

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVI.

WOLFEVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1896.

No. 5.

### THE ACADIAN.

ESTABLISHED IN 1851 BY THE  
WOLFEVILLE, 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 for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Advertisements for circulation will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the country, 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 written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfeville, 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 arrearages, 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 prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFEVILLE  
OFFICE HOURS, 9:00 A. M. TO 3:30 P. M.  
Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 9:00 a. m.  
Express west close at 7:30 a. m.  
Express east close at 2:30 p. m.  
Kentville close at 7:10 p. m.  
Geo. V. BIRD, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.  
1000 Van from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed Sunday at 1 p. m.  
G. W. MOSS, 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, R. Y. F. U. 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.  
—COLEMAN W. ROBERTS, { Ushers  
A. W. BASS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Wolfeville: Public worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. 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 Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 2 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.  
REV. KENNETH O. HIND, Rector.  
Robert W. Stairs, { Wardens.  
S. J. Rutherford, }

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

Masonic.  
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.  
WOLFEVILLE DIVISION, R. O. T. 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.  
Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNCANSON.  
Wolfeville, N. S., 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 Trouserings, Fall  
and Winter Overcoatings, Worsted  
in Blue, Balck and Fancy  
shades.

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

We have also the agency of Clementy  
laundry—leaves here Tuesday and returns Friday 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 used right.  
Beautiful Double Teams, for special  
occasions. Telephone No. 41.  
Office Central Telephone.

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

### POETRY.

Long Ago.  
Once knew all the birds that came  
And nested in our orchard trees;  
For every flower I had a name—  
My friends were woodchucks, loads and  
bees;

I knew where thrived in yonder glen  
What plants would soothe a stone-  
brained top;  
Oh, I was very learned then,  
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where checkerberries could be found,  
I knew the rubeus near the mill  
Where phloxes lay that weighed a  
pound;

I knew the wood—the very tree  
Where lived the poaching, saucy crew,  
And all the woods and crows knew me—  
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,  
I tread the old familiar spot  
Only to learn this solemn truth:  
I have forgotten all I forgot.  
Yet here this youngster sits and grieves  
Knows all the things I used to know—  
Do think that I was once as wise as he—  
But that was very long ago.

I know it's folly to complain  
Of what's to be the fate decreed;  
Yet were not wishes all in vain,  
I tell you what my wish should be;  
I'd wish to be a boy again.

Back with the friends I used to know;  
For I was, oh, so happy then—  
But that was very long ago.  
—Eugene Field.

### SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.  
CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

Once he bent forward and touched  
her, but she shrank away, and drew the  
cloak more closely over her face; and  
not a whit discomfited, he leaned back  
and folded his arms again.

After a time which seemed hours the  
carriage stopped. Rawson Fenton got  
out, and Mary, looking through the  
window, saw that they had pulled up  
at an inn. He came back in a few  
minutes and laid his hand on Constance's  
arm.

"Will you stay the night here, or  
shall we go on?" he asked, in a low  
voice.

Constance dropped the cloak from her  
face; it was white as death, and there  
were dark rings round her eyes. For  
a moment or two she seemed too dazed  
to understand, then her hand went  
toward the girl and she clung to it with  
a feverish grasp.

"Go on," she replied, almost mechanically.

"Very well," he said, calmly. "The  
choice rests with you. We shall change  
horses here."

He left the carriage again, but re-  
appeared presently with some wine,  
and offered it to Constance.

She declined it with a movement of  
her hand, and he poured out a glass for  
the girl.

Mary shook her head. If her mistress  
would not take it, neither would she.  
He had ordered a fresh pair of horses,  
to be in readiness, and the change was  
soon made. Just before he got in,  
Mary whispered, "Oh, miss, where are  
we going?"

Constance shook her head, but held  
fast to the girl's hand.

"I do not know; but you will not  
leave me, Mary?" she replied, whisper-  
ingly. "Whatever happens, I won't  
leave you. But, oh, miss—the poor  
marquis!"

Constance turned her head aside,  
but made no response, and Rawson

Fenton got in and started again.  
All through the night they tore  
along the road, and, dead tired, the girl  
fell asleep, still holding her mistress's  
hand. But Rawson Fenton remained  
awake, and now and again looked at  
his watch, and once consulted a time-  
table.

Long after the sun had risen they  
reached a small village, and the coach-  
man pulled up, and locking to Raw-  
son Fenton to come outside, told him  
that the horses were dead beat.

"Very well," he said, in the same  
calm voice. "Get another pair—the  
best you can hire—hire or buy them,  
I don't care which."

He set to the window, and gently  
drew the cloak from Constance's face.

"We must stop here," he said. Then  
in a lower voice, so that the maid could  
not hear, he added: "Come, Constance,  
be brave! You made your choice. If  
you are still in the same mind, fulfil  
your part of the contract. If not, say  
so. It is not too late; I can take you  
back as you came. I dare say the  
marquis has not escaped."

She sprang up white and wan, a  
shadow and looker of her old self.

"I am ready. I will do as you wish,"  
she said, in a hollow voice.

He offered her his arm, but she re-  
fused, and clung to Mary, and led the  
way into a small inn.

The landlady, much embarrassed by  
such evidently distinguished visitors,  
showed the two women up to a room,  
and Rawson Fenton ordered some  
breakfast to be sent up to them.

Constance flung herself on a couch,  
and when the breakfast appeared, re-  
fused to touch it; but when Mary be-  
gan to cry she drank a little coffee, and  
insisted upon the girl's taking some  
food.

"If I only knew where we were  
going, and what it all meant, miss!"  
she sobbed.

"I myself do not know," responded  
Constance, wearily. "I only know that  
we must go where he—Mr. Fenton—  
wishes. You will stay with me, Mary,  
whatever happens?"

"It's the best thing I can do for  
myself," said the woman of the inn to  
Mary. "One of the girls in the village  
is to be married to-day."

Constance pressed her hand against  
her heart and hurried into the carriage;  
and for miles the sound of the wedding-  
bells pursued her.

It was her wedding day.  
They travelled through the day as  
they had travelled through the night;  
at the greatest speed the horses could  
be urged to, and stopping only to  
change horses at midday, went on as if  
the journey would never cease.

To Constance the speed and onward  
rush brought a fitful kind of rest.  
It was in harmony with the rush of her  
own thoughts.

She did not dare to think of the man  
she had left; it did not dare to picture  
his anguish at the discovery of her  
flight and her seeming treachery; for  
every time she tried to think of him  
her brain whirled, and her heart ached  
with a pain unendurable. But she  
thought of the marquis, the gentle  
woman who had been as a mother to  
her, and of the child Aral, who loved  
her as a brother.

What did they think of her dis-  
appearance? He, the man who loved her,  
would curse her, she knew; all his  
life he would curse her, little know-  
ing that she had sacrificed herself to  
save him from ruin and disgrace. But  
the gentle, loving-hearted mother and  
Aral!

One cannot describe the emotions  
that stretched her soul upon a rack, one  
can scarcely imagine them. Once or  
twice, set face of the man who held her  
in his power, and she turned them  
away again with a shudder. There was  
no hope there; nothing could be read  
in that face but an inflexible purpose  
from which no prayers or entreaties of  
hers could divert him.

Toward sunset they approached the  
town.

Mary, looking through the window,  
caught sight of water, and she touch-  
ed Constance, murmuring:  
"Look, miss, the sea!"

Constance raised her head, but drop-  
ped back apathetically into her old at-  
titude.

The weary horses pulled up at a  
hotel, and Rawson Fenton got out.

"Wa stop here," he said. "Come,  
give me your arm."

Constance was almost too exhausted,  
physically and mentally, to refuse, but  
Mary was staunch, and drew her mis-  
tress's arm within hers.

"I'll help her, sir," she said, grimly.  
Rawson Fenton ordered a private  
room and dinner, and Mary led Con-  
stance upstairs.

"Look, miss," she said, trying to  
speak cheerfully. "Here's the sea. I've  
never seen it before. Thank goodness,  
we can't go any further!"

John T. Chisholm,  
47 & 49 Water St.,  
Windsor, N. S.  
Write us for  
samples!  
DEALER IN  
FIRST-CLASS  
Dry Goods, Clothing and  
MEN'S FURNISHINGS.  
Kid Gloves  
Elegant  
Show in Black  
& Cold Dress Goods,  
Including PRIESTLY GOODS.

inaudibly.  
"You are not," he retorted. "You  
came with me by your own free will.  
You had your choice of two evils, and  
you chose—By Heaven! Constance,  
you treat me very badly! Any one  
this girl here—would think that I was  
carrying you away against your will."

She turned her face still further away  
from him.

"You are taking me to France?" she  
said.

"Yes," he said. "I think it best.  
We are free from pursuit there. Re-  
member what that means. If the mar-  
quis overtakes us, he is lost! The mar-  
quis he appears I had him over to  
the police."

"Ah, yes, it is too true," murmured  
Lady Ruth, who had broken her pre-  
mise to the marquis, and told them the  
story of Constance's flight. "I had it  
from her own hand. It is all as I have  
told you."

"Then I have lost all faith in my own  
discernment, in my judgment of charac-  
ter, and in my sex!" exclaimed the  
duchess, the tears of sorrowful vexation  
standing in her eyes.

"What the devil could she see in the  
fellow?" grunted the duke, forgetting  
that the ladies were present. "She  
must be mad to leave Wolfe for a man  
like that!"

"If I could only think she was mad  
I should feel less about it," said the  
duchess, almost inaudibly.

"She is not mad," said Lady Ruth,  
in a low voice. "You forget that they  
were old friends; he may—of course I  
do not know—but he may have some  
hold upon her."

The duchess looked at her with troub-  
led thoughtfulness.

"Is that possible?" she said. "He  
is just the sort of man, with that calm,  
cold face and steady smile. Oh, I'll  
never believe that she cared for him!  
No woman could be such a marvellous  
actress as to impose upon us all. Why,  
I have seen her face when she thought  
herself unobserved, and Wolfe entered  
the room, and if ever a woman's heart  
looked through her eyes—! She stopped,  
unable to go on, and pressed her  
handkerchief to her eyes."

"She was a good actress," remarked  
Lady Ruth, quietly. "She would have  
deceived any one."

"She was not deceitful; you never  
liked her!" said Lady Kitty, with a  
sob; she had been crying openly ever  
since she had heard the news. "I only  
knew her a little, but I am sure she  
was not acting."

Lady Ruth's pale face colored slight-  
ly.

"Yes, I knew her better than you did,  
Kitty," she retorted, quietly.

"What's to be done?" asked the  
duke, rumpling his hair and looking  
more concerned and upset than he had  
ever looked before. "You can't have a  
wedding without a bride!"

Continued Next Week.

How do you know I'm a newly-mar-  
ried man? asked the nervous individual  
of the elderly individual who had taxed  
him with that condition. Know, said  
the other, know! Why, by your labor-  
attempts to make us believe the bot-  
tom-box you are carrying contains a bot-  
tle of whisky.

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.  
Royal Baking Powder  
ABSOLUTELY PURE