

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XVI.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1896.

No. 11.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on Friday at the office
WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(In Advance.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.
Local advertising at ten cents per line
or every insertion, unless by special
arrangement for standing notices.

Notices for insertion should be
sent to the printer, and must be
accompanied by the amount in advance,
and payment on transient advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

Newspapers 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 copy, and
although the same may be written
over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolffville, 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 arrears, 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 uncollected for a period of time, is evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE

Office Hours, 8:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:15 a.m.
Express west close at 9:00 a.m.
Express east close at 3:50 p.m.
Kentville close at 3:30 p.m.
Geo. V. Ryan, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

Open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed on Saturdays at 1 p.m.
G. W. Moore, 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. S. F. P. Young, 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 Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3:30 p.m.
CORA W. ROBERTS, Organist
A. B. W. BASS, Organist

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. F. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolffville: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. Christian'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 Hain, Pastor, Services on the Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, a.m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the on Thursday evening at 7:30.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Holy Communion 1st and 3rd 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. Harris, Warden.
S. J. Rutherford, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (C.O.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a.m. on the fourth Sunday of each month.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p.m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION No. 8, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 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.

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

W. H. DUNCANSON,
Wolffville, Nov. 14th, 1896.

Wolfville Clothing Co.

HAVE THE
FINEST AND LARGEST STOCK OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
to be found in the County.

English, Scotch and Canadian
Tweeds and Trousers, Fall
and Winter Overcoatings, Wor-
teds in Blue, Balck and Fanny
shades.

All of which will be made up in the latest style
by a full staff of competent workmen. Satis-
faction guaranteed or money refunded.

We have also the agency of Clements
laundry—leaves here Tuesday and returns Fri-
day noon.

NOBLE GRANDALL,
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 30.

Livery Stables!

Until further notice at
"Bay View."

First-class teams with all the season-
able 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.
Wolffville, Nov. 19th, 1896.

"D & L" MENTHOL PLASTER

I have prepared Menthol Plaster in a special
form of application which will relieve the
most severe cases of rheumatism, neuralgia,
sprains, strains, lumbago, sciatica, etc., and
all other painful affections of the joints and
muscles. It is a most valuable remedy, and
is sold in bottles of 10, 25, 50, 100, and 250
pieces. Price 10¢ per bottle. Wholesale and
retail prices on application. Sole Proprietors,
Messrs. D. & L. Menthol Plaster, Montreal,
Quebec, and Halifax, N. S.

SOLE PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL,
QUEBEC, AND HALIFAX, N. S.

THE "White is King of All."

White Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Thomas Organs

FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pineo,
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

THE GREAT
Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken internally, it Cures
Dyspepsia, Gravel, and Pain in the
Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colic,
Gout, etc., etc.

Used externally, it Cures
Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains,
Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia,
Rheumatism, Fractured Feet.

It is a most valuable remedy, and is sold in
bottles of 10, 25, 50, 100, and 250 pieces.
Price 10¢ per bottle. Wholesale and retail
prices on application. Sole Proprietors,
Messrs. D. & L. Menthol Plaster, Montreal,
Quebec, and Halifax, N. S.

COHO

The Superior
Cough Syrup
Cures Croup, Whooping
Cough, Sore Throat, and
all other
Coughs.

It is a most valuable remedy, and is sold in
bottles of 10, 25, 50, 100, and 250 pieces.
Price 10¢ per bottle. Wholesale and retail
prices on application. Sole Proprietors,
Messrs. D. & L. Menthol Plaster, Montreal,
Quebec, and Halifax, N. S.

BRILLOU'S CURE

For
Croup, Whooping
Cough, Sore
Throat, and
all other
Coughs.

It is a most valuable remedy, and is sold in
bottles of 10, 25, 50, 100, and 250 pieces.
Price 10¢ per bottle. Wholesale and retail
prices on application. Sole Proprietors,
Messrs. D. & L. Menthol Plaster, Montreal,
Quebec, and Halifax, N. S.



POETRY.

Plaint of the Editor.

Would you ask us why this dunning
Why the sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents,
Who have read the paper gladly,
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instruction;
Read the notes of current topics,
Carefully compiled and written.
Should you ask us why this dunning,
We will answer, we will tell you.

From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper-maker,
From the landlady, from the "dove,"
From them all there comes a message—
Message kind but firmly spoken—
"Please to pay the bill you owe us."

Sad it is to hear such message
When our funds are all exhausted;
When the last bank-note has left us;
When the red cents all have vanished;
Come to pay the paper-maker,
Come to pay the landlady's tribute,
Come to pay the clerk and newsboy,
Come to pay the city taxes—
Come to pay for food and tatters,
Come to pay our faithful helpers.

Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn to see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since sold,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of anxious labor,
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite our constant dunning.

Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you give us a special from you?
Would you take a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper paid for?
Send your overdue subscription,
Send the money that you owe us.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.

"Constance" murmured the mar-
quis, nothing.

"Look—this paper!" she cried,
breathlessly. "It is my father's!"

The marquis nodded.

"Yes, dearest. I found it in the hat
the night I did not understand it—"

Constance rose, and her eyes darted
toward the white face of Rawson Fen-
ton.

"He knows!" she panted. "He—
the thief!"

The marquis put up his hand to re-
strain her, but she would not be silenced
even by him.

"Wolfe, that man—he has robbed
my dead father—"

She could not continue for a moment,
and the marquis and Lord Elliot ex-
changed glances. They neither of them
understood in the slightest why the
sight of this half sheet of paper should
have roused such passionate indigna-
tion in her; but it seemed as if Raw-
son Fen-ton knew and comprehended,
for a swift flash passed over his face,
leaving it whiter than before, and his
head dropped.

"What is it, Constance?" asked the
marquis.

"I'll take my leave," said Rawson
Fenton, in a hoarse voice. "You have
not seen the last of me, Lord Brake-
spare—"

"Not yet," said Lord Elliot. "You
are in a great hurry to go all at once;
you will wait and hear what Miss Gra-
hame has to say;" and he motioned to
him to stand still.

"Now, Miss Gra-
hame, if you can throw any light upon
any villainy this fellow has been guilty
of, pray do so."

"You shall answer for this conduct,
my lord," said Rawson Fen-ton, thrust-

ingly, but with a sidelong glance at
Constance and the paper she still held.

"Read it," she said, in a low voice
to Wolfe.

"I cannot," he said; and he handed
it to Lord Elliot.

He scanned it gravely.

"It seems to be a scientific formula,
a chemical receipt of some kind," he
said.

"It is," said Constance. "It is the
secret which my father discovered in
the bush." Wolfe, Lord Elliot—she
turned from one to the other eagerly—
"the last—our land—was full of
gems, opals and others, but they were
locked in the hard rock, and could not
be got out without breaking, and my
father—the tears gathered in her eyes—
"he was a doctor, a great chemist;
he worked and toiled day after day, try-
ing to discover some means of separat-
ing the gems from the rock, and one
night—her voice broke—"the night
you came—she clung to Wolfe—"he
came in from his laboratory to the room
where I—and this man—were, and said
that he had made the great discovery.
Wolfe, it drove him mad. But he was
not mad when he told us that he had
succeeded, though the man persuaded
me that he was. My father had made
the discovery; he said that he would
be rich—why, Wolfe, I saw the opals
fall from his hand—I remember now—
—she put her hand to her brow. "And
—and then we started for Melbourne
and this man was left behind. This
paper—"

"I picked it up in the little inner
room to light my pipe," said the mar-
quis, in a low voice to Elliot.

"This paper tells the secret. This
man must have seen it, or heard my
father read it—"

"Or obtained a copy," suggested
Lord Elliot, startled and amazed at
this new phase of the mystery.

"Yes, but how we know how he
became rich," said Constance, in a
slow, distinct voice, her eyes fixed on
Rawson Fen-ton, who stood with folded
arms and sinister smile.

"What have you to say, Mr. Fen-
ton?" demanded Lord Elliot.

Fenton shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing," he responded, with a
sneer. "It is a romance fit for publi-
cation in three volumes. I know noth-
ing of this paper or its fabulous se-
cret."

"He lies," said Lord Elliot to the
marquis, as calmly as if he had said,
"It rains." "I can see it in his face,
where is this place, Miss Grahame?"

"Permit me," said Rawson Fen-ton,
before she could answer. "This land
she speaks of belongs to me, my lord,
and if you are at any time curious to
see it, I shall be happy to—give you a
warm welcome."

"You?" said Lord Elliot.

The rest looked at him.

"Yes, Dr. Grahame told it to me
some time before he died."

"It is not true! It is false!" ex-
claimed Constance. "Look at his
face!"

They were looking even then, and
they saw the evil eyes sink and droop.

"Mr. Fen-ton," said Lord Elliot, "you
will be good enough to produce the
deeds of this property for the inspec-
tion of Lord Brake-spare's solicitors
the day after to-morrow at twelve. The
marquis will, I have no doubt, permit
me to act for Miss Grahame in the mat-
ter, and I will meet you there."

Rawson Fen-ton changed color, and
his lips twitched as his eyes wandered
from one to the other.

"There are no deeds—indeed, indeed,
there are not," said Constance, "or if
there are, they are—forgeries!"

The word fell like a thunder-bolt,
and a deep silence followed it. Then
Rawson Fen-ton moved toward the
door, and with his hand upon it, turned
and faced them, his eyes resting upon
Constance's face—not pale now, but
flushed—with a malignant intensity.

"My poor friend Doctor Grahame
was mad," he said, "and I fear his
daughter has inherited—"

He had got thus far in his soliloquy
when Lord Elliot sprang upon him, and
opening the door with his foot, thrust
him outside.

Those within the room heard a sud-
den crash, as if a heavy body had been
thrown down stairs; and when the next
moment Lord Elliot came in, pulling
down his wrist-bands, he was alone.

Going up to the marquis and Con-
stance, he held out a hand to each.

"I'll take myself off now, he said.
"Good-bye, for the present, Wolfe;
good-bye, Miss Grahame. No, don't
cry—for the tears were starting in
Constance's eyes—"you will have no
more cause for tears, please God!" And
he wrung her hand. "I shall be close
at hand if you want me. By the way,
leave that fellow to me, Wolfe, will
you?" he said at the door. "It will
be a little amusement for me, and I
shall enjoy it."

And he was gone, and the two were
left alone.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Ten minutes afterward, Lord Elliot,
who was sitting on a bunkhead on the
pier smoking a cigar with the keen en-
joyment that follows upon a virtuous
action, brought to a successful conclu-
sion, saw the marquis approaching
him with a quick step.

He came and laid both his hands
upon his friend's shoulders, and looked
at him.

"Some day I'll try to thank you, El-
liot," he said, in a low voice. "At pre-
sent I can only think of—"

"Quite right," nodded Lord Elliot.
"I can wait."

"And I have come to tell you, Elliot,"
resumed the marquis, gravely, "we've
been talking, and I have been trying to
persuade her to consent to a proposal
I have made; I want her to come with
me and you to London, and—marry me
there; I have the license."

"Well?"

"And she will not," said the marquis
anxiously. "She says—God bless her
sweet heart!—that it will seem as if
she had done something she was
ashamed of."

Lord Elliot sprang to his feet, and
flung his cigar away.

"Will there?" said the marquis,
when I should like to see it; and I
will!" she exclaimed, as if struck by a
sudden idea. "No, she shall not come
back alone, for I will go and meet her
and come back with her."

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back alone, for I will go and meet her
and come back with her."

Rawson Fen-ton had been flung down
the stairs; his accomplice, Lady Ruth,
was politely ordered to leave the Tow-
ers. It is a question which suffered
the more.

Without a word she bowed to the
duchess, who inclined her head with a
coldness which perhaps only a duchess
can properly convey in a bow; and
white to the lips, and trembling with
fury and disappointment, Lady Ruth
left the room.

That evening two carriages were
heard coming up the drive of the Tow-
ers, and at the sound the marchioness,
who had returned with Kitty and the
duke, rose from her chair in the draw-
ing-room and went into the hall.

"Leave her alone," said the duke as
she went.

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Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

My dear; you shall do the breaking
and I will back you up."

Lady Kate sprang to her feet with
a joyful promptitude, and nearly ran
against Lady Ruth, who was enter-
ing—"Ruth, listen to this!" exclaimed
the duchess. "For once I was cleverer
and more far sighted than you;" and
she read the telegram.

Lady Ruth's face went white, and
she put out her hand and steadied her-
self by a chair.

"Wolfe and she to be married to-
morrow, at Brakespeare Church, after
all that has happened! There, there
must be some mistake," dropped from
her lips.

"Exactly! Isn't that just what I
have been saying all through the busi-
ness?" exclaimed the duchess, exult-
ingly.

"She cannot—she cannot be so
brave!" muttered Lady Ruth.

The duchess looked at her.

"I mean that no woman could come
back after all that has happened, all
the scandal; to come back alone—"