

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, AUGUST 7, 1896.

No. 48.

THE ACADIAN.
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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Notices for standing advertisements will be inserted on application to the printer, and payment must be made in advance. The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction in 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 will invariably accompany the communication, although the name may be written in a fictitious signature. Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.



THE
Wolfville Clothing Co.
—CLAIM THE—
Best Assorted Stock of Cloths Imported and Domestic.
The Largest Staff of Experienced Workmen, and a Cutter of more thorough Practical Experience than any Tailoring Establishment in Kings County.
Can't we sell you your next suit?
NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.

A. H. WESTHAVER,
Watchmaker & Jeweller.
First Class Work at short notice.
FINE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
A neat line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles to select from. Call and see him. Charges moderate.
Satisfaction given or money returned.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER
IS A VERY OUBATABLE REMEDY, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and is guaranteed in its quick action to relieve distress, such as in a new cure for RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SPRAINS, STIFFNESS, COLIC, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, CHOLERA, and all other ailments.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Truitt, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. Half hour prayer-meeting after evening service every Sunday. B. Y. P. U. Young People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock and regular Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mission Aid Society meets on Wednesday after the first Sunday in the first Sunday in the month at 3:30 p. m.
COUNCIL W. B. ROBERTS, W. B. ROBERTS, Secy.

FRESHETTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. F. M. Macdonald, Pastor. St. Andrew's Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. at the Church, Lower Horton; Public Worship on Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.
METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the members are cordially welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion 1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 6th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, Warden.
S. J. Bathurst, Organist.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, O. C. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8:00 o'clock.
ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 8:00 o'clock.
CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

LOOK!
There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat store in
Crystal Palace Block!
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. N. DUNCANSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1896.

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"Is she asleep?" he murmured, and his voice grew softer than any one would have believed Mr Rawson Fenton's voice could become. "Does she dream? Yes," and his face darkened. "Of the great man she loves and thinks she is to marry; not of me, not of me!"
Dream on, Constance! By Heaven, the awakening will be worth seeing!

POETRY.
Is Might Right?
BY GOLDSMITH.
Ill faves the land, to hastening ill a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath can make them fade;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.
A time there was, as England's grief began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For his light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but no more.
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered; trade's impeding train
Urges the land, and dispossesses the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, each smile, and brightened all the green,
Those, for departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

SELECT STORY.
Wolfe the Ranger.
CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.
"By Heaven," he muttered, "at my feet she shall beg me to make her my wife! She who spurned me from her as if I had been a dog!"
The dawn crept through the shutters and woke him from his delirium of anticipation.
Most men would in this, the first spasm of excitement, have gone to bed, to rest if not to sleep; but it was characteristic of this man that even in the hour of his exaltation, when the hope of his life, which had seemed a little while ago so hopeless, was now within his grasp, that he should by mere force of will be able to thrust his burning thoughts away from him and concentrate his mind upon smaller matters.
He drew his letters and papers toward him, and opened and read them with the careful and systematic attention which he always gave. He answered some, and put others aside for further consideration.
Presently he came upon one which caused his brows to knit.
It was very simple and very short, and contained a request that Mr Rawson Fenton would inform the writer whether he (Mr Fenton) intended standing for Berrington.
A few hours ago he would have answered at once in the affirmative.
But he hesitated now and pondered deeply.
Then suddenly he drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote rapidly, informing the inquirer that it was his intention to stand.
"The cards are in my hands," he muttered, "but they need playing. One false lead and I may lose. Yes, the election will account for my presence here, and direct any suspicious Constance may have. I shall be able to see

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Rawson Fenton took a handful of small rosettes from his pocket, and held them out laughingly.
"If I could persuade Miss Grahame to wear my badge," he said, his eyes flashing on her face.
Constance drew back, and raised her eyes to his with something like cold defiance in their depths.
The gesture and the look accompanied by it was so marked a refusal that the marquis was rather surprised; but Rawson Fenton did not seem at all disconcerted.
"It was too much to hope for," he said, bowing deprecatingly. "I must be content with the reflection that Miss Grahame will, I trust, refuse my opponent's colors as she has done mine."
"I shall wear neither," said Constance, in a low, distinct voice.
"I am satisfied," he said. "It is some consolation to know that if you are not for me you are not against me, Miss Grahame."
Then he gathered his reins in his hand and raised his hat.
"I must not keep you. Good-morning!" and he rode on.
They, as they rode off in the opposite direction, did not see the contraction of his features into one look of intense determination; an expression which curiously transformed the self-possessed face into one of almost malignant emotion.
"You will not wear my colors, my preud lady!" he muttered, as he dug the spurs into his horse. "I will remind you of that presently, and, if I choose, you shall wear blue for the remainder of your life!"
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Only now and then did one more thoughtful than the rest shake his head and decide that it all amounted to nothing, and was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.
But there could be no doubt as to his popularity, and he moved in a circle of admirers, who followed and buzzed round him. And through it all he carried in his bosom, always slight and glowing, the burning purpose of his life. He could not hear Constance's name without a thrill and sudden leap of the heart, though when he chanced to meet her there were no signs of his emotion

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Only now and then did one more thoughtful than the rest shake his head and decide that it all amounted to nothing, and was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.
But there could be no doubt as to his popularity, and he moved in a circle of admirers, who followed and buzzed round him. And through it all he carried in his bosom, always slight and glowing, the burning purpose of his life. He could not hear Constance's name without a thrill and sudden leap of the heart, though when he chanced to meet her there were no signs of his emotion

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"Certainly, certainly," assented the marquis, who was in the frame of mind to grant anything.
"And perhaps you will be so good as to speak a few words some time or other."
The marquis made a little grimace.
"Yes, I will," he said; "but I'm a wretched speaker."
"I see my opponent is hard at work also," said Rawson Fenton, as a pony carriage drove by in which were two ladies wearing yellow rosettes.
"You must get the ladies to do your colors," said the marquis. "Fortunately for you, blue is more becoming than yellow to most people."
Rawson Fenton took a handful of small rosettes from his pocket, and held them out laughingly.
"If I could persuade Miss Grahame to wear my badge," he said, his eyes flashing on her face.
Constance drew back, and raised her eyes to his with something like cold defiance in their depths.
The gesture and the look accompanied by it was so marked a refusal that the marquis was rather surprised; but Rawson Fenton did not seem at all disconcerted.
"It was too much to hope for," he said, bowing deprecatingly. "I must be content with the reflection that Miss Grahame will, I trust, refuse my opponent's colors as she has done mine."
"I shall wear neither," said Constance, in a low, distinct voice.
"I am satisfied," he said. "It is some consolation to know that if you are not for me you are not against me, Miss Grahame."
Then he gathered his reins in his hand and raised his hat.
"I must not keep you. Good-morning!" and he rode on.
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