

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XV.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1896.

No. 22.

### THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

#### DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY

We will mark down the entire stock to amazingly low prices.

Every Garment guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction or money refunded.

Remember this offer is only for month of January, 1896.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

NOBLE CRANDALL,  
MANAGER.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, 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  
per insertion, unless by special ar-  
rangement for standing notices.

For standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office, and payment in advance is  
must be guaranteed by some responsible  
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-  
stantly receiving new type 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 contribu-  
tion, although the same may be written  
under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVID LAWRENCE & CO.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

### INEXPENSIVE

CORRECT  
COLORS  
ONLY  
ORDERS  
ALWAYS  
ACCEPTED.

TECHNICAL  
QUICHES  
STUDIOUSLY  
SUPPLIED

in Nap, Beaver, Melton and Friesz  
\$14.00 and upwards.

**McDONALD,**  
THE TAILOR,

Corner Bell's Lane and Water St.  
Halifax, N. S.

### Kline Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works is  
now prepared to supply

**Rough & Dressed Granite**

—AND—  
**Light Blue Granite,**

SUITABLE FOR

**MONUMENTAL WORK!**

The Blue Granite comes from his  
quarry at Miramichi, and its quality is  
highly endorsed by the Geological De-  
partment at Ottawa.

Estimates given and orders filled for  
all classes of

**DRESSED GRANITE.**

**JOHN KLINE,**

NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

### POETRY

Seize Your Opportunities.

The bread that bringeth strength I want  
to give.

The water pure that bids the thirsty live,  
I want to help the fasting day by day,  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the sil of joy for tears,  
The faith to conquer crowding doubts  
and fears.

Beauty for ashes may I give away,  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

And into angry hearts I want to pour  
The answer soft that turneth wrath  
and fear.

I'm sure I shall not pass again this way,  
I want to give to others hope and faith,  
I want to do all that the master saith,  
I want to live aright from day to day,  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—AND—  
**Light Blue Granite,**

SUITABLE FOR

**MONUMENTAL WORK!**

The Blue Granite comes from his  
quarry at Miramichi, and its quality is  
highly endorsed by the Geological De-  
partment at Ottawa.

Estimates given and orders filled for  
all classes of

**DRESSED GRANITE.**

**JOHN KLINE,**

NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

### SELECT STORY

**Wolfe the Ranger.**

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He was silent for a moment, then  
said, testily:

"Is your father—"

"He is dead, my lord," said Con-  
stance in a low voice.

"Forgive me," he murmured; then  
he said, "We will have some hunting  
this season, eh, Arol?"

"Yes, Uncle Wolfe," said Miss Gra-  
hame, too; "she said over that ditch  
in fine style, didn't she?" and he threw  
up his hand and looked at Constance  
with loving admiration.

"I meant Miss Grahame," said the  
Marquis, dryly.

Constance flushed as she thought  
how very unlikely it was that she would  
be at the castle in the hunting season,  
but she said nothing, and presently the  
Marquis remarked:

"What do you say to a gallop, you  
two?"

"I'm ready," declared Arol, promptly.

They started and sped over the heath  
at a good pace, and every moment  
Constance was feeling lighter and hap-  
pier.

Now and again the Marquis, unused  
by her glances at her lovely face, said  
nothing to himself. Suddenly he pulled  
up, and sprang back over his saddle as  
if looking at something.

"What is the matter, Uncle Wolfe?"  
demanded Arol.

Constance looked in the direction of  
the Marquis' gaze, but she could see  
nothing calling for such fixed attention.

There was, indeed, nothing to look  
at beyond the ruins of a shepherd's hut;  
not a living soul was in sight.

"What is it, Uncle Wolfe?" repeated  
Arol.

The Marquis turned to Constance  
with a singular expression in his eyes.  
They seemed to have grown smaller  
and sharper, as if they had been con-  
centrated on some distant spot.

She had seen just such an expression  
in the eyes of the scots in advance of  
a squatters' party.

"Did you see nothing?" he asked  
her.

"No, nothing, my lord," she replied.

He laughed.

"My eyes are quick—and no won-  
der," he put in under his breath. "You  
didn't see a man with a gun sitting on  
the top of that old hut?"

Constance shook her head and stared  
at the ruin.

"I didn't see him," she said with  
some surprise. "Surely he is not there  
now, Lord Brasqueper."

He laughed.

"No, he's not, but he was a moment  
ago. Directly he was in, he stunk  
down behind the wall. What is he  
doing there with a gun, I wonder?  
Poaching?"

"Shall we go and run him out, Uncle  
Wolfe?" asked Arol.

The Marquis laughed again and  
shook his shoulder.

"No, I think not. We'll let him  
alone, Arol; but you mustn't tell Hon-  
deron, the keeper, or I shall never  
hear the last of it! Poor wretch! Not  
a very pleasant life, eh, Miss Gra-  
hame?"

"To be hunted and driven from pillar  
to post, and forced to slink away at the  
signs of a better creature? Ah, no, my  
lord," she said.

He pressed a little on his reins and  
almost pulled the horse up, as his eyes  
seemed to grow on her face.

"You speak feelingly," he said very  
quietly, and almost too gravely, as it  
seemed.

"Do you always sympathize  
with that kind of person?"

"Always, I'm afraid," said Constance  
with a little laugh.

"Remember," he said, smiling down  
at her curiously, "this man is a peach-  
er, a thief; a fellow with a gun for my  
birds and the keeper's body if need  
were."

"Yes, I know, my lord," said Con-  
stance; "but one does not know how  
he was led, or perhaps driven, to the  
life; and it may be a wretched one,  
I think I can see—although I didn't  
see—the poor fellow sinking down be-  
hind the stones, and watching out hap-  
pily with stretched, miserable eyes."

He was silent a moment, looking  
thoughtfully between his horse's ears.

"Oh! so you are happy, then?" he  
said with a half smile.

Constance flushed and turned her  
face away, annoyed at her blushes,  
then she met his half-crooked, half-smil-  
ing gaze calmly.

"Yes, my lord, I am happy!" she  
said; "I should be very grateful if I  
were not. It is such a lovely after-  
noon, and this breeze—she bent down  
and stroked his neck, shivering neck—  
I am very fond of riding, my lord; she  
broke off simply.

"Then perhaps you'll tell me why  
you were so unwilling to come this  
morning," he said, promptly.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said  
Constance. "I thought that you did not  
need one—or wouldn't press for one."

"But I do both," he said. "Come!  
be candid, if a woman can."

"If you must have an answer," said  
Constance, flushing, "it was because,  
much as I longed for the ride, I—she  
stopped a moment, then turned her  
eyes to his face with a courage that  
cost her more than she guessed. "I  
knew that I had no right, that it was  
not my place." She stopped again,  
then went on—"I am Lord Brasque-  
per's governess, my lord, and though  
I don't know much about it, I am  
sure—oh, why will you force me, my  
lord?"

He regarded her with a half-smiled  
intensity.

"Do you mean, are you trying to say,  
that I can't ask a young lady to come  
for a ride because Arol has the luck,  
the young dog, to have her for a gover-  
ness?"

"Yes, that is what I meant, my lord,"  
she said in a low voice, "and I would  
have refused, but you—well," and a  
faint smile rippled on her lips. "You  
made it a command, and I obeyed."

He laughed.

"By George!" he said, "I command-  
ed you and obeyed. Well, I've heard  
it's the only way with a woman, and I  
think it right; and let me tell you,  
Miss Grahame, that seeing the amount  
of good the ride is doing you, I shall  
issue my commands pretty frequently."

"Until Lord Ruth renders them  
impossible," thought Constance, but  
she said nothing.

"Miss Grahame, I'm so thirsty!"  
exclaimed Arol, while the other two  
were silently riding beside him.

"There's Abbeyford Hamlet just on  
the hill there, Uncle Wolfe; 'shan't we  
go and get something? Mother Marsh  
will have some milk."

"All right," assented the Marquis,  
"let us go and see old Mother Marsh.  
I used to rob her orchard when I was  
Arol's age; but then I had a beau-  
tiful step governess like you, Miss Gra-  
hame, to keep me in order."

They rode up to the little thatched  
cottage, and at the sound of the horse's  
hoofs an old lady came out, and greet-  
ed them with open arms, and cries  
of astonishment and delight, and a  
couple of children along round her and  
beheld courtesy to the "gentry" from  
the galleys, and she did not attempt to

Wolfe?" asked Arol.

The Marquis laughed again and  
shook his shoulder.

"No, I think not. We'll let him  
alone, Arol; but you mustn't tell Hon-  
deron, the keeper, or I shall never  
hear the last of it! Poor wretch! Not  
a very pleasant life, eh, Miss Gra-  
hame?"

"To be hunted and driven from pillar  
to post, and forced to slink away at the  
signs of a better creature? Ah, no, my  
lord," she said.

He pressed a little on his reins and  
almost pulled the horse up, as his eyes  
seemed to grow on her face.

"You speak feelingly," he said very  
quietly, and almost too gravely, as it  
seemed.

"Do you always sympathize  
with that kind of person?"

"Always, I'm afraid," said Constance  
with a little laugh.

"Remember," he said, smiling down  
at her curiously, "this man is a peach-  
er, a thief; a fellow with a gun for my  
birds and the keeper's body if need  
were."

"Yes, I know, my lord," said Con-  
stance; "but one does not know how  
he was led, or perhaps driven, to the  
life; and it may be a wretched one,  
I think I can see—although I didn't  
see—the poor fellow sinking down be-  
hind the stones, and watching out hap-  
pily with stretched, miserable eyes."

He was silent a moment, looking  
thoughtfully between his horse's ears.

"Oh! so you are happy, then?" he  
said with a half smile.

Constance flushed and turned her  
face away, annoyed at her blushes,  
then she met his half-crooked, half-smil-  
ing gaze calmly.

"Yes, my lord, I am happy!" she  
said; "I should be very grateful if I  
were not. It is such a lovely after-  
noon, and this breeze—she bent down  
and stroked his neck, shivering neck—  
I am very fond of riding, my lord; she  
broke off simply.

"Then perhaps you'll tell me why  
you were so unwilling to come this  
morning," he said, promptly.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said  
Constance. "I thought that you did not  
need one—or wouldn't press for one."

"But I do both," he said. "Come!  
be candid, if a woman can."

"If you must have an answer," said  
Constance, flushing, "it was because,  
much as I longed for the ride, I—she  
stopped a moment, then turned her  
eyes to his face with a courage that  
cost her more than she guessed. "I  
knew that I had no right, that it was  
not my place." She stopped again,  
then went on—"I am Lord Brasque-  
per's governess, my lord, and though  
I don't know much about it, I am  
sure—oh, why will you force me, my  
lord?"

He regarded her with a half-smiled  
intensity.

"Do you mean, are you trying to say,  
that I can't ask a young lady to come  
for a ride because Arol has the luck,  
the young dog, to have her for a gover-  
ness?"

"Yes, that is what I meant, my lord,"  
she said in a low voice, "and I would  
have refused, but you—well," and a  
faint smile rippled on her lips. "You  
made it a command, and I obeyed."

He laughed.

"By George!" he said, "I command-  
ed you and obeyed. Well, I've heard  
it's the only way with a woman, and I  
think it right; and let me tell you,  
Miss Grahame, that seeing the amount  
of good the ride is doing you, I shall  
issue my commands pretty frequently."

"Until Lord Ruth renders them  
impossible," thought Constance, but  
she said nothing.

"Miss Grahame, I'm so thirsty!"  
exclaimed Arol, while the other two  
were silently riding beside him.

"There's Abbeyford Hamlet just on  
the hill there, Uncle Wolfe; 'shan't we  
go and get something? Mother Marsh  
will have some milk."

"All right," assented the Marquis,  
"let us go and see old Mother Marsh.  
I used to rob her orchard when I was  
Arol's age; but then I had a beau-  
tiful step governess like you, Miss Gra-  
hame, to keep me in order."

They rode up to the little thatched  
cottage, and at the sound of the horse's  
hoofs an old lady came out, and greet-  
ed them with open arms, and cries  
of astonishment and delight, and a  
couple of children along round her and  
beheld courtesy to the "gentry" from  
the galleys, and she did not attempt to

the castle."

"Well, Mrs Marsh," said the mar-  
quis, in his free and easy fashion, "do  
you remember me, do you?"

"Ay, ay, my lord," crooned the old  
lady, in a strong falsetto; "You did  
come back then! Lor-a-me, what a  
fine man you be, too! The very image  
of your father, too. It might be him  
sitting there. Yes, a rare and  
mighty man you have got to be, my  
lord."

The Marquis laughed.

"You see, he said, turning to Con-  
stance, "I've got one admirer, at any  
rate."

"And this be the young lord?"

"Yes," shouted Arol, holding out his  
hand; and how are you, Mrs Marsh?"

The old lady bobbed another cour-  
tesy; then shading her eyes with her  
yellow, wrinkled hand, peered at Con-  
stance.

"And this? Save us now, my lord,  
but this pretty lady is the new march-  
ioness; isn't it, now?"

Constance's face and neck went crimson;  
the whole of her body felt burn-  
ing and scalding, and the flame was not  
decreased by Arol's boyish shout of  
laughter and his joyous exclamation of—

"Oh, Miss Grahame, Mrs Marsh  
takes you for Uncle Wolfe's wife!"

Constance could not lift her eyes,  
there seemed a red weight on each lid,  
"No such luck for me, Mrs Marsh,"  
said the Marquis, with the perfection  
of good breeding. "This is Miss Gra-  
hame, the young good-for-nothing's  
governess."

"I beg the young lady's pardon, my  
lord," said Mrs Marsh, courtizing,  
but evidently suffering from so very  
great remorse. "But she be main  
beautiful, my lord," she added in what  
she thought quite an aside, but in a  
tone quite audible to Arol and Con-  
stance.

"I say, Mrs Marsh," said the former,  
"we want some milk, please."

The old lady bobbed off, followed  
by the children, and presently re-  
appeared with a brown ewer of milk and a  
glass. She filled it, and one of the  
children handed it to Constance, but  
she refused it with a smile, and it went  
to Arol, who polished it off as a  
draught.

"Do 'e taste the milk, my lady,"  
said the old woman, almost piteously.

"It be counted the best milk in these  
parts, be'n't it, my lord?" and she ap-  
pealed to the Marquis.

"Certainly, Mrs Marsh," he said. "I  
speak with authority, for I used to rob  
the dairy as well as the orchard, didn't  
I?"

"That 'e did, bless 'e," assented  
Mrs Marsh, as cordially and approvingly  
as if he had remarked that he had  
been in the habit of building churches.

She filled the glass and handed it  
up to Constance as she spoke, and Con-  
stance drank a little and handed the  
glass back to her when the Marquis  
stretched out his hand and interposed  
it.

"I've changed my mind," he said  
carelessly, but without raising his eyes  
to Constance's face as he drank off the  
milk.

"We've all three drunk out of one  
glass," remarked Arol, with a laugh.

"So we have," said the Marquis  
dryly. "Well, good-bye, Mrs Marsh.  
You must come up and see your old  
friends at the castle; I see there are  
some of them there still," and with a  
yell of, "Good-bye, Mrs Marsh, and  
thank you for the milk!" from Arol,  
they rode off.

Constance did not fail to notice that  
no money was offered to hurt and  
wound the old lady whose dairy and  
orchard the Marquis had robbed in  
days gone by.

"Well, now, after that heavy repel  
let us have a spin," said the Marquis,  
as they turned their horses homeward.

They went off at a word, and Con-  
stance, having grown accustomed to the  
mare, let her go a little more freely.  
Being so much lighter in herself, and  
having a light weight, she spun ahead  
and left the other two behind.

The Marquis, who, with all his seem-  
ing carelessness, had kept a close eye  
upon her, called out:

"Don't let her get too warm, and  
run away with you, Miss Grahame."

Constance nodded, but her blood was  
running riot under the excitement of  
the gallop, and she did not attempt to

chock the mare. Instead, indeed, she  
urged it with a touch of her hand,  
which was all that was necessary, and  
the wild thought flashed through her  
that she might with ease give them both  
the slip, ride home to the castle, change  
her habit, and meet them at the door  
of the court yard looking as if she  
never had left her room.

She glanced back. The Marquis  
was thundering on behind on the great  
chestnut, and Arol, evidently obeying  
instructions, was cantering to the back  
ground.

"He means to race me," she thought,  
and her heart throbbed with the mad  
desire to beat him, that mad longing  
which enters the sunset of us at times.  
She bent forward on her mare's neck  
and covertly touched her with the whip.

The mare simply seemed to fly, and  
Constance, glancing over her shoulder,  
saw the Marquis' face flushed and  
eager looking, and his dark eyes all  
aglow.

"I will race him to the huts," thought  
Constance, and she touched the mare  
again.

The hut was within a few yards,  
but the chestnut, not an easy one to  
beat, was close behind. She would  
lose after all! Forgetting everything in  
her excitement, she raised her whip.

As she did so a plover rose from right  
in front of the mare, with such start-  
ling suddenness and with such a shrill  
cry that the mare, frightened and  
startled completely out of herself, swerved  
and rose.

Constance, all unprepared, and sit-  
ting as lightly as she knew, was done,  
sheerly flung, like a stone from a sling,  
upon her side.

For a moment she thought the mare  
had fallen on top of her, for a dead  
weight seemed to crush her upon her  
brain; then all was dark.

The next thing she was a sensation of  
pain, feeling something clasped her  
tightly round the waist, and in a hazy  
fashion she was aware that the Mar-  
quis had got her in his arms, and that  
her head was lying on his shoulder.

She tried to speak, to tell him to set  
her down, but the crushing weight de-  
scended again, and once more all was  
dark.

When she opened her eyes again she  
was still in his arms, but he was kneel-  
ing on the ruined floor of the hut.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated, as  
she opened her eyes. "Don't try to  
speak yet. Are you in pain? Shake  
your head or nod; don't speak."

She tried to shake her head, but the  
mere effort rendered the gesture un-  
trustworthy.

"You are! I was afraid so. I have  
sent Arol for some water," he said, and  
his voice was infinitely gentle and tend-  
er. "You will be better directly. It  
was an ugly fall, and there was a  
stone—"

He stopped, and thinking of nothing  
but his anxious dread that she might  
be hurt, gently and softly smoothed  
the soft silk of her hair, and laid  
his hand upon her brow.

Constance was too faint to blush,  
but she felt his touch tingle through  
her whole frame, and she closed her  
eyes.

"Ah, don't faint again," he mur-  
mured, more to himself than to her.

She opened her eyes and met his  
earnest, anxious ones with a hard at-  
tempt at a reassuring smile.

"That's right," he said, gratefully.  
"I can't bear to see you go off as you  
did just now. My God, I thought—"

He stopped short as Arol came run-  
ning in, pale and frightened.

"Oh, Uncle Wolfe, I can't find any  
water—not a drop!"

The Marquis glanced.

"Go down the hill on the other side  
of the hedge there," he said. "Be  
quick, there's a dear boy!"

Constance made a great effort.  
"Don't—don't send him," she man-  
aged to articulate; "I am better.  
Will you let me get up?"

"No, no," he said, and his strong  
arms folded her firmly though gently.<