger and sorrow; her love, like a sun, should pierce and dispel the cloud and vanquish the sorrow.

"Oh, my love, my love!" she murmured, holding out her arms as if he stood before her, "all my life shall be spent in trying to make you happy."

She had promised to go down to dinner, but she had not yet begun to dress, though the first bell had rung; and the maid knocking at the door awakened her to a sense of the time.

"From the marquis, miss," said the girl, holding out a lovely boquet of white blossoms. "And you will please come down as soon as as you can, miss;" and she looked and spoke, or Constance fancied she did, with more than her usual respect.

"Oh, thank you, Mary," she said, hiding her face in the flowers. "Yes, I will come down directly. How beautiful they are!"

"Yes, miss, all white this evening."

"Then the flowers that you have put in my room every day were from the marquis?" said Constance.

The girl nodded and smiled.

"Yes, miss. He cut them himself every day and gave them to me. I thought you knew it, though he said I was to put them in your room without saying anything. You must let me finish your hair, miss, please," she added, with respectful eagerness; and she finished dressing her hair, showing even more than her customory alacrity and willingness.

Constance went down a few moments before the dinner-bell rang, and saw the marquis standing in the hall.

He looked up at her, his handsome face eloquent with love. It seemed to her to have grown younger since the morning.

"What a time you have been!" he said, as she stood on the stair above him. "I can dress in fourteen minutes!" and he drew her arm within his. He would have kissed her, and his eyes spoke his longing plainly enough, but the butler and the footman were about the hall.

"So could I, if I cut my hair off," she said.

"Ah, don't do that," he said, as they entered the drawing-room. "I wanted to see you alone for a few minutes, and mother is discreetly keeping upstairs till the last moment. Do you know what I want?"

"Your dinner?" said Constance. She was so full of happiness that she too had grown younger, and was able to hide the love that thrilled her under a girlish playfulness that gave her a new charm in his eyes.

"So I do," he replied. "But I want something else; I want to seal our compact."

She looked round apprehensively. The butler or one of the other servants might come in, probably would, at any moment.

He laughed and drew something from his waistcoat pocket.

"Hold out your hand."

She did so wonderingly.

"Let me see, which is the finger?" and he held up a beautiful diamond and ruby ring. "Which is the engaged finger?" he asked.

"I don't know. You see, I was never engaged, before," she replied, blushing, and laughing.

"I thank God for your ignorance, dearest," he remarked, devoutly, under his breath. "The third, isn't it. Now our compact is almost sealed."

"What a lovely ring," she exclaimed, holding her hand up to the light. "Why, where did you get it to—" and she turned her face away.

"So quickly?" he finished for her with a smile. "Do you think I carried it about with me on the chance of winning you? I'm not conceited enough quite for that. My mother gave it to me just now."

Constance kissed the ring quickly.

"That's for my mother, no doubt," he said; "but what is for me?"

"I thought it was a gift," she said, arching her brows and coloring.

"Exactly; but even a gift deserves an acknowledgement, young lady."

She dropped him a courtesy.

"Thank you—Wolfe?"

With a little cry of delight in her humor, he caught her and kissed her and Constance shyly sealed the compact, and had scarcely got free from his arms as the marchioness entered.

"Oh, my ring!" said Constance, going to her and holding out her hand, on which the jewels blazed and sparkled. "How kind of you!"

"Do you like it dear?" said the old lady. "It is old-fashioned, but you won't mind that. You see, he could not wait, and so I gave him mine. It is the one his father placed on my finger the day we were engaged," she added, simply.

"Dinner is served, my lady," announced the butler.

"Give me your arms, both of you!" said the marquis, and he took them in.

It was the happiest little dinner that three persons ever sat down to.

Good news as well as bad travels fast, and it is probable that the great event had become known to the servants. Perhaps Arol had remarked to the nurse, "Uncle Wolfe is going to marry Miss Grahame." In any case, the butler and his satellites seemed to pay special attention to Constance that evening; and Mr Belford hovered about her, looking like a benevolent bishop, and treated her as if she had just been rescued from starvation.

"Champagne, miss?" he kept murmuring assiduously in her ear, and Constance felt her continual, "No, thank you," almost ungrateful.

Never had the marquis been in such good humor and spirits, and as he talked in a voice full of quiet and complete joy, the marchioness leaned back and looked at him and at Constance with a face that reflected her beloved son's happiness.

Every now and then he managed, under the pretence of giving her a flower, or passing her the menu, to touch Constance's hand, and once, utterly regardless of the solemn Belford, he let his hand fall on hers, and held it for a moment or two. Constance's face was a panorama of blushes all through the meal, but, as every blush heightened her loveliness in his eyes, probably he did not care.

When the marchioness, smiling at Constance, rose, he flung down his napkin.

"Never mind the claret, Belford," he said. "Do you think," turning to Constance, "that I am going to sit here alone while you talk me over together in the drawing-room? It is not likely."

He drew their arms within his as he had done when they entered, then looked over his shoulder at the butler.

"Tell the servants I want them in the hall, Belford," he said.

That well trained individual showed not the faintest sign of surprise as he responded with a calm and dignified "Yes, my lord."

"What are you going to do, Wolfe?" asked the marchioness.

"Discharge them all!" he retorted. "Some of them, nearly all of them have been here too long."

"My dear Wolfe!"

"I will go up to Arol now," said Constance, uneasily.

"Not just yet," he said, holding her arm tightly, and standing stock still at the entrance of the drawing room.

The servants, a small army, came trooping from upstairs and down-stairs, and gathered in the hall in expectant silence.

"Are you all here?" he said, his head erect, his dark eyes glowing with his newly born happiness.

"Yes, my lord," said Belford, looking over the crowd.

"Very well, then," said the marquis. "I have sent for you because I wish you to know and to share my happiness. Some of you have been in the service of my father——"

"Your grandfather, my lord," said a tremulous voice, and an old woman, whom Constance had seen about the house once or twice, dropped a courtesy.

"Yes," he nodded, "and my grandfather. You have served us faithfully and we have tried to prove ourselves your friends."

"Yes, yes, my lord," came the eager responce. "God bless your lordship!"

"So I have sent for you to-night to tell you that a great happiness has come to me, the greatest that can come to a man. This lady," and he took Constance's hand, "is my future wife!"

Constance, pale and trembling, stood with downcast eyes.

A shout went up, a shout of pleased gratification.

"You were good enough to welcome me home when I came back a little while ago," he went on, "and you said you hoped that I should stay. Well, I am going to stay, but if that gives you any pleasure, you must thank Miss Grahame," and he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

It was not much of a speech, but it went home to them all, especially those who had grown old in the Brakespeare service, and felt that the place was indeed their home, and the people they had served so faithfully their friends.

A cheer rose and echoed again and again amid the timbers of the roof and "God bless you, my lord! God bless you, my lady! God bless you, miss!" rang enthusiastically round.

The marquis nodded to Belford, who, quite comprehending, went off to the cellar, and the marquis with a pleasant "Good night!" dismissed the crowd, all buzzing with excitment and gratification, for Constance's gentle nature had made her popular with one and all, and they felt that the kindly Brakespeare regime would not be broken by this the future marchioness.

Constance sat for a few minutes in the drawing-room close beside the marchioness, then she got up.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To Arol," she replied, and stole away.

The news spread like wildfire, and at first people utterly refused to believe it.

That the marquis of Brakespeare, the first man in the country, the representative of one of the oldest peerages in the United Kingdom, should marry a governess! It was simply impossible!

But when the next day Constance was seen riding by his side, and those who saw them told how he looked at her when he spoke; and when on the next day she was seen in the carriage beside the marchioness, who was heard to address her as "Constance, dear," people began to believe that there "must be something in it," and to stare aghast.

"Marry the governess! Isn't it really awful? He must be out of his mind! But there, we all know what these wild Brakespeares are. But to marry the governess, *it is really too dreadful!*"

It might be dreadful, but it was true, and being true had to be accepted. If he had chosen to propose to one of the house-maids the country would have had to recognize and accept the fact.

So in a few days carriages began to roll up the avenue, and cards were sent in not only to the marchioness and marquis, but to—Miss Grahame. And the country families, which for pride can be matched against Lucifer himself in his proudest moments, were constrained to smile upon the girl who "came from no one knows where, and is absolutely nobody, you know, my dear," but whom the marquis had selected as his future wife, and who must be treated as such.

And Constance went through the ordeal admirably. The marchioness, who knew how cruel the class to which she belonged could be to an "outsider," was inwardly rejoiced and gratified by Constance's success, as, calm, and self-possessed, she endured all the darts and arrows which, under the cover of pleasant smiles and honeyed words, were shot at her.

"It is her love and happiness that makes her brave," she said to the marquis one afternoon when Constance's quiet, well-bred manner and sweet voice had been opposed to the barbs of half a dozen disappointed mothers who, while murmuring pleasant things, had tried their hardest to stare her down and freeze her. "They will not be able to resist her for long, you will see."

"Resist her!" he echoed, proudly, and fondly. "A heart of stone, an untutored savage, would melt under that smile of hers. Confound the people, why on earth don't they stay away!"

"No, dear," she said, putting her hand on his arm. "She must go through it. She is the future marchioness, and will take her place among them presently."

"And will soar above them all as a star soars above its reflection in a puddle," he said, with his old fire. "Send and tell her to come to me, and we will go out and forget these harpies. Bless my beautiful darling, she is worth a million of such people!"

Constance, who had had a trying afternoon, and had run up to her room to get a few minutes' rest and endeavor to forget them, entered at the moment. He put his arm round her and kissed her.

"Go and get your things on, dearest," he said, "and we will have a long walk."

"Ah, that will be nice," she said; and ran into the hall, but stopped and looked back with a smile and a little exclamation of dismay, for a loud knock had sounded at the door.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed. "There is another one! Run, Constance," and he made a bolt for the library. But the door opened before they could escape, and Constance, turning, perforce saw that the latest arrival was—Lady Ruth.

CHAPTER XIX.

In her newly found happiness, Constance had almost forgotten Lady Ruth.

For a moment she stood looking at her, uncertain what to do. Lady Ruth's sharp eyes glanced at her and then at the marquis searchingly, as he shook hands with her, exclaiming:

"Halloo, Ruth! Come back, eh? Glad to see you!"

"I've only come for a day—a day off. Papa is just a little better."

Then she crossed the hall, and coming straight to Constance, held out her hand, and, fixing her eyes on her face with a peculiar expression, said:

"I came as soon as I could after hearing the news from Lady Brakespeare, to wish you happiness and to tell you how glad I am, dear Miss Grahame;" and she reached up and put her lips on Constance's cheek.

It was a kiss certainly, but so hard and cold that Constance could not repress a little shudder. Just as the skeleton appeared at the Roman banquet, here was Constance's skeleton in her feast of love.

"I can't tell you how delighted I was to hear the news," said Lady Ruth, looking from one to the other with a smile. "Of course, it's very easy to be clever after the event, but I assure you I saw it coming long ago; did I not, Miss Grahame?"

Constance, appalled by such finished hypocrisy could do nothing but change color and stare at her.

The marquis laughed.

"Bravo, Ruth!" and he went and put his arm round Constance. "That's very nice of you. Isn't it, Constance? And now, as you two will want to gossip for the next half hour, you'd better go upstairs while I go and dress. Don't tell her all my faults, Ruth; she knows quite enough already," and he walked off laughing.

Continued Next Week.

Dr. H. F. Merrill.

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Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

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Ayer's Pills for liver and bowels.

THE BEST OPINIONS!

Scientific Men Say Diamond Dyes Are the Best.

A lady who understands the use and value of Diamond Dyes writes as follows;

"I had a light blue dress, made of expensive material, but so light in shade that it faded quickly. It was too good to be cast aside, so one evening I took it to a dyeing establishment, and was surprised when they told me they would dye it some dark color for two dollars. I did not care for dark colors, so I took it home again. The next day I bought a package of Diamond Dye, and colored it a beautiful Cardinal Red, and it now looks just like new, so that I have now a new dress for Sundays, and it only cost ten cents.

"Is dis where dey wants a boy?" "It is; but he must be a boy who never utters an oath and does not use 'damn' or swear." "Well, me brudder's a deaf mute. I'll send 'im 'round."

What is the best sign of spring weather? That delightful feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work.

Sniggs (breathlessly): "Phew! I'm all out of wind!" Briggs: "It seems to me that the wind is all out of you."

She—I thought you told me your salary was $25 a week." He—Oh, no; I said I earned $25 but I only get $8.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

If your clothes show signs of wear have them dyed at

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You don't have to buy new ones.

All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry Work done at Halifax prices. **Ungar** gives satisfaction.

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