

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 7.

THE ACADIAN.

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POETRY.

In the Shadow.

We walk within the shadow, and we feel
The 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
Wanes 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 still holds us fast,
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.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

"Why are you following me?" asked the marquis, as calmly and dispassionately as before.

Ned looked from side to side as if the question were an awkward one; then he said, suddenly:

"Yes, I was following you! It's the truth. Don't be hard upon me, guv'nor!"

"Answer my question," said the marquis. "Is it money you want? Have you forgotten what I told you when we last met?"

"No, it isn't money," replied Ned, slowly and reluctantly, as if he found it difficult to explain. "I have it forgotten—nothing."

"This good-bye to you," said the marquis, turning on his heel.

But Ned followed him hesitatingly.

"Wait a moment; don't go, guv'nor," he pleaded. "I want to speak to you, I am not begging. It's for your sake, not mine."

The marquis stopped again and looked at him gravely and wearily.

"Be quick, then," he said. "I'm not in the mood for talk, my man."

Ned glanced round cautiously and drew nearer. "I didn't mean to follow you, I swear I didn't. But I saw you in the Strand, and the light fell on your face, and you looked so cut up and bad that—that I was frightened."

"Is that all," asked the marquis.

"Well, yes, I am cut up and bad, Ned. And that is why you followed me? A kindred feeling, eh? See here," he took out a sovereign, "I'll break my word for once. Got yourself a drink, and forget you came across me."

To his surprise, the man put out his

hand and pushed the one containing the coin aside.

"No, guv'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 Haart's name!"

Ned drew nearer.

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

The marquis looked at him for a moment, as if he were trying to read his mind, and then he said, "Danger?" he repeated, listlessly.

Ned nodded.

"Yes, guv'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 dislike 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, guv'nor,'" he added, in a guttural voice, "it's me!"

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 whisper, as if he dreaded lest a passer-by should hear their talk.

"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!—and I took him for you and spoke to him. He turns upon me, and collars me as if he were a vigilant man, and forced me to go with him into the inn."

"Well, Ned?" said the marquis impatiently.

"When he'd got me there, he knocks off my hat and has a look at me, and tells me my name. Guv'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, guv'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, anyway."

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

"Come to my hotel, if you must unburden 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 dinginess did not speak much for the increase of comfort Rawson Fenton's allowance had produced in Ned's circumstances.

"It's a poor place, guv'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—"

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, guv'nor!" exclaimed 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, guv'nor, all the same, though you do take it so game like, there's danger!"

"At this moment," went on Ned, sinking 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.

"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, guv'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, guv'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 honest, 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, foxy 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, however 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, guv'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—"

An Englishman, 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, guv'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 was spotted 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, guv'nor! what is it?" exclaimed 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—the name of the man whom you met in the avenue."

Ned stared at him apprehensively.

"His name? Fenton—Rawson Fenton."

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

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47 & 49 Water St.,
Windsor, N. S.

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MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

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Elegant
Show in Black
& Col'd Dress Goods,
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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 Rawson 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.

"Guv'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 detected him. It was Rawson Fenton who had gone off with Constance, not 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 Constance.

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

He asked himself the question in torture.

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 suspense 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 realized the situation.

If Constance had not fled with Rawson for love's sake, for what reason then?

There could be but one answer—for fear.

The man had obtained some hold upon her.

Then the truth flashed upon him. The rascall had used his knowledge of the marquis' past as a power over Constance, and under threats of bringing her lover to justice, had forced her to fly with him.

He recoiled as the truth came home to him, for with it came the awful, soul-sickening dread that it was too late to talk the devilish plot.

"Too late! too late!" burst from his lips.

Ned recoiled at these words, uttered in so terrible a tone, then sprang to an cupboard and brought out a bottle of brandy.

Continued Next Week.

"Bear up, guv'nor!" he implored, huskily. "It's never too late till the very last chance has gone. Drink some of this, and—"

It takes the heart out of me to see you so down."

The marquis refused the proffered brandy with a gesture and struggled for calm and self-possession.

"Leave me alone for a minute," he said; and he sank into the chair and hid his face in his hands.

Where was Constance at that moment? In the power of a man who was an unscrupulous as he was cunning.

A man with wealth at his back and nothing to oppose him but a woman made weak by her love.

His clinched hands writhed and twisted. To be sitting there helpless and not to know even where she was!

His beautiful, pale-rosed angel, for whom he would have laid down his life, in the power of a man who would have no compunction, no mercy!

He sprang to his feet, feeling that if he remained inactive another moment he must go mad.

"Listen to me," he said to the startled and now completely terrified Ned; "this that you have told me has cleared up a mystery which has nearly broken my heart. Don't speak! You will tell me out—no one what you have told me. Remain here until I send for come for you. You were right when you said there was danger, but not so much to me of you, but to—"</