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...B. Shaw, on Main street,
This property consists of
...ng house, one store, one barn
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...n the best business part of the
...ich makes it a very desirable
...tand. Part of the purchase
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Property can be seen and in-
by any wishing to purchase,
...nformation given by applying
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...ille, Nov. 21, 1895.

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...nite Works.
& 84 Argyle St.,
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...emetery Work in
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A desirable building lot on Main
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money may remain on mortgage.
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THE QUICKEST TIME,
17 hours between Yarmouth
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...mmencing Nov. 6,
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"BOSTON,"
...IL further notice, will leave Yar-
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...ed. and Sat. Evgs.
the arrival of the Express train
Halifax. Returning, leave Lewis'
...f, Boston, at 12 noon, every TUES-
...Y and FRIDAY, making close con-
...ions at Yarmouth with Dominion
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...minion Atlantic, I. C., and N. S. C.
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.... A. CHASE, L. E. BAKER,
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...armouth, Nov. 1st, 1895.

...OMINION ATLANTIC
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...AND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE
...n and after Monday, 6th January,
...6, the trains of this Railway will run
...y (Sunday excepted).
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE.
...press from Kentville.....5 35, a m
...press " Halifax.....9 10, a m
...press " Yarmouth.....4 21, p m
...press " Halifax.....6 05, p m
...om. " Richmond.....11 30, a m
...om. " Annapolis.....11 25, a m
TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE.
...press for Halifax.....5 35, a m
...press " Yarmouth.....9. 10, a m
...press " Halifax.....4 21, p m
...press " Kentville.....6 05, p m
...om. " Annapolis.....11 35, a m
...om. " Halifax.....11 40, a m
Steamship City of Monticello.
Daily Service.
St. John and Digby.
...aves St. John.....7.30 a. m.
" Digby.....1.00 p. m.
Trains are run on Eastern Standard
...me.
W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.
...RUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

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

Vol. XV. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1896. No. 24.

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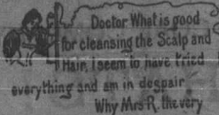

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Night—and the strong wind stilled,
Night—and the fancy waned,
Night—and the memory beggared,
Night—and the spirit drained
Like a stream with driftweed encumbered,
Or a dumb and frozen land;
Like a flower that pales in the shadow,
A bird that swoons in the hand!

Morn—and the faint will strengthened,
Morn—and the fancy glows,
Morn—and the memory rich-laden,
Morn—and the spirit flows
Like a bird with a carol upmounting,
Like a land in the showers of spring,
Like a flower in the sunlight smiling,
Like a stream where the floodgates swing!

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

He went across and got his tea, and came back with a cup for Constance, and resented himself.

"You haven't spoken to my friend yet, have you? No, of course not I wish you had been at dinner. Why weren't you? Lady Brakespeare promised me this morning that you should be."

Constance flushed slightly at the compliment implied.

"I—I was tired," she said, telling the truth in her embarrasment.

"There you are," he said, "I knew you were not well. Now you must go for this drive."

"You were going to tell me about your friend," said Constance, to draw him away from the subject.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I was saying I was sorry you were not at dinner. He was awfully interesting. His name is Hendrick, and he's a great traveller. Have you ever heard of him?"

"No, I think not," replied Constance, glancing at the gentleman as he stood talking to the Marquis, who was lounging against the pedestal of a statuette with his dark eyes fixed upon the ground, and, as it seemed to Constance rather an absent and preoccupied expression on his face.

"I thought you might have done so, or read some of his books."

"I'm afraid I am terribly ignorant" said Constance.

"Oh, no, you're not," he retorted. "Well, Hendrick is a great traveller; been everywhere, you know; and strange to say remembers everything he has seen. He had all the talking at dinner, and very well he did it. Didn't bore us in the least I'll bring him over to you; I'm sure you'll like to hear him."

He rose and went across the room in his impetuous way, and while he was standing waiting for an opportunity to cut in upon the great traveller's flow of words, the Marchioness turned to Constance.

"Do you play or sing, Miss Grahame?"

"A little," answered Constance.

"Then will you give us some music, my dear," said the old lady. "The Marquis likes to hear some after dinner. He was always fond of music;" and she looked across at him lovingly.

"But Lady Ruth?" suggested Constance.

"Ruth is busy with the tea," said the Marchioness, "and she is not fond of playing."

Constance went to the piano, and at the moment Arol came in.

He ran toward her and linked his arms round one of hers.

"Oh, dear Miss Grahame, did you wonder where I have been all this time? I wanted to go to you but Uncle Wolfe said I wasn't to; that you were to be left alone to rest. Are you rested now? I've had such a jolly time at dessert; and are you going to sing? Oh Uncle Wolfe, Miss Grahame's going to sing," he cried, running up to the Marquis. "Isn't that jol— I mean nice?"

The Manquis raised his eyes and glanced toward the piano, then laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and kept him still.

Lord Elliot turned and went to Constance at once.

"What are you going to sing?" he asked. "Shall I find you something?" and he was at the cantebury in a moment.

She turned over the music, then shook her head.

There were one or two she knew, but they bore the name of Ruth Portaire, and she could imagine how delighted that lady would be at hearing her songs sung by Constance.

"I think I must try and remember one," she said.

He opened the piano and placed the stool for her, and Constance, after a moment or two, remembered one of Moor's melodies, and began it.

She had a sweet voice—a voice that would have filled Tommy Moore himself with delight; not the voice of a trained musician, with all the stereotyped shakes and thrills, but full of expression and real feeling.

An instant silence fell upon the room. The great traveller himself yeilded to the spell of the touching words and exquisite melody; and when the song was finished and Constance rose, Lord Elliot let his hand fall upon hers, and in an eager, pleading voice said:

"Oh, not yet, please sing us something else. Lady Brakespeare, do please ask Miss Grahame to sing again."

The Marchioness smiled up at Constance.

"That was one of my old favorites and you sang it very prettily, my dear Do you know another?"

Constance sat down again and sung another of Tom Moore's, and as nothing succeeds like success, sung it better than the first, and amidst as profound a silence.

When she looked round she found that Mr Hendrick was standing close behind her; the Marquis still lounged against the pedestal, but his eyes were fixed upon her and seemed to join in the general approval and pleasure.

"Charming," exclaimed Mr Hendrick, with a slight bow. "You have the very voice for Moore's melodies, Miss Grahame. One hears them often but very seldom properly sung. Comparisons are odious, but the last time I heard 'The Minstrel Boy' well sung and by well I mean feelingly—was by an Irish emigrant girl out in the bush. It came very appropriately from her, an exile from her beloved country, and I think the tears were in her eyes; they were in her voice. I know I heard her as you sung, though in truth your voice was the sweeter, Miss Grahame. It was one evening when our party was resting in an old shepherd's shanty, we had had a long ride and an exciting chase and were reveling in a rest after supper, stretched on our backs with our pipes in our mouths."

He addressed Constance who sat listening, her eyes downcast, her hands folded in her lap; but all the rest were listening, too, and none more eagerly and intently than Arol, who had curled himself at her feet, and leaned his golden brown head against her knee.

"Hunting game, Hendrick?" asked Lord Elliot.

Mr Hendrick smiled slightly, as he leaned up against the piano as if prepared to go on.

"Well, yes, and big game too—very big game."

"Lions?" inquired Arol, in an awe-struck voice.

The great traveller looked down at him and touched his curls.

"Well, tigers they were generally called—two-legged ones."

"Two-legged ones! oh, Mr Hendrick you know there aren't any; are there, Miss Grahame?"

Constance warned him into silence by a touch of her soft hand, and Mr. Hendrick smiled slightly.

"Oh, yes, there are, Lord Lancebrook, and they are far uglier and more savage, as a rule, than the four-legged ones."

"Tell us about them—do," exclaimed Arol in an eager whisper.

"Yes, fire away, Hendrick," said Lord Elliot; and he sat himself close beside Arol and played with his curls but with his eyes straying every now and then to the lovely face near him.

"These same tigers, Arol, were bushrangers."

"Oh, I think I've read of them. Haven't you, Miss Grahame?"

Constance shook her head and put her hand on his head, not noticing Lord Elliot's, which she touched. His face flushed, and he drew his hand away for one moment, but the next it went back to the boy's silken hair again.

"Bushrangers," continued Mr. Hendrick. "They represent out there our Dick Turpins and Claude Duvals of olden times! and if they are not so romantic they are quite as pisturesque, and, I fancy, rather more daring and dangerous. I heard of them when I was staying at a place called Hood's Glen—a wild, out-of-the-way spot in which an enterprising old Scotch farmer had squatted. He told me all about them. It appeared, from his account, that the band consisted of about eighteen or twenty men. They were all sorts and kinds; but all of them splendid riders, and all of them audacious vagabonds of the first water."

The Marquis rose from his lounging attitude, and came toward the group, and dropped into a chair opposite Constance in a manner that rather indicated the wish of a man to play the part of polite listener to a guest than any desire to hear the recital.

Constance, looking up for a moment, saw his face still bore the absent, preoccupied expression which she had noticed it had worn since he entered the room.

"These men get their dishonest living by plundering the settlers, and travellers," continued Mr Hendrick, "and their modus operandi——"

"What's that?" demanded Arol, anxiously.

"Quite right to rebuke me for using Latin, before ladies, Lord Lancebrook," he said. "I ought to have said that their way of going to work was to swoop down upon some farm and demand a certain sum of money. If it was paid, well and good; the rascals drove off without doing anybody injury, and there was an end of it. If not, well, one of the men—the farmer, perhaps—was taken as hostage, and kept prisoner until he was redeemed."

"The old game the Italian brigands always play, eh, Wolfe?" remarked Lord Elliot,

The Marquis nodded listlessly.

"Yes; there was nothing very novel in it."

"This had been going on for some time," continued Mr. Hendrick, "with more or less success for the rangers, and there was not much stir made; in new communities lawlessness is always existent to a certain extent, and one gets to reckon it in the estimate of profit and loss."

Arol looked rather puzzled.

"I hope he won't use too long words, Miss Grahame," he whispered.

"He can't help it; he writes books," said the Marquis, bending forward with a smile, and speaking in as low a voice.

"People put up with them, just as we, years and years ago, put up with Turpin, Duval and Robin Hood and his merry men, but, all the same, a great many attempts were made to catch them. And sometimes they succeeded in getting a stray member of the gang——"

"And what did they do with them?" put in Arol, eagerly.

"They stood them in front of half a dozen men armed with guns, and—shot them."

"Without a trial? Oh!"

"Without a trial! Yes. But presently all attempts to get hold of them failed; and, worse—though they'll think it was better in some respects, perhaps—instead of being content with plaguing the scattered farms, the band made attacks upon settlements. They'd swoop down in the middle of the night, seize one of the most important of the settlers, and off with him before he was scarcely awake. Then they'd lie in wait for wealthy travellers going to the big cities with their money; and, more audacious still, they did not hesitate to attack and pillage a government conveyance carrying bullion to Melbourne. This, of course, was getting too serious. You may plunder private individuals with more or less impunity, but when you attack the State and rob the Government—— Oh, dear me!"

The Marquis joined in the smile.

"Well—and what did the Government do? Did it try to catch them?" demanded Arol.

"It did, very hard, and all it knew; but all its efforts were of no avail. For, you see, Arol, the band had got a new member, a chief, a new leader, and he was a remarkably clever fellow."

Arol drew a long breath.

"Tell us about him, please," he said eagerly.

Mr. Hendrick nodded, smilingly.

"I'm afraid there isn't much to tell. Nobody knew anything about him, excepting that he was an Englishman, young, and particularly plucky and reckless, and that he was supposed to be of better position and of higher class than the men of whom he became a leader."

"Quite a romance!" said Lady Ruth. "And was nothing more known of him than that?"

"No" replied Mr. Hendrick. "He, with several others, the most prominent members of the band, always wore a mask when they were on their expeditions, and his name—that is, his real name—never transpired. His fellows called him Gentleman Jack——"

"Oh, come, Hendrick," expostulated Lord Elliot, "you are treating us to a chapter out of a boy's book of adventures. Or are you doing it for the amusement of Arol."

The great traveller turned calmly and smilingly.

"It does sound rather like an ultra-sensational story, doesn't it?" he said. "But I assure you it is all true, and that I am not coloring it for effect, or any other reason. I could recount half a hundred of this young fellow's exploits, which, for cool audacity and daring, would match any of the romantic stories of the dead and gone highwaymen heroes—ah, and give you chapter and verse for them. Why, the Australian papers were full of his doings, and for some time he and his faithful band of rascals were the subject of conversation at every dinner-table in the Australian colonies."

"Astounding! And this is the end of the nineteenth century!" said Lady Ruth.

Mr. Hendrick nodded.

"Yes; but civilization is in its infancy over there; you must not forget that," he said. "What is quite possible and easy in the bush is quite impossible here in England, with its immense population and elaborate detective and police systems."

"And what became of him—this Gentleman Jack? What an absurd sensational name it is," inquired Lord Elliot.

"Ah, let us hear that, Mr. Hendrick," said the deep, musical voice of the Marquis.

He was leaning back in his chair, with one hand thrust into his pocket, the other lying on his knee, the personification of polite, listless attention.

"I tell my story badly——"

"It's the interruptions," put in Lady Ruth.

"But I am coming to a denouement. While I was over there the band had been distinguishing themselves by some particularly daring and audacious exploits. They had stopped a Government messenger, and robbed him of the bullion, notwithstanding that he was escorted by a strong guard of mounted police and in the scuffle one of the escort had got wounded. I ought to say that these rangers were by no means blood-thirsty, and that in all their raids they had shown themselves anything but reckless of human life. This was especially so after Gentleman Jack had joined the band; indeed, stories were told of his having stepped in and prevented any violence, and that on several occasions. But in this case of the Government train a man was killed, and the Government was so incensed that it offered a reward of two thousand pounds for Gentleman Jack, and it was pretty plainly intimated that the money would be paid whether he was handed in alive or dead."

"This is getting exciting," said Lady Ruth.

Constance could feel Arol's breath coming in quick, sharp little pants of boyish excitment, and her own heart was beating quickly, for every word Mr. Hendrick had said had carried her back to the hut in the bush, and called up before her that last eventful night when the ranger and his band burst in. Could he have been Gentleman Jack? Why not?

The Marquis was the only one who seemed to be inadequate to the excitement, as, motionless and impassive, he listened with polite attention.

"I was staying with some new-made friends at a station somewhere within fifty miles of the scene of the band's last robery, and when the news reached us that two thousand pounds had been offered as a reward, one of the young fellows proposed that we should organize ourselves into a party of vigilants, and try and hunt him and his fellows down. It was just the kind of notion that would recommend itself to men simply craving for excitement. Hunting buffaloes, tigers, lions, is amusing, but it fades into insignificance beside hunting your fellow-men."

Continued Next Week.

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