

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, APRIL 3, 1896.

No. 31.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

Are Preparing for a Great Season's Work!

NEW CLOTHS ARRIVING EACH DAY

A staff of 12 to 15 hands will be employed, which will leave over \$100.00 wages each week in the town.

To meet all calls our Stock will comprise a variety equal to that found in any city.

Prices for Suits, Guaranteed in Fit and Workmanship, \$12.00 to \$30.00.

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, 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.

Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
editor, 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.

New communications from all parts
of the county, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
editor of the party writing for the Acadian
will invariably accompany the communi-
cation, although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
THE ACADIAN, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Editors & Proprietors,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

INEXPENSIVE

CORRECT
COLORS
ONLY
READERS
ALWAYS
CELEBRATED.

TECHNICAL
ORIGINS
STUDIOUSLY
SUPPLIED

In Nap, Beaver, Melton and Frize,
\$14.00 and upwards.

McDONALD,
THE TAILOR,

Corner Bell's Lane and Water St.
Halifax, N. S.

Light Blue Granite,
SUITABLE FOR
MONUMENTAL - WORK!

The Blue Granite comes from his
Quarry at Niagara, and its quality is
highly endorsed by the Geological De-
partment at Ottawa.

Estimates given and orders filled for
all classes of

DRESSED GRANITE

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POETRY.

A Broken Heart.

A little china figure
On a little bracket set,
His little feet were always crossed,
He wore a little hat;
And every morning, fair or foul,
In shine or shadow dim,
A pretty little household came
And softly dusted him.

She took him up so gently,
With such a charming air,
His china soul was melted quite,
He loved her to despair,
All day he sat and thought of her,
Until the twilight came,
And in his china dreams at night,
He breathed her little name.

One day while being dusted,
In his joy he trembled so,
To feel her little fingers, that
Alas! she let him go.

To vain she tried to grab him back,
"Face yielded it she should part,"
He fell against the fender edge
And broke his little heart.

She gathered up the fragments,
And she told a little lie,
Expounding to her mistress how
The cat had made him die.

And on the following morning, when
The shutters back she thrust,
She spoke this little epiphany:
"There's one thing less to dust."

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

That afternoon Constance was sitting
by the table with a book before her,
the leaves of which, however, she had not
turned for over an hour. After she
had left the registry office she had
walked down one street and up another,
scarcely conscious of the people
moving round her, her thoughts wander-
ing from the strange things that had
happened to her at Brakespear Castle
to the great problem of what she was
to do to care her living.

Every now and then she found herself
wondering what had happened at
the castle after she had left. What
fate had had Lady Ruth told the
marquis, and had he believed it? Did
"Arol" miss her, and was the marquis
sorry that she had gone?

She was going over it all, recalling
the strange scenes in the drawing-room,
and the marquis' passionate avowal of
love, as she sat now with the words of
the book dancing before her eyes. It
all seemed to have happened so long
ago; it was all so mysterious as to
seem an intangible dream.

While she was trying to put the
puzzle together, Mrs. Mervyn knocked
at the door.

Constance started, and the pale and
weariness of her beautiful face seemed
to touch a sympathetic cord in the
heart of the quiet, sad-looking land-
lady.

"I'm afraid you are still tired, Miss
Graham," she said, gently.

"Yes, I think I am," admitted Con-
stance, trying to smile.

"Was it well to go out this morning?"

"Well, it was necessary," replied Con-
stance, bravely, "and she sighed—
"it seems very difficult to get one-
people are all so clever now, and do not
want a stupid person like myself."

"Is there so much hurry?" said Mrs.
Mervyn in a low voice.

Constance flushed.

"Yes, there is," she said; "I am
very poor. I have so very little money,
and—"

She stopped.

Mrs. Mervyn's thin hand patted the
table-cloth nervously.

"Don't let that distress you so much,
Miss Graham," she said, kindly, "her
face flushing too. "You are welcome
to remain here if it suits you—if you
like—until you meet with better for-
tune. I mean—"

She stopped, and
looked at Constance's face with a gentle,
deprecatory smile. "I have had trouble
myself, and I know what it is."

Constance, her eyes full of tears,
held out her hand.

"You are very good to me," she said,
falteringly; "that indeed, I could not
Oh, how can I say it without seeming
ungrateful? and, believe me, I am not
that! But I could not stay unless I
paid you. Do you think I could now?"
and she smiled up at her.

Mrs. Mervyn's hand pressed Con-
stance's.

"Yes, I understand," she said in a
low voice. "Forgive me for saying
what I did; but—but I could not bear
to see you looking so unhappy. I—I
remembered that I was young once my-
self."

"Why, you are not old now!" said
Constance, trying to speak brightly.

"Mr. Mervyn shook her head.

"I am worse than old," she said sim-
ply. "But I didn't come in to speak
of myself, Miss Graham, but to try
and cheer you."

"And you have done so," responded
Constance, gratefully. "I feel twice
as brave now. After all, I have
scarcely tried to find anything to do
yet, and I am not quite shipwrecked.
To-morrow I will put an advertisement
in the papers, and—" They both
started at a double knock sounded at
the front door.

Mrs. Mervyn was the first to recover
herself.

"Perhaps that is good news for you
already," she said, nodding encourag-
ingly as she left the room.

Constance, as she bent over her book
again, could not repress a sigh at the
improbability of the suggestion, and she
was considerably startled when Mrs.
Mervyn re-entered the room, and said:

"At any rate, whether it is good
news or not, it is some news for you,
Miss Graham."

"For me?" exclaimed Constance.

"Oh, no, surely not!"

"But it is. It is an old gentleman
of the name of Thompson."

Constance shook her head and said:

"I do not know any one of that
name," she said. "It can not be me
he wishes to see unless—" she broke
off as she thought of the registry office.

"But that seems so impossible."

"He has asked for you, and by your
name," said Mrs. Mervyn. "You had
better see him, Miss Graham."

"Very well," said Constance, and
she stood up and waited, watching the
door with an anxious curiosity which
was not diminished when she recognized
the old man who had accosted her in
the street.

He bowed; then, as he peered at her
gave a natural little start.

"Dear me," he said, "how extraordi-
ary! the young lady I spoke to this
morning."

"Yes," said Constance, too astonished
to offer up a chair.

"Now, this is very singular, quite a
coincidence," he said, gently. "Quite
I little thought when I asked my way
of you this morning that we should
meet again so soon. But you are wait-
ing to know what has brought me
here?"

Constance's face accepted most elo-
quently.

He smiled and rubbed his hands after
the manner of good-natured old gentle-
men, and taking the chair which Con-
stance now offered him, leaned his arms
on the table and peered up at her ani-
mally.

"My name is Thompson, my dear
young lady," he said, "and I have the
misfortune to be an enthusiast."

Constance began to fear that she was
in the company of a levitate, and could
not help glancing at the door.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Graham," he
said, "I am no more mad than most
persons who are ridden by an idea."

"Botany," echoed Constance, help-
lessly.

He nodded.

"Yes, I have spent all my life in the
study of that absorbing science, and I
am writing what I hope will be a great
work on the subject."

As he paused as if he expected her
to say something, Constance murmured
"Yes?"

"Yes, but you don't see, you won't
say how, this concerns you?"
he said, nodding and smiling. "And
yet it's very simple. The fact is, when
I spoke to you this morning, my dear
young lady, I was inquiring my way to
the address of a young person who was
as of flowers."

Constance looked down.

"Oh, let me see, I'd better see your
handwriting," he said.

was wondering what I should do when
I chanced to go into a registry office—"

"Oh, I see!" murmured Constance.

"Of course you do!" he exclaimed;
"and there I found your name and ad-
dress as that of a young lady who want-
ed employment. The rest is easy. As
I have no time to lose, I ventured to
call upon you. Won't you sit down?"

Constance sank into a chair, her
color coming and going. It seemed
too good to be true, and her spirits be-
gan to rise, then, as suddenly, her face
was overcast.

"But—but I am afraid you have
taken the trouble for nothing," she said,
timidly. "I do not know anything of
botany."

A curious smile came into the old
gentleman's sharp eyes.

"I shouldn't have come to you if I
thought you had," he remarked with
greater truth than Constance suspected.

"I mean, that is exactly what I want.
I don't want any one who knows or
thinks he knows more than I do! Oh,
dear, no! We should always be
quarrelling. What I want is some one,
some one of intelligence, who will copy
out extracts for me, and—work of that
kind, I suppose you could do that?"

"Yes, I think I could do that," re-
plied Constance modestly.

"Quite so," he said with a nod.

"Now, see here," he said, and he dragged
from a book from a capacious pocket. "Here
is a work in question. You will see
that I have marked certain passages—
a great many, in fact. Do you see?
There, and there, and there," and he
turned the leaves rapidly.

"Yes, I see," said Constance, still
marvelling. "But—but couldn't you
buy two copies of the book and cut the
pages out?"

For a moment, a moment only, Mr.
Thompson seemed surprised; then he
said:

"No, no, that wouldn't do! I want
them copied out with a wide space be-
tween the lines so that I can write what
notes I please between them. Do you
understand?"

Constance's face brightened.

"Yes, I understand now," she said.

"Very good; and you can undertake
this for me, Miss Graham? I ought
to say that it may prove a long job."

"It can not be too long for me," she
said. "I only hope I shall not make
any mistakes."

He nodded.

"I am quite sure you will not; and
you can begin at once—to-day, say?"

Constance smiled.

"I can begin at once," she replied
eagerly.

"That's right," he said, cheerily.

"And now we can come to the impor-
tant question of the remuneration."

Constance flushed and shook her
head. "I don't know anything about
that," she said.

He eyed her for a moment, and Con-
stance thought he was carefully consid-
ering how little he might offer her,
whereas it was the other way with him.

"Wait—let me see," he said; "I
shall keep you working, say, well,
probably three hours a day. Would
three pounds a week be enough?"

It seemed a great deal too much to
Constance, even though she did not
know that such work would be well
paid for, as the market goes, by half
the sum.

Mr. Thompson, the detective, looked
at her with a faint trace of anxiety.

Had he offered her too much and so
roused her suspicion?

But Constance met his gaze frankly.

"It seems a great deal for so little,"
she said.

"Then we are agreed," he said,
promptly. "I was afraid you would
think it was not enough. Very well,
then, I've only to leave you the book
and—oh, let me see, I will call for the
work at the end of the week."

He rose and laid the book on the
table, Constance rose too, her face
flushed.

"And—and you don't want any re-
ferences," she said.

He shook his head.

"No; why should I? And, if you'll
pardon me, my dear young lady, your
face is sufficient reference for me. I
am a student of human nature as well
as of flowers."

Constance looked down.

"Oh, let me see, I'd better see your
handwriting," he said.

Constance took a sheet of note paper
and wrote her name as distinctly as she
could, and handed it to him. He laid
it down again with a "Yes, yes," of
satisfaction. "That will do very nicely.
The end of the week then. Oh,
stay, you will remain here, I suppose;
I mean you do not think of leaving
for any cause?"

"No—oh, no," replied Constance.

"If you should," he said, "please let
me know at once. Telegraph if neces-
sary. There is the address," and he
took a piece of paper from his pocket
and handed it to her.

"And now good-bye, my dear young
lady"; and with a smile and a respect-
ful bow, he got himself out of the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

Constance stood for a moment for two
as if in a dream, staring at the book as
if she expected to see it rise from the
table and vanish into thin air.

Then she ran to the door and called
to Mrs. Mervyn, and told her all that
had happened.

"And now I shall be able to stay!"
she said. "It is for that reason as
much as any other that I am so glad
to do you know how poor I am—or was,
for three pounds a week are riches? I
was so poor that I should only have been
able to stay a very, very short time!
And now I must go to work at once.
I must go and buy my paper and pens,
and—oh, my brain is in a whirl!"

She put on her hat and jacket and
made her way to Westbourne Grove,
purchased some foolscap and other writ-
ing material, and came back all eager-
ness to begin. She set to work at once,
and wrote away, copying the marked
passages, and hardly stopping to drink
the cup of tea Mrs. Mervyn brought
her. She scarcely understood a sentence,
as Mr. Thompson had fully counted on,
or she would have known that the most
absolutely banal could not possibly
find any use for such passages.

But she was happy, though her
fingers ached and her eyes burned, for
was she not keeping that dreadful mail
from the door who, once he enters, de-
vours without mercy?

At last, after Mrs. Mervyn had been
in once or twice begging and imploring
her to desist, Constance dropped her
pen. It was past midnight, and pant-
ing for a little fresh air, she went to
the window and opened it a few inches.
As she did so, a man who had been
standing on the pavement opposite,
looking up at the house, started, and,
turning his head aside, walked quickly
away.

Constance scarcely noticed him, and
if she had done so she would not
have recognized in the tall figure with
his face half concealed by the upturned
coat collar that of Rawson Fenton.

On the morning, directly after break-
fast, she was setting to work again, but
while she was arranging her papers
Mrs. Mervyn came in and laid her
hand on her shoulder.

Constance looked up with an expres-
sion as near impatience as it was pos-
sible for her to wear.