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

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Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

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POETRY.

Work as Best we Can.

We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within;
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We want all pleasant ends, but will use
no harsh means.

What was the wise man's plan?
Through this sharp, toil set life,
To work as best he can,
And win what's won by strife—
But we an easier way to cheat our pain
have found.

It is so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought to
have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat
down baffled foes?

I say: Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope,
But since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope;
Because thou must not dream, thou
need'st not then despair.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—*Continued.*

"He is so wonderfully popular," said Lady Ruth. "I'm quite in love with him myself, and really, I have half a mind to set my cap at him. "You see," with a laugh, "we poor girls will have a better chance when the belle is quite out of the way!"

Constance tried to think of some light and careless response, but the words would not come at her bidding. Rawson Fenton was too grave a subject for her to joke about.

"What exquisite taste you have got!" said Lady Ruth, replacing the things in the box. "When you come back and settle down I shall come and see you, and get your advice about my frocks; I'm positively led by the nose by my tailor. Oh, I forgot to ask you, what time you expect Wolfe to-morrow night?"

She put the question with studied carelessness, and did not turn her eyes from the litter, but she stopped in her task and listened intently.

"At eight," replied Constance, concisely.

"I ask, because the duchess would put off dinner for him."

"There is no occasion," said Constance. "He will be here at eight," and she repeated the words to herself.

"How nice! He will fly back on the wings of love, of course. They will send a carriage for him. Let me see, Berrington will be the nearest?"

"Yes," assented Constance. "Perhaps," and her color rose, "I might go and meet him."

Lady Ruth looked up quickly.

"Oh, my dear, you can scarcely do that, I think. Can you?"

Constance checked a sigh.

"It will be so—so noticable," remarked Lady Ruth, with a short laugh.

"It was only a thought," said Constance, biting her lip.

"I'd wait till he reached the house. After all, it is not far."

"No, it is not far," said Constance, mechanically.

"Well, now I'll go and send your maid," remarked Lady Ruth. "You will come and see our dresses presently; they look so much better by daylight. It will be a lovely wedding, I'm sure, and you will be the prettiest bride we have had in the family for many years. You haven't given me a kiss; has Wolfe left me a tiny one?"

Wincing, but forcing a smile, Constance bent her head for the sharp, hard peck, and Lady Ruth took herself off.

There was an air of excitement throughout the house, and the duchess was in her element, seeing dresses tried on, and making preparations for the eventful day. Lady Ruth went down to the drawing-room, and taking up a piece of fancy work sat patiently waiting. Presently Mr Rawson Fenton's mail-phaeton drove up, and he was shown in.

He looked round the drawing-room with his quick, comprehensive glance, then came across to her, and, as he took her hand, said, in a low voice:

"Has she come?"

"Yes, she has come," said Lady Ruth.

He drew a breath of relief and nodded.

"And she suspects nothing," said Lady Ruth.

"No," he assented with a smile.

"And are you still confident of success?" she asked

He smiled again.

"Quite confident. My plans rarely fail, Lady Ruth.

She glanced up at him, and echoed his sigh of satisfaction.

"And you will not tell me how you mean to effect your object?" she asked with a suppressed eagerness.

He shook his head.

"I can not tell you," he replied. "I asked you to trust me, and I must ask you to do so still. But rest assured that I shall not fail. I would confide in you if I could, Lady Ruth, but it is impossible for me to do so. You have seen her?"

"Yes."

He took two or three paces.

"We must be careful. Not a word must be said, not a sign made, to rouse her suspicions. A false step at this crisis would ruin our plans."

"Say your own," she retorted. "Remember, I know nothing of them."

"It is better that you should not," he said, significantly. "When the blow falls you can say with truth that you were ignorant of the cause."

She smiled up at him.

"Carry out your object and I shall be quite satisfied," she responded.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Constance did not come down until just before lunch, and met with an affectionate welcome.

"I've got the worst part of the business at this wedding," said the duke, gallantly. "Gad! if I had my way, I wouldn't give you away at all."

Rawson Fenton, who had been walking round the grounds, came in as they were taking their seats at the table, and went up to her.

Constance gave him her hand, with a few cold words of greeting, and his manner was a perfect study of polite respect and friendliness.

He took a seat at some distance from her, and throughout the meal did not address her; but he seemed in a very light humor, and joined in the conversation with a humorous sprightliness which caused a great deal of laughter.

"You seem in very good spirits, Fenton," said the duke. "I suppose you feel sure of the election?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "as sure as a man can feel. I address a big meeting to-morrow night. Will you come over, duke?"

"No, by George!" said his grace. "I shall stop at home and save myself up for the next day. I don't go through a wedding every week, you know!"

The gentlemen left the table directly lunch was over to walk round the farm and smoke a cigar, and Rawson Fenton included Constance in his bow of farewell.

Her spirits rose at his departure, and as she was carried off by Lady Ruth to see the bride maids' dresses, her laugh rang out musically.

There would be no more trouble with Rawson Fenton. The day after to-morrow she would be Wolfe's wife, and safe from any further persecution. It was evident, she thought by his manner to-day that he had at last made up his mind to forget her, and now all was well.

The day passed, and Constance fell asleep that night counting the hours to Wolfe's return—fell asleep to dream of him. When she awoke in the morning the sky was overcast by threatening clouds, and the duchess at breakfast was in an agony of apprehension for the weather on the morrow.

"If it should rain I shall cry, my dear," she said, solemnly.

"And I shall cry in any case," said Lady Ruth. "I always do at a wedding."

"It will be too awful to have to walk from the church to the porch under umbrellas," remarked Lady Kate, pouting. "One can't very well wear waterproofs at a wedding."

A chorus of horror greeted this remark, but Constance smiled unmoved. What did it matter to her that the sun shined or the clouds frowned, so that she married Wolfe?

She was very quiet, almost silent, all the morning; in truth, she seemed to be moving in dreamland, so great was the happiness which suffused her as the hours flew by.

"Most girls are in a terrible state of fidgets the day before their wedding," said Kate, with that air of vast experience which very young girls display on such occasions; "but Constance is as calm and self-possessed as if one of us were going to be married instead of herself."

"Constance is what is called 'very good form,'" remarked the duchess, approvingly. "I have never seen her flurried, and I don't think that she ever will be."

Lady Ruth smiled as she bent over her eternal tatting.

"Constance is all that is good and clever and admirable," she said; "and Wolfe is the luckiest man in the world."

Lunch was got through rather hurriedly, for, as is always the case, there were several things to be done, little finishing touches to be given to the all-important dresses, and Constance went up to her room, where Mary, the maid, was arranging the last piece of lace, and making the final preparations.

Constance offered to help her, but Mary refused any assistance, and drawing a chair to the fire, intimated pretty plainly that she would be best pleased if her beloved mistress would recline in idleness.

Constance took a book, but it was a mere pretence of reading, and she leaned back and looked at the fire with happy, dreamy eyes.

At eight o'clock Wolfe would be there. She would sit next him at dinner, and spend the evening with him, would be able to see his handsome face, and hear his well-loved voice, and then he would go. But the next day he would come to her, never to part from her more.

She went over this delightful prospect again and again, never wearying of it, and the afternoon passed, and Mary, looking up from her little heap of millinery, remarked, in an undertone, that she must ring for a lamp.

"I'll get you a cup of tea up here, if you like, miss," she said, shrewdly suspecting that Constance would rather continue dreaming before the fire than go down to the others in the drawing-room.

"Will you, please?" said Constance, jumping at the offer; and Mary left the room.

A few minutes afterward Constance heard her re-enter, as she thought, but, looking round, she saw that it was Lady Ruth.

She had her hat and jacket on, and, in a casual way, Constance though that she looked pale.

"I thought you were up here, dear," said Lady Ruth. "I have been in the garden. It is so nice and fresh, and such a lovely gloaming."

It was not like Lady Ruth to talk about the gloaming, and Constance looked at her with a faint surprise.

"Do you care to go for a turn?" continued Lady Ruth; "you are not busy, are you?"

"No," said Constance; "I am doing nothing, and have been doing nothing all the afternoon. Mary will not let me help her."

"Then, 'come into the garden, Maud!'" exclaimed Lady Ruth, with a laugh that sounded rather forced. "We will not stay long, only a few minutes; but it really is very nice out there."

Constance rose, and fetched her out door things from the next room.

"I see you have everything packed," said Lady Ruth.

"Yes, I think so," assented Constance. "Mary has been very busy all day."

"Ah, well! it is only a few hours now, my dear," laughed Lady Ruth. "I do hope it will be a fine day. It has cleared up during the afternoon. Are you ready?" she asked, glancing at her watch with a suppressed impatience.

"Quite," said Constance, as she came out of the other room. "Did you say it had cleared up? Why, it is raining a little!"

"Only a very little," said Lady Ruth, with almost feverish eagerness. "It will not hurt us; we are neither of us likely to melt with a few drops of rain; besides, it is scarcely anything to speak of."

"Oh, I am not afraid," responded Constance, with a laugh.

They went down the stairs, Lady Ruth talking as she went, and passed out on to the terrace.

"Let us go toward the shrubbery," she said. "There is no wind there, and it is quite warm and sheltered."

"Very well," assented Constance, wondering a little at Lady Ruth's persistence.

They went toward the shrubbery, which ran from east to west, and completely hid the broad, evenly graveled walk from the many windows of the great house.

"I hate being shut up all day," said Lady Ruth, "and I was getting terribly bored. I suppose you will not come back to England until the summer has quite set in?"

"I think not," replied Constance, dreamily, for the words had called up the happy prospect before her.

"I hope you and Wolfe will have a good time," said Lady Ruth. "I have often wanted to winter in Italy, and—oh, dear!" she stopped short, with a gesture of annoyance.

"What is the matter?" asked Constance, awakening from her dream.

"Why, I have done such a stupid thing! I wrote a letter to papa, and forgot to put it in the letter-bag; and the man is just starting with it."

"Let us go back at once," said Constance.

"No, no! I will go back. I left it on the writing-table in the drawing-room. I can run in at the side door there, and get it in a minute or two. Don't you come, it is so nice out here. Go on to the arbor and wait for me. I shan't be two minutes, at the outside."

"Very well," said Constance, and Lady Ruth ran off.

She did not go further than the house before she stopped—stopped panting, as if she had run a mile; and leaning against the stone coping, looked toward the shrubbery, her face white with excitement and suspense.

Constance walked along slowly and reached the arbor. She had not intended going in, but as it began to rain steadily she entered for shelter.

It was almost dark inside, and for a moment she did not see that she was not alone; but suddenly a voice said "Constance!" and she saw Rawson Fenton standing before her.

She started, and turned to leave at once, but, unseen by her, he had glided between her and the door, and stood barring the egress.

"Do not be alarmed," he said, and his voice sounded cold and strained, as if he were trytng to keep it under control. "Why should you fly from me, as if I were something to be feared?"

"Let me pass, Mr Fenton!" she exclaimed, haughtily, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Please wait," he said. "I have wished to see you; I have something to say to you."

"You can have nothing to say to me," she said, quietly. "Stand aside, if you please."

He stood immovable.

"Constance—"

"You have no right to address me by my Christian name, Mr Fenton," she broke in upon him with an indignant flush. "I do not wish—I will not—listen to you. Once more, let me pass!"

"Not yet," he returned, his voice low and hard. "If, when you have heard what I have to say, you still desire to leave me, I will let you go; but—"

"Do you mean that you will keep me by force?" she demanded, amazed at his audacity.

"By force—of reason and argument—yes," he said.

"You planned this!" she exblaimed, as there suddenly flashed through her mind the pains Lady Ruth had taken to get her into the garden, and the ruse by which she had been induced to enter the arbor. "You planned this, and Lady Ruth was your accomplice!"

He smiled as if it were not worth while to deny it.

"Do not be angry," he said slowly; "all is fair in love and war. Yes, I arranged this interview, and Lady Ruth was good enough to assist me."

Constance drew herself up to her full height.

"It was worthy of you both!" she said; "but you can not force me to remain. Stand aside at once—at once!"

He leaned against the opening and folded his arms.

"If you are wise you will remain for the few minutes I ask, for my sake and your own."

There was something in the tone, rather than the words, that struck a chill to Constance's heart.

"Say what you have to say quickly," she said, haughtily. "You do not need me to tell you that I shall not regard anything you may say."

"I think you will," he retorted, quietly. "You know me well enough to be sure that I should not have forced this interview upon you unless for strong reasons. I am not a man to waste my opportunities reckiessly. Constance, I have serious news for you."

She turned her face from him with a proud, indignant indifference and contempt.

"You were to have been married to-morrow—"

"Were to have been!" She did not move, but her lips wreathed with a smile of scorn. "Were to have been!"

His face darkened.

"Do you think I speak idly?" he demanded. "Do you know me so little? Look back, Constance. Do you think I am a man to try and frighten you by the use of big words meaning nothing? I say you were to have been married to-morrow, and I have come to tell you that it cannot be!"

Continued Next Week.

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To the disease-burdened we would say, despair not. You may renew life and establish a condition of health that will cause your friends amazement and wonder. Paine's Celery Compound will do the good work for you. It restores lost vigor and vitality, gives new, fresh blood, braces up the nerves, and builds up flesh and muscle.

Paine's Celery Compound—the century's wonder—is no new and untried remedy. It has been tried and tested for years, and has proved triumphant in the most obstinate cases. It has saved life after all other medicines failed, and has the approval of the best medical men on this continent.

If the shadows of disease are hovering over you, if you are not as bright, energetic and strong as you were some weeks ago, a few doses of Paine's Celery Compound will tone up your whole system, cleanse the blood, correct indigestion, sharpen the appetite, and give you a vim and vigor that you will thoroughly appreciate.

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Waggles—I'm hungry enough to eat a dry crust, good woman.

Good woman—Sorry I have none. Shut the gate when you go out.

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