

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 17, 1896.

No. 20.

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 gives satisfaction or money refunded.

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

NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 38.

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 or every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly 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.

DAVIDSON BROS.,
Printers & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

INEXPENSIVE

CORRECT
COLORS
ONLY
ORDERS
ALWAYS
CELEBRATED

TECHNICAL
CUTTERS
STUDIOUSLY
SUPPLIED

In Nap, Beaver, Melton and Frisbe,
\$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 Nictaux, and its quality is
highly endorsed by the Geological De-
partment at Ottawa.

Estimates given and orders filled for
all classes of work.

DRESSED GRANITE.
JOHN KLINE,
NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,
HALIFAX.

KARL GLOVER'S

CURE FOR
SCALD HEAD,
DANDRUFF,
ITCHING,
AND ALL
SKIN AFFECTIONS.

For sale by all dealers.

Back-Ache, Face-Ache, Scalding
Furze, Rheumatic Pains,
Pain in the Side, etc.

The "D. & L."
Menthol Plaster

Having used your D. & L. Menthol
Plaster in the neck and
shoulder, I feel it is the best
I have ever used. It is very
effective. L. H. HARRISON,
Halifax, N. S.

THE
"White is King of All."

White Sewing Machine Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Thomas Organs
—FOR SALE BY—
Howard Pineo,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

N. B. Machine Needles and Oil
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

H. H. HARRISON, JAS. HARRISON
TELEPHONE NO. 649.

Harrison Bros.,

Agents for
Canada Stained Glass Works.

Dealers in Stained, Embossed, Be-
n and Bevelled Glass, Mirror
Plates, Etc.

Plain and Artistic Painters, Importers
of Wall Paper and Decora-
tions. 31

Showrooms: 54, Barrington Street,
Halifax, N. S.

Minards Liniment cures Burns
Etc.

POETRY.

Three Lessons.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ
round,
And gloom hides her face in scorn,
Put them the shadow from thy brow
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is
driven,
The calm'st of storm, the tempest's
mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of
heaven.

The inhabitants of earth,
Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call;
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul,
Hope, Faith and Love, and thus shall
Strength when life's rage maddest roll,
Light when thou dost wert blind.

—Schiller.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

He laughed and passed his hand
across his brow.

"Don't mind me, Miss Graham—
I'm given to reflections of this kind
sometimes. Besides I can comfort
myself with the thought that Arol has
a chance or two still left. There is
plenty of time for me to break my neck
yet."

It seemed foolish of Constance to
remain perfectly silent, so she said,
quietly:—

"I don't know why you should want
to break your neck, Lady Brakespear.
You have so much of your life before
you—a great while."

She stopped abruptly, startled by her own audacity.
His head forward and looked at her,
his dark handsome eyes fixed on hers,
as if he were sitting an importance
to her words far and away beyond
their value.

"You think so?" he said, almost
eagerly, certainly with something of
earnestness. "You think that even I
may do something with my life, that I
have so much of it before me? Ah, yes,
but what of that which is
behind—the past?" His face seemed
to darken and his voice grew very low.

Constance edged with the break-
fast cups, not knowing what to say, and
was spared the trial of finding
words to answer this strange speech
far at that moment Lady Ruth swept
into the room.

"Wolf!" she began, then stopped
short, and her glance, almost savage
and vindictive, rested on Constance.

"I have been looking for you every-
where. The breakfast bell has rung
some time ago, and we're all waiting."

"All right," he said, rising slowly.
"But I've had my breakfast—at least,
I've had what Arol was kind enough
to leave, but I dare say I can manage
some more. Arol, don't you forget
we're to have a gallop presently, do
you hear?"

Lady Ruth followed him for a step
or two and then she returned, and
pushing the door to, stood and looked
at Constance as she got together the
breakfast cups.

"Was it by your invitation that the
Marquis remained to breakfast here,
Miss Graham?" she asked, and her
voice and the look accompanying it
were well, these of an angry and
jealous woman speaking to one she
considered very much her inferior.

Constance turned, her face scarlet at
the insinuation, but the colour fled and
left her pale as usual as she said:—

"No, Lady Ruth."

"By Arol, then, I suppose? It is
almost as bad and reprehensible. You
should not have permitted him to do
so."

"It was not by wish," said poor
Constance, fighting hard with herself to
keep down the ill spirit, which threat-
ened to rise in self-defense.

"Your wish? No, I suppose not,"
retorted Lady Ruth, with a palpable
sneer on her thin, small lips. "I did
not imagine for an instant that you
would consider the Marquis' society of
any advantage to you."

Constance pulled up her eyes, she held
in her hand down on the table and looked
full and steadily into the haughty vin-
dictive face.

"I do not understand you, Lady
Ruth," she said.

"The small, dark eyes dropped for a
moment, but only for a moment.

"Then permit me to explain, Miss
Graham," she said, coldly. "I think
you will not need to be told that it is
not usual for a gentleman of Lord
Brakespear's position to breakfast with
his nephew's governess.

That, I think you cannot fail to com-
prehend, whatever your past experience
may have been." She paused for a
moment. "And I trust that your good
taste and sense of propriety will
prevent its recurring again."

Constance, white to the lips, was
about to retort, "I never can possibly
because I will leave the house within
an hour," but she paused. "Why should
she give this wretched woman the grati-
fication of turning her out, and de-
spising her of a situation which, but
for her presence, would be all that
could be desired?"

"If I could have prevented it, Lord
Brakespear would not have breakfast-
ed here this morning, Lady Ruth,"
she said, with perfect calmness and
distinctness, "and I think that I can
answer for it that he will never do so
again. Shall I tell you why?"

Lady Ruth drew herself up.

"If you please," she said, haughtily,
"because if Lord Brakespear should
again propose it, I will request him not
to do so, and as he is a gentleman, he
will not force his company upon a lady
who does not desire it. But, indeed, if
it were necessary, I should not hesitate
to tell him that I had promised you—
as indeed I do—that if he insisted on
remaining in the room I should leave
it."

It was Lady Ruth's turn to grow
white.

"I understand you fully, Miss Gra-
hame," she said, and her face was so
low as to be almost laudable. "You
have met my well-meaning reconstruc-
tions with open defiance."

"Ah, so," said Constance, her lips
quivering for the first time, "I have
only refused to submit to insult tamely,
Lady Ruth. This is the duty of every
woman who respects herself."

Lady Ruth smiled.

"And I suppose you will consider it
your duty to give an account of the
whole affair to the Marchioness, per-
haps to the Marquis himself?"

"No," said Constance, calmly. "If
they hear of it it will be from me,
Lady Ruth, never from me."

Lady Ruth's face grew less savage
but still retained its womanish cunning.

"I think we had better say no more
of this matter, Miss Graham," she
said after a moment's pause. "But it
is as well that you should know the
character of the Marquis' bears."

"His character has no interest for
me, Lady Ruth," said Constance.

"I can believe that, but your igno-
rance of it may cause you embarrass-
ment. The Marquis is a man who
utterly scorns conventionalities. If he
had ever any regard for them—and he
never had—his long absence from
England and decent society has led
him to ignore them. He would think
nothing of amusing himself with any
woman, however young, however un-
sophisticated, and however much his
attentions might compromise her."

Constance looked up, and an indig-
nant protest trembled on her lips, but
Lady Ruth held up her hand, slightly.

"One moment; please hear me out.
I intend to speak with perfect candor
for I am confident that I am addressing
a young lady who has more than the
average intellect."

"Thank you," Constance could not
help murmuring.

"Yes, and so I will speak without
reserve. The Marquis has already
been brought into familiar contact with
you, and he has been, I have no doubt,

somewhat attracted—I am not sur-
prised. You have a mirror in your
room, Miss Graham—"

Constance's beautiful face grew scar-
let, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Oh, please!" murmured Lady Ruth
with haughty remonstrance. "The
Marquis is as quick as most men of his
class to appreciate a pretty woman,
and, like his class, has no scruples
in paying his attentions which mean
nothing, but may cause her a great
deal of annoyance. It rests with you,
Miss Graham, whether these embar-
assing attentions shall continue or cease.
You can encourage or—stop them.
Please think over what I have said, and
at any rate, give me credit for candor."

Constance found her voice after a
minute or two.

"Yes, Lady Ruth," she said, and
she tried to speak without a tremor,
but failed. "I will think over what
you have said, and I will also consider
whether I can possibly remain in this
house after the words you have spoken."

Lady Ruth eyed her with her sharp,
glittering eyes.

"You mean that you will leave?"
she said. "I don't think you will. I
don't think you are the kind of girl,
quite as you look, to give in to another
man so easily, especially when you
hate her as you hate me."

"I do not hate you, Lady Ruth, but
I respect myself," said Constance.

"That is all I ask," retorted her
Ladyship, quickly. "No girl in your
position who respects herself can receive
attentions from a man in the position
of the Marquis."

"I say, Ruth, we're waiting for you
now," came his voice up the stairs.

Lady Ruth opened the door.

"Remember," she said, and went.

Constance waited a moment, then
went into the school room.

Lord Lynbrook was seated at the
table, his head upon his hands, his feet
kicking absently.

"I thought you were never coming,"
he said. "What has cousin Ruth
been talking about at such a rate?"

"Never mind, Arol," said Constance,
seating herself beside him and opening
the books. "Now let me see what you
know, and how far you've got."

"All right," he said, promptly. "Hal-
loo! Why, what's that dropped on the
book? Why, Miss Graham, you're
crying."

"Oh, no, I think not," said Con-
stance, with ghostly brightness.

"Oh, but you are," he persisted, and
his arm stole round her neck. "Don't
cry, Miss Graham, dear. What is the
matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Constance,
with a gasp. "Now let us see how far you
have got in your spelling. You can
spell 'cat,' I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. C—A—T," he replied.

"Yes," thoughtfully, "that's what
Mary the house maid, called 'cousin
Rue.'"

"Hush!"

"Yes, it was very rude, wasn't it,
and she had to go. She was such a
good girl, and so kind, but she and
Cousin Ruth used to quarrel," and
with a sigh, "after she called her 'cat'
she had to go. Everybody has to go
that Cousin Ruth doesn't like."

"Yes, I hope so," said Constance.

CHAPTER VII.

The news that the Marquis had come
back spread like wildfire, and the
whole place seemed surrounded with
an atmosphere of curiosity and excite-
ment. People were so eager to see him
that they began to call immediately,
and Constance from her window
one afternoon could see the carriages
driving up the avenue.

The great castle was all stir,
servants hurrying to and fro, grooms at-
tending to the horses of the callers, and
the murmur of voices rousing the
solitude of the place, which had seemed
so unusually quiet to Constance the
evening she arrived.

She had lunched in her own room,
and was sitting there with a book in
her hand, but looking out upon the
carriage in the drive, and the beau-
tiful gardens that stretched in Italian
fashion away to the very edge of the
park.

Lord Lynbrook had been carefully
dressed in his black satin suit, with his

old Honiton lace collar, and was in the
drawing room assisting at the Marquis'
reception, for so it might almost have
been called.

Six long days had passed since
Lady Ruth had found the Marquis
eating porridge in the nursery, and ex-
pressed her views on propriety, and
Constance had lived almost entirely in
her own apartments. In the morning
she taught Lord Arol, and in the after-
noon, after another hour of "school"
she and he went out for a drive or a
walk, sometimes accompanied by the
nurse. Then Constance would come
back to her own room, and Arol would
join the Marchioness and Lady Ruth
in the drawing-room.

Each day the Marchioness had sent
up to ask if Constance would not come
down, but Constance had only appeared
at dinner once in three days, and that
evening the Marquis was not present;
he had gone to dine with Lord Elliot.

Lady Ruth treated her with that
marked politeness which is more dis-
tant than absolute rudeness, but the
Marchioness, absorbed in the son who
had so suddenly been restored to her,
saw nothing of this.

Although Constance had not been in
his presence she had both seen and
heard the Marquis.

Every morning she heard him pacing
up and down the terrace before break-
fast, generally surrounded by dogs of
all breeds and kinds, but all evidently
passionately devoted to him, and some-
times she saw him as he walked across
the lawn or rode a great raking Irish
obstout, which had been the terror of
the stable, but which the Marquis seemed
to manage without any difficulty.

She could hear his voice, deep, full
and musical, with the Brak appearing
ring of masterful command, calling to a
groom, or humming a song as he came
up the stairs or passed through the
hall.

Although he had only been so short
a time at the castle, all the servants
worshipped him, and showed a most
unusual alacrity in obeying his com-
mands.

The grooms and stable-help watched
him as he rode off on the big chestnut
as if he were the hero they had been
waiting for all their lives, and if he
spoke to one of the maid-servants whose
it is almost to mock in the house that
the girl carried her head above her fellows
for the rest of the day.

On this morning the family lawyer
had come down from town, and with
the steward, had sought an interview
with the Marquis, that they might
render some account of their steward-
ship during his absence.

But the interview had been a very
brief one.

The Marquis had listened to them
for a quarter of an hour with some-
what of remarkable patience, but at the
end of that time he remarked:—

"My good sirs, I've no doubt in
the world that what you say is perfectly
correct. I'm perfectly delighted to hear
that the estate has done so well during
my absence. Can you not tell me how
it came to be so? I'd been here; and as to
the rest of it, why?"—he shrugged his
shoulders with the Brakespear's gesture
—"if you talked for as long you
wouldn't get me to understand it."

The lawyer sighed.

"Well, my lord, we will leave you the
papers and statements, and perhaps—"

"Ah, do!" said the Marquis, seizing
the chance for escape, "and I'll go over
them—some time or other."

"He has not changed in one respect,"
said the lawyer, watching the tall figure
as it strode across the lawn, followed by
the dogs, who were always at his heels.
"I remember that as a boy it was im-
possible to tie him down to his books,
and he is just the same as a man. The
Brakespears were always restless, all
of them."

"I expect his lordship will marry and
settle down," said the steward; and it
is scarcely necessary to say that many
others were thinking the same thought.

The Marquis' estate was one of the
oldest in England, the estates were en-
ormous, and the wealth had been in-
creasing and breeding during the Mar-
quis' absence. There were few better
parties in the kingdom, and the mothers
of marriageable daughters were begin-
ning to discuss their chances and to
cast anxious glances toward him.

To be mistress of the castle, the fu-
ture Marchioness of Brakespear, and
the leader of the county! It was a
prospect, the very thought of which
made the heart of every ambitious girl
leap and thrill.

Invitations to dinner poured in upon
him and his mother, and it was made
evident that he was to be feted and
traded like a "lion," but the Marquis
did not seem disposed to be lionized,
and after accepting one or two dinners,
informed the Marchioness that he
preferred dining at home to eating in
company with a dozen or more of
fellow creatures, who either stared at
or insisted upon talking to him as if he
were a licensed curiosity and fair game
for any amount of wild inquisitiveness.

After a day or two, too, he began to
show impatience at the "morning call"
business, and almost immediately after



Thomas A. John.

A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A CAB-DRIVER'S STORY.

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt
Rheumatism. During that time I tried a great
many medicines which were highly recom-
mended, but none gave me relief. I
was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla, by a friend who told me that I
must purchase six bottles, and use them
according to directions. I yielded to his
persuasion, bought the six bottles, and
looked the contents of three of these bot-
tles without noticing any direct benefit.
Before I had finished the fourth bottle,
my limbs were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which
is that of a cab-driver, requires me to
be out in cold and wet weather, often
without gloves, and the trouble has
never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHN,
Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

lunch would leave the house, and be off
either on foot or on horseback, but al-
ways with one or more dogs following
him.

Of his past life and travels he said
nothing. There seemed to be
secretly any place in this or the other
hemisphere that he had not seen, but it
was impossible to tell how long or where
he had been at such a place, and those
who tried to form some idea of the
course of his travels were compelled to
give it up as a bad job.

Not seldom he would put a scrap to a
too persistent questioner by abruptly
changing the subject.

Continued Next Week.

He—Precious, did you give me this
beautiful umbrella because you love me?
She—No, darling, I gave it to you be-
cause I'm tired of leading you nung.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

If your clothes show signs of wear
have them dyed at

UNGAR'S.

You won't have to buy new ones.

All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry
Work done at Half Price. Un-
gar gives satisfaction.

LOCAL AGENTS: 81
Rockwell & Co.,
Wolfville, N. S.

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures
COUGHS and COLDS

In a surprisingly short time. It's a sci-
entific certainty, tried and true, soothing
and lasting in its effects.

W. C. McCORMACK & Son,
Boscawen, Ont.

Dr. J. H. Murray, Chemist,
307 Yonge St., Toronto, writes:
"As a general cough and lung cure, Pyny-
Pectoral is a good remedy. It is a safe
and gives the utmost satisfaction to me of
the best kind. I have tried it on one of
my children, and it has cured him. It is
entirely safe for all ages, being pleasant
to take, and can always be used as a safe
and reliable cough remedy."

Large Bottles, 25 Cts.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Sole Proprietors
Halifax, N. S.

DIAMOND DINNER PILLS

CONSTIPATION,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
SICK HEADACHE,
REGULATE THE LIVER

ONE PILL AFTER EATING
INSURES GOOD DIGESTION.
PRICE 25 CTS. THE DRUGS AND CHEMICAL
DEPARTMENT