

# THE ACADIAN

## WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1896.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1896.

No. 7.

### THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:  
**51.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at two cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Special payment on transient advertising will be made known on application to the office, and payment on permanent 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.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same of the party writing for the ACADIAN must be furnished to guarantee the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolffville, N. S.

Legal Decisions  
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3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing or having them recalled for a prima facie 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 9.50 a. m.  
Express east close at 3.50 p. m.  
Kentville close at 6.30 p. m.  
Geo. V. Ryan, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed Saturdays 1 p. m.  
W. W. Munro, Agent.

Churches  
SABATH CHURCH.—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 3.30 p. m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. V. Y. Young, Secretary.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, R. C. Priest. Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of each month.

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

AGADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION No. 1, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

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### Wolfville Clothing Co.

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

English, Scotch and Canadian  
Tweeds and Trouserings, Fall  
and Winter Overcoatings, Wors-  
teds in Blue, Black and Fancy  
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 Clement's  
laundry—leaves here Tuesday and returns Fri-  
day noon.

NOBLE CRANDALL,  
MANAGER.  
TELEPHONE NO. 35.



### Livery Stables!

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. Office Central Telephone No. 41.  
Office Central Telephone.

W. J. BALCOM,  
PROPRIETOR.  
Wolffville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

THE GREAT  
**PAIN-KILLER**  
Family Medicine of the Age.  
Taken Internally, It Cures  
Dizziness, Stomach, Headache, Neuralgia,  
Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

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### POETRY.

In the Shadow.

We walk within the shadow, and we feel  
Its thickening fold,  
That wraps us round and holds us close,  
A cloak against the cold;  
The day is growing sombre, and the joyous  
light has fled,  
Beneath our feet the road is rough,  
And clouds are overhead.

We sit in the shadow, and in that silence  
dumb,  
To us in softened echoes remembered  
voices come:  
Dear eyes that closed in slumber once,  
Dear hands that straightened life,  
Awaken tender yearnings as the day  
waned slowly by.

We rest within the shadow though the  
hurrying people go  
On errands swift for gold or gain, beyond  
us, to and fro.

We have no care for transient things, we  
wish no more to strive  
As once we did, we rest, we dream, we  
rest our tired lives.

Our resting and our waiting, and our  
gliding on the way,  
With the sunshine of the past and dark-  
ness on to-day.

With no casting for the future while the  
heart and hold us fast,  
And we are glad to let the future pass,  
With no thought for any pleasure—ah!  
'Tis well these cannot last.

For the shadow always lifts, and the sun-  
light glows again;  
There are sudden gleams of brightness,  
Sweet clear shining after rain;

And we give ourselves for action strength,  
And we strive and go,  
From the sanctuary outward, where the  
feet tramp to and fro.

Life must have its sometime sorrow, but  
years that drift along  
Touch the minor chords but seldom;  
There are spaces filled with song.

Sometimes we must face the shadow,  
where the wind blows keen and cold,  
But the shadow fades at dawning, and  
the east is flecked with gold.

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hand and pushed the one containing the  
coin aside.

"No, gov'nor, that's not it. And it  
isn't all. I've got something to say."

"Well, say it," said the marquis,  
with growing impatience, "and let me  
go in peace, in Haatem's name!"

Ned drew nearer.

"Gov'nor," he said, with a sudden  
intensity, "there's danger."

The marquis looked at him  
for, tall as the man was, he topped him.

"Danger?" he repeated, listlessly.  
Ned nodded.

"Yes, gov'nor. You don't believe me,  
I see; but there is. I've chapter  
and verse for it. Perhaps you've got  
a hint of it yourself, and that's what  
makes you look so bad."

The marquis's face darkened.

"You should know me well enough  
by this time, Ned, to know that I dis-  
like prying. You mean well, and I'm  
obliged to you. Take the money and  
be off now."

"You don't believe me," reiterated  
the man, anxiously. "Ah, you were  
always so bold and reckless; but I'm  
speaking the truth, and he swore.

"There's somebody on the track,  
gov'nor," he added, in a guttural  
whisper.

The marquis's face expressed neither  
fear nor resentment.

"That concerns you as much as me,  
Ned," he said. "So be careful."

"Oh, me!" retorted the man, with  
self-contempt, "I'm nobody. I ain't  
worth the catching, but you—ah, it's  
different with you!"

"You think so?" said the marquis.  
"Well, you will not rest nor let me until  
you have had your say, so out with it,  
Ned."

"It's just this way," said the man,  
still speaking in a low, guarded whis-  
per, as if he dreaded lest a passer-by should  
hear him.

"Down there at your country place,  
I was waiting for you in the avenue. I  
wanted money then, and wanted it bad;  
and though I didn't mean to come to  
the house, I thought, 'be it a fine night,  
you might take it into your head to  
come out for a stroll, and so I waited  
among the row of trees. And while I  
was waiting a gentleman came along—  
course him I—and I took him for you,  
and spoke to him. He turns upon me,  
and collars me as if he were a vigilante  
man, and forced me to go with him into  
the inn."

"Well, Ned?" said the marquis im-  
patiently.

"When he'd got me there, he knocks  
off my hat and has a look at me, and  
tells me my name. Gov'nor, that man  
was out in the bush and knows all."

The marquis showed a little interest.

"A detective," he said, quietly. "If  
you had taken my advice as well as my  
money and left the country, Ned—"

"Me, you think only of me!" he broke  
in. "It's you—you, I tell you, gov'nor,  
this man—"

A policeman passed at the moment  
and stopped to cast a critical eye upon  
the two men, so different in appearance,  
and yet talking together so earnestly,  
and Ned drew back.

"I won't talk any more here in the  
open street," he said, sullenly. "But  
I've got more to tell you, gov'nor."

Moved by the man's persistent and  
anxious earnestness, the marquis called  
a cab.

"Come to my hotel, if you must un-  
burden yourself," he said, wearily.

"No," replied Ned. "It would only  
cause talk. If you ain't too proud to  
come to my poor diggings—"

"Go where you please," assented the  
marquis, listlessly.

Ned gave the directions to the cabman  
through the trap-door, and remained in  
gloomy silence until the cab pulled up  
in a squalid street at the back of Oxford  
street.

They got out, and striking a match  
he led the marquis up to an attic, whose  
dignities did not speak much for the  
increase of comfort Rawson Fenton's  
allowance had produced in Ned's cir-  
cumstances.

"It's a poor place, gov'nor," he said,  
pulling a broken chair forward. "But  
it ain't the first time I've roughed it,  
nor you, neither!"

"No, but go on," said the marquis,  
sinking into the chair.

"This man—that toward—knows the  
whole story, shucked the reward in my  
teeth, and out with it plump that you—  
you, the great lord down there—was—"

He whispered the rest, and drew back  
to mark the effect upon his listener.

The marquis nodded thoughtfully.

"A clever detective," he said, quietly.

"That's like you, gov'nor!" exclaim-  
ed Ned, in suppressed admiration. "I  
might have known you'd take it like  
this. There ain't any white feather  
about you, not now nor ever. But,  
gov'nor, all the same, though you do  
take it so game like, there's danger—  
danger!"

"At this moment," went on Ned, sink-  
ing his voice as if he feared some one  
might be on the roof, "they may be on  
the track. If I followed you, another  
person might. There's no concealment,  
so lying low about you, and you're easy  
game for any one of them."

The marquis smiled.

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to mark the effect upon his listener.

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person might. There's no concealment,  
so lying low about you, and you're easy  
game for any one of them."

The marquis smiled.

"That is true," he said; "but let us  
think of yourself, Ned. You may be  
followed and watched. If they are on  
the scent, there is no time to lose. You  
have yourself to blame for this. If you  
had gone off quietly, as I advised you—  
But we will not hark back to that; you  
must leave London to-night. Go out in  
one of the emigrant ships to America;  
you will find one without any difficulty.  
Here is some money;" he took out his  
pocket-book and held out some notes.

The man stared at him.

"And what will you do, gov'nor?"

"Nothing."

The man uttered an oath.

"Then, by all that's good, I don't  
stir, neither! The hound may run into  
us both together. I'll stand beside you  
to the last. Mind, I don't know what  
his game is yet. He swore that he  
meant you no harm. If he had'st, I  
wouldn't have touched his money. Yes,  
gov'nor, I was hard up, and I had  
money of him; I'm having it now. He  
sends me three pounds every Saturday  
regularly; that's what puzzles me. To  
be sure he said and I believed him  
at the time, but when I'd thought it  
over and remembered his pale, cunning  
face and the sty, foxey look in his eyes,  
I doubted him. He was a gentleman  
by dress—in a big shirt front with a  
diamond in it, and all that, and he came  
from the castle, and so I trusted him,  
but—I don't know. And if he breaks  
his word—"

He raised his hand and let it fall with  
a significance that made all words, how-  
ever violent, tame and meaningless.

The marquis looked up.

"You say he was coming from the  
castle that night? In evening dress?"

"Did you know him?"

Ned nodded.

"Yes, that's just it, gov'nor. Do you  
remember—no, you didn't know that  
night, and was never in it but the one  
night as we made a raid for hay on  
Daniel's. You was never there before  
nor since, I recollect. But this fellow  
as knew me was a kind of squatter there,  
living in a hut along of an old gen-  
tleman's, and his daughter. A  
kind of doctor. No one knew what he  
did, or what they did, for a living, but  
there was some talk of their finding  
gems or something of that kind."

The marquis put his hand to his  
brow. He was tired out physically and  
mentally, and it required an effort to go  
back to the past, which had become only  
a faint and hazy memory.

"Don't you remember, gov'nor, a  
hut about a mile or less from Daniel's,  
where I was hired man? And you  
sending the old man and the girl off to  
Melbourne in the wagon?"

"Yes."

"Well, the gentleman was a tough  
kind of squatter, then living with them.  
He was a doctor—it was through that  
that this gentleman spotted me the  
other night, through a scar on my arm.  
No, I can't recollect the name. Yes,  
I've got it; it was Graham."

The marquis rose, a strange, awful  
look on his face.

"My God, gov'nor! what is it?" ex-  
claimed Ned, starting from the rickety  
table upon which he had been sitting  
and looking round fearfully.

"Nothing, nothing!" responded the  
marquis, in a low voice. "Tell me—  
tell me the name of the man whom you  
met in the avenue."

Ned stared at him apprehensively.

"His name? Fenton—Rawson Fen-  
ton."

The marquis uttered a cry, and turned  
aside that the man might not see  
his face for in that moment of time  
there flashed upon his mind, one might  
say his heart—that which it would take

John T. Chisholm,  
47 & 49 Water St.,  
Windsor, N. S.

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samples!

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Perth's  
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Show in Black  
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a thousand words to set forth.

He knew in that lightning flash that  
the girl in the hut was Constance! He  
remembered the man, both the pale,  
sullen face and keen eyes—it was Raw-  
son Fenton.

A bitter passing that of death  
fell upon him that he had not recognized  
them before.

And yet, who would have identified  
Constance as she was when he met her  
in England with the pale, worn girl in  
the Australian hut? And the change in  
Rawson Fenton, in face and bearing  
and dress, had been as great if not  
greater.

"Gov'nor!" exclaimed Ned, hoarsely,  
terrified by the sight of the strong  
man's emotion.

"Wait. Let me think," said the  
marquis.

It was Rawson Fenton who had de-  
tected him. It was Rawson Fenton  
who had gone off with Constance, now  
with her on her wedding-day.

Had there been any love between  
them in that past life? He remembered that  
the man in the hut had said that he  
was engaged to the girl, who was Con-  
stance.

Had the love still lingered in her  
heart and sprang up with new life at  
sight of him?

He asked himself the question in tor-  
ture.

And there sprang into his heart the  
glad "No!"

It was him, the marquis, whom she  
had loved, not Rawson Fenton. And  
yet she had done with this man and  
deserted him, the marquis!

"My God!" he groaned, stretching  
out his hands in the torment of suspen-  
se and uncertainty.

He recalled, standing there in the  
squalid attic, all that he remembered of  
Constance's words and looks. How she  
had leaned upon his breast and—yes,  
kissed him. No woman but a Judas  
could have acted such love at she had  
shown him, and Constance was no  
Judas.

Yes, she had loved him!

A great, indefinable, but ecstatic  
wave of relief, of joy, swept over his  
soul; then the dark waters flooded it  
again as he