

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, DECEMBER 13, 1895.

No. 15.

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

HAVE RE-STOCKED
the T. A. Munro Tailoring Establishment
with a fine line of **NEW IMPORTED CLOTHS**—Scott and English Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges, Overcoatings, Trouserings.
By close attention to business and a long experience in manufacturing Fine Custom Clothing, the manager feels that this Establishment will fill a want in Wolfville.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
NOBLE CRANDALL,
MANAGER.
TELEPHONE NO. 35.

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 ar-
rangements for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment in advance is neces-
sary. Payment in advance is necessary.
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 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 copy, and
not be a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

U don't hav 2 go

2 Halifax 2 get
clothes. But if U
want them made 2
fit, wear,
and give you a gentlemanly appear-
ance, go to
N. L. McDONALD,
MERCHAND TAILOR,
78 Upper Water St. - 78.
Halifax, N. S. 32

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether di-
rected to his name or another's or whether
he has subscribed or not—is responsible
for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or
the publisher may continue to send it until
payment is made, and collect the whole
sum, whether the paper is taken from
the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refus-
ing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for some time,
is evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8.00 A. M. to 8.30 P. M.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 8.15
A. M.
Express west close at 9.50 A. M.
Express east close at 5.00 P. M.
Kentville close at 6.45 P. M.
Geo. V. HARRIS, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed
on Saturday at 1 P. M.
G. W. MORSE, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter,
Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11
A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.
Half hour prayer-meeting after evening
service every Sunday, B. Y. P. U. Young
People's prayer-meeting on Tuesday even-
ing 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 Sun-
day in the first trimester in the month at
7.30 P. M.
C. W. ROBERTS, W. HARRIS & B. W. BARRIS.

FRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Pastor: Dr. Andrew's Church,
Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School
at 4.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday
at 7.30 P. M. Chalmers' 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 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on
Wednesday evening at 7.30. All the
seats are free and strangers welcomed at
all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7.30 P. M. on Thursdays.

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 5th at
8 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7.30
P. M.
REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stone, J. Wardens,
S. J. Lutherford, J. Wardens.

St. Francis (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,

P. P. Mass 11.00 A. M. on the fourth Sunday of
each month.

POETRY.

When all the Wrongs Are Righted.
When the wrongs have all been righted,
And the crooked ways made straight,
Shadows raised from minds brightened
In the Home, and in the State;
When the dark clouds have been lifted
And the light comes breaking through
Many burdens, gently lifted—
Shared by all, and not by few.
When the wrongs have all been righted,
And the sunshine lasts the day,
Friends you seek who once were slight-
ed,
With all malice laid away.
When the wrongs have all been righted,
And the hidden things made plain,
Staying hearts then re-united,
Know they need not rove again.
Broken vows will be re-pledged,
All the barriers torn away,
When the wrongs have all been righted,
And the sunshine lasts the day.
When the wrongs have all been righted,
And the truth shall—ah! but stay—
Canst thou hand will have been sighted,
Ere all doubt is cleared away.
Not till all the world is lighted
By the Sun of Righteousness,
Will the wrongs of earth be righted,
Or the wrongs forever redress.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER III.

Twelve months later a young lady
stepped from the train at Berrington
Station. She was alone, and dressed
in plain mourning, and there was that
indecipherable look in her face which
speaks so eloquently and unmistakably
of a heavy sorrow, lived through, yet
not forgotten.
A porter came up, and, after a glance
at the beautiful face, touched his hat
and asked, respectfully, though she had
alighted from a third-class carriage—
"Any luggage, miss?"
"A small portmanteau," replied Con-
stance; and at the sound of her voice,
so low and sweet, the man touched his
cap again.
Constance looked round the station.
"Can you tell me the way to Brake
Square Castle?" she said.
"Well, miss, it's three miles or near,"
replied the porter. "You'll take a fly?"
As he spoke a carriage dashed into
the station yard, and, almost before it
had stopped, the door was flung open
and a little boy ran out, and, heedless
of the footman, who called to him in
polite remonstrance, ran through the
gateway on to the platform.
He was a child of seven or eight,
with a pretty face, round which long
auburn curls hung in profusion, falling
in a shower of silken splendor upon his
vestments.
Constance was losing herself in girl-
like admiration of the beauty and grace
of the little fellow, when he ran up to
her, and, sweeping of his cap, said:
"Oh, please, are you Miss Graba-
me?"
"Yes, I am Miss Grabame," said
Constance.
His face lighted up with a smile,
and he held out a tiny hand, but drew
it back and whipped off his glove.
"I beg your pardon. There—I'm
always forgetting. I'm so glad you
have come. I've come to meet you.
Grandma would have come too, but she
has one of her headaches."
Constance took the little hand, and
bent down and kissed the bright eyes.
"It was very kind of you to meet
me, Lord Lancelot," she said.
"Oh, not a bit, James," and he
turned to the footman and porter, who
stood like statues, "see to Miss Gra-
bame's luggage. Come along," and
with a little air of childish importance,
which was delightfully frank and easy,
he led the way to the carriage, holding
out his hand to assist her in, as if he
were at least ten years older.
"I'm afraid you see very tired," he
said. "Would you like the window
up or down? Down? So do I. I

like to look out and see things. You
must be tired! But we shan't be
long; I told Williams to drive quickly."
"I am not tired," said Constance,
smiling down at him from the fulness
of her heart, for the child's frank wel-
come had cheered her. "I am used to
taking long journeys, and this, from
London to Buckinghamshire, does not
seem so far."
"Yes, I know; I heard grandma say
that you had come from abroad.
Rights across the sea. How I should
like to have been with you!"
"I wish you had," said Constance.
"Do you?" He looked at her with
his large, thoughtful, and yet perfectly
bright eyes. "Well, I do wish I had.
I like you. Is that rude? Do you
mind my saying it?"
"Not in the least," responded Con-
stance.
"Thank you," he said, gravely.
"I'm always making mistakes, grandma
says, and you must correct me."
"If that was a mistake it was a very
pretty one," said Constance, smilingly.
He thought over this for a moment,
then nodded.
"I understand. I hope you'll like
me. Miss Brownjohn didn't, she said
I was a troublesome child, and I'm
afraid I am."
"I hope not," said Constance. "And
who was Miss Brownjohn?"
"She was my last governess; she was
a beauty—"
"And the truth shall—ah! but stay—
Canst thou hand will have been sighted,
Ere all doubt is cleared away.
Not till all the world is lighted
By the Sun of Righteousness,
Will the wrongs of earth be righted,
Or the wrongs forever redress."

and was trying to think of some way
to stop these family confidences without
wounding the little fellow's feelings,
when he went on in the same childish
fashion.
"I wish he would come back, then
grandma wouldn't cry any more."
"Is the marquis not at the castle
then?" said Constance, in her surprise.
"No; we don't know where he is
just now; grandma had a letter some
months ago from some place abroad,
but it said nothing of his coming home.
You see he was always"—he lowered
his voice and looked up at her solemn-
ly—"very wild! Grandpa and he
quarrelled very badly, and he—I mean
Uncle Wolfe, of course—went off like
—like a shot! Oh, here we are.
Look, that's the castle!" and he pointed
to a huge castellated pile which
rose majestically above the trees on a
height to their left.
"It's a very large place," said Con-
stance, drinking in the beauty of the
scene; the long road winding between
rows of stately elms, amid which a
brook ran putting and breaking into
foaming little cascades, "and very, very
beautiful!"
"I'm glad you like it," said Lord
Lancelot. "I like it too. I don't
think any place I've seen half so pretty
as Brake Square, and I've been about a
great deal, too," he added with a touch
of pride. "I went to London once. I
wonder Uncle Wolfe can stop away
from such a nice place, especially as it's
his own. I think it's very bad taste
don't you, Miss Grabame?"
"I don't think I've any right to offer
an opinion, Arj," said Constance.
"Here we are!" he exclaimed, as the
carriage passed under a tall and stately
arch of ivy-clad masonry, and drew up
at the entrance to the castle.
A footman opened the door, and
Lord Lancelot sprang out and offered
his hand to Constance. A reverend-
looking old man with white hair and a
benevolent countenance came down the
wide steps and bowed.
"Miss Grabame?"
"All right, Belford, I'll take Miss
Grabame to grandma," he said in Lord
Lancelot's ear.
"Very good, my lord," said the
butler.
"Come on," said the boy, and he
clasped Constance's hand and led her
up the steps and into the hall.
It was a huge hall, and seemed, with
its great stained-glass windows, armor,
and tattered flags hanging from the
roof, more like a cathedral than a por-
tion of a modern dwelling house. A
footman in a dark and sombre livery
opened a door, and, still holding her
hand, he little guide drew her into a
small but richly decorated room.
The light was subdued by curtains
of rose-pink silk and lace, and for a
moment or two Constance was rather
dazed; then she saw an old lady with
moony hair, and dressed in plain black
silk, rise from a low chair and ap-
proach her.
"Here's Miss Grabame, grandma!"
exclaimed Lord Lancelot, his clear
child's voice ringing out in the still
room.
The Countess of Brake Square held
out her hand—as was white as the
musician's handkerchief across her
shoulders—and looked into Constance's
face; and as she did so her hand
closed on the girl's fingers with a warm
and gracious pressure.
"I am very glad to see you, Miss
Grabame," she said, in so low a voice
that it seemed as if pitched to harmon-
ize with the repose and quietude of the
room. "You have had a long journey,
I hope my little chatter-box has not
made you more weary?" and she put
her arm round his neck.
"Have I? I never thought of
that!" said Lord Lancelot, remorse-
fully, and he took the white withered
hand and pressed it against his cheek
penitently.
"No, indeed," said Constance.
"We are great friends already, I hope."
"Yes, I like her. Isn't she beauti-
ful, grandma?" said Lord Lancelot
in a confidential but perfectly audible
whisper to the marchioness's ear.
The old lady smiled.
"Arol's opinion is, at any rate, a
good one," she said gently to Con-
stance. "And now you will like to go
upstairs and rest. Arol, dear child,
ring the bell."
"Oh, I'll take her up," said his lord-

ship. "I'd like to."
"May he?" asked the marchioness.
For answer Constance held out her
hand to the boy, and seizing it prompt-
ly, he led her out of the room, as he
had guided her in, and up the great
staircase which led to a corridor run-
ning completely round the vast hall.
The marchioness must have rung
the bell, for a maid in a black dress,
with a muslin apron and a white cap
of a peculiar but remarkably becoming
shape, was standing waiting for them,
and dropping a courtesy, opened one
of the doors in the corridor.
Constance was just entering, when
another door opened, and a young lady
came out with a quick but noiseless
step. She was small, not only short,
but petite in make, with dark hair
brushed close upon her brows, and
forming a setting for a pale, sharply
defined face which, if it possessed any
beauty, owed it to the dark eyes, which
were brilliant and penetrating, and
seemed to Constance to be fixed on her
face with a scrutiny more keen than
is customary or necessary.
"Oh, Cousin Ruth, this is Miss Gra-
bame." The lady did not offer her
hand as the marchioness had done, but
contented herself with a bow, as her
eyes ran—there is no other word—over
Constance's figure.
"I am glad to see you, Miss Gra-
bame," she said. "Arol, don't be a
nuisance." Her voice was pitched
low, but was as sharply decisive and
acute as her face.
Constance returned the bow, and the
lady passed downstairs.
Then Constance turned to her room.
For a moment she almost hesitated to
enter. It seemed scarcely possible that
this large and luxuriously appointed
apartment should be intended for her.
But the maid entered and arranged
the blinds, and then opening another
door, revealed a smaller room furnished
in white as a bedroom. Constance's
portmanteau stood on a settee, and it
required at least that conclusive evi-
dence to convince her that some mistake
had not been made.
"Here you are," said Lord Lancelot;
"I hope you like your room. Come
to the window, and he dragged her
there. "You can see the great
lake in the park; that's alluring there
like gold. I fish there sometimes, when
George—that's my groom—has time
to go with me; but, with a sigh, "he's
always busy. You'll come, perhaps,
instead of him?"
"Your lordship should leave Miss
Grabame alone, I think," said the maid.
Lord Lancelot sighed.
"Well, I suppose I must," he said.
"But you won't be long. Will you
give me a kiss? But perhaps you
would rather not."
Constance bent down, and the boy
put his arms round her neck and pressed
his lips to her soft red cheek.
"I never kissed Miss Brownjohn,"
he said; "I didn't like to. But then
you don't take snuff, and with a skip
and a jump he ran out of the room.
The lady addressed as Cousin Ruth
went down the stairs and into the
drawing-room, where the marchioness
was sitting in the dim light, a book
lying face downward on her lap.
"I've just seen the new governess,"
she said, seating herself on the old
lady and commencing some cruel
work, which she executed with a char-
acteristic rapidity.
"Yes," said the marchioness; "we
are very fortunate, I think. She has
a sweet face, and is, I am sure, a lady
and amiable."
"Yes," assented Lady Ruth; "I
carefully noticed her." Not a detail of
Constance's appearance or dress had
escaped her sharp eyes. "Oh, yes,
she looks a lady; but so do most people
nowadays. I've no say isn't it?"
"I don't know," replied the march-
ioness, gently; "I'm so little of the
world. But I am sure there can be no
mistaking Miss Grabame's rightful
claim to the title, poor girl."
Continued Next Week.



A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking
AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A CAR-DRIVER'S STORY.
"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt
Rheum. During that time I tried a great
many remedies which were highly rec-
ommended, 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 the genuine, and use it ac-
cording to directions. I yielded to his
persuasion, bought the six bottles, and
took the contents of three of these bot-
tles without making any direct benefit
known. I had almost the fourth bottle,
my hands were cured."
Free from Eruptions
as ever they were. My business, which
is that of a car-driver, requires me to
be out of doors in wet weather, often
without gloves, and the trouble has
never returned.—THOMAS A. JONES,
Burlington, Ont.
Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla
Adapted to the World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

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 Halifax prices. Un-
equal gives satisfaction.

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

Break Up a Cold in Time

BY USING
PYNY-PECTORAL
The Quick Cure for COUGHS,
COLDS, BRON-
CHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.
Mrs. JOSEPH NORTON,
of 65 Somerset Ave., Toronto, writes:
"I have used Pyny-Pectoral for several
years, and have never known a cough
or cold that it did not cure. It has
several other excellent cough cures for
family use. I have never known it fail."
For cough, croup or hoarseness.
J. O. BARRON,
of Little Rock, N.B., writes:
"As a cure for coughs Pyny-Pectoral
is the best thing I have ever used."
Lodge Street, 25 Cts.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, MONTREAL.

Money to Loan.

On Good Land Security!
Apply to
E. S. Crawley,
SOLICITOR.
Wolfville, May 22d, 1894.

The "D. & L."

Menthol Plaster
Has been used since D. & L. Menthol Plaster
for relief in the most difficult cases,
and is recommended as a safe,
reliable and effective remedy for
rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica,
etc. Price 50c.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, MONTREAL.

DIAMOND INNER PILLS

CURE
CONSTIPATION,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
SICK HEADACHE,
REGULATE THE LIVER
ONE PILL AFTER EATING
REQUIRES GOOD DIGESTION.
PRICE 25 CTS. THE DODD'S PILL CO. CAN.

DWELL & CO.,
WATER ST.,
N. S.
Engineers, Machinists,
Marine Stationers and
Compound
and Mining Machinery,
etc.

SMITH,
TAILORING,
Hollis Street,
Halifax, N. S.

S. A. GRAY
Carpenter and
Builder,
70 St. (Cor. Jacob)
Halifax.
PHONE 610

D. ROCHE,
STOCK
DRESSES, ROOM PAPER,
CUTS, UPWARDS) 31
St. St. Halifax, N. S.

and Sons,
and
e Works.

4 Argyle St.,
Halifax, N. S.

Description of
ery Work in-
ished Grantie
nd Marble.
and prices furnished on
application.

Sale
able building lot on Main
adjoining the residence of
Mr. M. H. Taylor. The purchase
y may be on mortgage.

J. E. MULLONEY,
April 25th, 1894.

THE 1895.
uth Steamship Co.
(LIMITED)

QUICKEST TIME,
ours between Yarmouth
and Boston.

encing Nov. 6.
STEEL STEAMER
"BOSTON"

urther notice will leave Yar-
outh for Boston every

and Sat. Ev'gs.
arrival of the Express train
Halifax. Returning, leave Lewis
station, at 12 noon, every TUES-
DAY, making close con-
nection with Dominion
Ry. and Coach Lines for all
Nova Scotia.

the fastest steamer plying be-
tween Scotia and the United States
is the most pleasing route be-
cause of the combining safety
and speed.

mail carried on steamer,
sold to all points in Canada, via
Vermont or Canadian Pacific
to New York via Fall River
Kingston Line, New York, Havre
and Boston and Albany R.R.,
and other information apply to
Atlantic, I. C. and N. S. C.
Agents or to

PHASE, L. E. BAKER,
and Treas. Manager.
Halifax, Nov. 1st, 1895.

UNION ATLANTIC

RAILWAY.
OF "EVANGELINE" ROUTE

after Monday, 7th October,
trains of this Railway will run
daily excepted).

as will ARRIVE WOLFVILLE:
from Kentville..... 5.35, 8.15
Halifax..... 9.13, 8.15
Yarmouth..... 4.20, 8.15
Halifax..... 4.05, 8.15
Richmond..... 11.30, 8.15
Annapolis..... 11.35, 8.15
Halifax..... 11.40, 8.15

St. John and Digby.
St. John..... 4.45, 8.15
Digby..... 10.10, 8.15
are run on Eastern Standard
Time.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.
BERLAND, Superintendent.

DENTISTRY

LAWRENCE will be at his
office in Shaw's building, opposite
to House every Thursday, Fri-
day Saturday. Office open every