

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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THE ACADIAN NON-DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Every communication from all parts of the county, 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 name may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S.

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Imported and Domestic.

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Stomach, Sore Throat, Radon Cough,
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Used Externally, it Cures
Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains,
Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia,
Rheumatism, Frozen Feet.

It has not a peer, as a means of relieving pain, and is a most valuable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 3, off. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.

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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,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895.

her," said the marquis, in a low voice. "You will say so when you see her wearing them."

"Yes, I know," asserted Lady Kate, fingering the precious stones lovingly as a woman will. "If she would only come down she might try them on. You wouldn't mind, Lord Brakespeare?"

"Not I, Kitty," he said, laughing. "I wish she would come down."

"Five-and-twenty minutes past," grumbled the duke, staring at his watch.

"I'll go up and see what is the matter," said Lady Kitty, putting down the diamonds, with a reluctant, lingering glance.

"Yes, do; and knock at Ruth's door," said the duchess.

Lady Kitty ran off, and the rest gathered round the table to examine the diamonds.

Presently the door opened and Lady Kitty entered.

She was pale to the lips.

"I—I don't know what is the matter," she said, trying to speak calmly, "but neither Constance nor Ruth is in her room, and no one knows where they are!"

POETRY.

The Wild Sower.

Up and down the land I go,
Through the valley, over hill;
Many a pleasant ground I sow,
Never one I reap or till;
Fain and fall I never wield,
Leave no harrow in the field.
Farmer goes with leathern scrip,
Fills the harrowed earth with seed.
In the selfsame score I lip
Germs of many a lucky weed;
Though I scatter in his track,
I possess nor bin nor sack.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A silence fell upon them all as Lady Kitty made her announcement, and the marquis was the first to speak.

"You look quite alarmed, Kitty," he said, with a smile. "Do you think they have both disappeared?"

The duchess looked up.

"I dare say they are about the house. If it were not I should say they were on the terrace; Constance is always in the open air."

"I will go and see," said the marquis, and he left the room.

The duke went and stammered with his fingers on the mantel shelf, staring at the clock.

"The best woman in the world never nothing for dinner until she is forty-five," he remarked, ruefully.

The duchess laughed.

"Go and ring for Constance's maid, Kitty," she said; "she will tell you where Constance has gone."

Lady Kitty left the room quickly, and returned as the marquis re-entered by the opposite door.

"It is very strange," she began, falteringly, "but I can not find the maid. No one seems to have seen her for some hours. She has been at work in Constance's room."

The duchess turned to the marquis, who stood half smiling, half serious.

"Can you not find her, Wolfe?" she asked.

"No," he replied, and he laughed. "I can not think where she has gone. It is some jest, some bit of fun which Kitty has persuaded her into, I suppose."

The duke frowned.

"Oh, my goodness!" he murmured; "a bit of fun, and the whole dinner spoiling!"

"I think we had better go in to dinner, sir," said the marquis, still with the air of a man who is amused and yet somewhat puzzled.

"Of course," assented the duchess, rising. "Depend upon it, they will both come sailing in by the time we have taken our seats."

They went into the dining-room and took their seats, leaving two chairs vacant, one beside the duke and one between him and the marquis, for Constance, and the soup was handed round.

"I wonder where they can be hiding?" said Lady Kitty, who thought it odd that if any practical joke was being performed, she had not been asked to play a part in it, and was inclined to be rather jealous of Lady Ruth.

"You don't think they are dressing up, do you?"

Her eyes flashed.

"What do you mean, child? That they will appear directly in some masquerade, some fancy dress? No, it is scarcely likely. Ruth might—well, I can scarcely imagine Ruth doing it, and I can't imagine Constance attempting such a thing; especially to-night," and she glanced at the marquis.

He, with the well-bred desire to make the duke's dinner as pleasant as possible under the circumstances, was telling the old gentleman some London gossip, and making him laugh; but on his own face there was just the shadow of an uneasiness.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed, during which the duke had consulted his turkish pipe three times, and then the marquis entered, followed by a dapper-looking old gentleman in irreproachable evening dress.

"Mr. Waller," he said, introducing him to the duchess. "Come to see the settlements signed," he added, in an undertone.

Mr. Waller was made welcome, and the duke begged out his watch again.

"It isn't like Constance to be late," said the duchess.

"But Ruth is late, too," said Lady Kitty, already enamored of Constance, and ready to stand up for her.

"Yes; where on earth is Ruth?" exclaimed the duke. "Hate having dinner kept; spoils everything."

"What have you got there?" asked the duchess of the marquis.

He held up the box he still carried.

"Gone," he said, with a laugh. "It is the family diamonds."

"Oh," exclaimed Lady Kitty, adding to him, "do show them to us, Lord Brakespeare!"

He smiled at her with the good nature of a completely happy man, and, unluckily the box held it upside down and poured out the immense wealth represented by the heap of flashing, glittering stones.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Lady Kate. "And these are the famous Brakespeare diamonds? How proud Constance will be! Let me look at them. Oh, they are too beautiful!"

"Nothing can be too beautiful for

Highest of all in Leavening Strength—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

He stared at her.

"To the station? Why?"

"To follow Constance," she replied, in a low, awed voice.

"To follow Constance?" he repeated, as if he scarcely comprehended her. "Why should she have gone to the station?"

"Because—Oh, Wolfe, this is hard for me! If there was any one else who could tell you!"

He strode forward and laid his hand on her arm none too gently.

"In God's name, speak plainly and at once!" he exclaimed. "If you know anything, say so; you are driving me mad!"

She winced under his grasp.

"I—I—Constance sent me a note; it was just an hour before dinner. That man, Rawson Penton—"

"Rawson Penton!" he broke in, with fierce impatience. "What has he to do with it? The note—Constance's note! Where is it? Give it to me!"

She shook her head.

"I—burned it. I thought that it might not be too late—"

He groaned.

"Go on—go on, in Heaven's name! Too late for what?"

"To stop her, to bring her back. Oh, Wolfe, can't you understand? The note was to tell me that she had gone off, and to ask me to break it to you."

He stared at her like a man who hears something of which he does not understand even the tenor, and repeated her words in a dull, vacant manner.

"Gone off? Where?" he said, at last.

She shook her head.

"Why? With whom?"

"Oh, Wolfe, you will not understand! She has gone with Rawson Penton!"

He almost pushed her from him, and inquired.

"It is a poor joke," he said; "wretchedly poor. And it is your uncle, I'll be sworn; Constance had no hand in it."

She raised her eyes and looked at him. His faith, firm as a rock, wavered.

"Wolfe, it is no joke," she said, almost inaudibly. "It is true! She has gone! And with him!"

"Take care, Ruth!" he said; and his eyes began to grow red and angry with the savage Brakespeare expression—the look she remembered in him as a boy. "I have borne with nonsense of yours very well, but my patience is nearly exhausted. It is a miserable practical joke, and you play it very well, very well. But let there be an end of it. Go and fetch Constance."

She rose and looked at him, half annoyed at the persistence of his incredulity, as his faith in the woman he loved; "You will not believe I am serious," she said, in a hushed voice. "Oh, Wolfe, it is true! But I am not proud; I would not believe it myself until I had found she had gone, and then—I thought only of you, and went after her. I thought that—oh! I might persuade her to come back."

"What is all this you are chattering?" he demanded, roughly.

She glided to him rather fearfully, and put her hand on his arm.

"To—to the station," she faltered.

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The honest, prompt and effective results that are always obtained by the use of Paine's Cele Compound call for unhesitating praise, after health vigor and happiness take the place of sickness and disease. In all the churches parishes of our country, clergymen are quietly spreading the joyful news that Paine's Cele Compound banishes ill health and makes people well.

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