

THE ACADIAN

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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.

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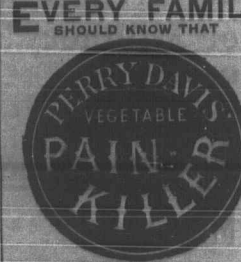
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A neat line of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery and Spectacles to select from. Call and see him. Charges moderate.

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EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT



In a very remarkable remedy, both for internal and external use, and well adapted to the quick action to relieve distress.

PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Migraine, Stomachache, Cholera, and all kinds of Pain.

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POETRY.

This Canada of Ours.

In this Dominion
In this region of the West
And this Canada of ours
Is the land we love the best;

For our homes are built of plenty,
And our people are as noble
As the lords of any land.

We have many little Eden's
Scattered up and down the dale;
We've a hundred pretty hamlets
Nestling in our peaceful vales;

Here the sunlight likes to linger
And the summer winds to blow,
Here the rosy spring in April
Leaves its laughing from the snow.

We have springs of healing waters;
We have everlastings hills;
That encircle in their journey
Half a thousand happy hills.

Till the oppressed of every nation—
Him that digs and him that delves—
If they'll eat their lot among us,
We will make them like ourselves.

For the west shall be a garden,
And its glories be unfolded,
Till its beauty be a byword
With the peoples of the world;

And the east shall bring us shipping
That shall whiten every sea,
And the boast of this Dominion
Shall be British trade.

And if foes too strong oppress us,
On a little island there
Dwells a lion that can shield us
By the terror of his roar;

For its flag that rules the ocean
Is the monarch of the shore—
It has braved a thousand battles,
And can brave a thousand more.

Neath its folds, in silent sorrow,
We will wrap our fallen brave,
But we'll wave it high in triumph
Over every coward's grave.

Till, in spite of foe and traitor,
By the world it shall be seen,
That we pride in our Dominion,
Love old England and our Queen.

And our fathers up in heaven
In the land far away
Looking down with pride upon us
To each other then shall say:

"These our children emulate us,
Tread the righteous path we trod
Live in peace and honest plenty—
Love their country and their God."

First class teams with all the reasonable
equipment. Come one, come all,
and you shall be used right.
Beautiful Double Teams, for special
occasions. Telephone No. 41,
Office Central Telephone.

W. J. BALCOM,
PROPRIETOR.
Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

Livery Stables!
Until further notice at
"Bay View."

First class teams with all the reasonable
equipment. Come one, come all,
and you shall be used right.
Beautiful Double Teams, for special
occasions. Telephone No. 41,
Office Central Telephone.

W. J. BALCOM,
PROPRIETOR.
Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

Wolfe the Ranger.
CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

Rawson Fenton put his hands in his
overcoat pockets.

"Don't go, my man," he said smoothly.
"I see the village constable standing
by the inn there, and I shall be
compelled to call him if you attempt to
leave me."

The man started, and shot a glance
across the road, where the policeman
stood, as Rawson Fenton had said.

"I ain't afraid of the bobby," he said,
sullenly, but he stood still.

"Very good," retorted Rawson Fen-
ton, "then you can have no objection
to his being present at our little inter-
view."

The man muttered an impatient oath.
"What's your game, guv'nor?" he
demanded, angrily. "I've got no busi-
ness with you. What do you want
with me? Can't a man pass the time
of night without being took for a thief?"

"Not always," was the bland respon-
se.

"What I want is a little information, I
am curious to know why you stopped
just now, and for whom you took
me."

"My brother," snapped the man.
Rawson Fenton laughed unpleasantly.

"Really! We are not very much
alike, either, I fancy myself, my
friend," he retorted. "You are keeping

your promise; that is the number one,
Did you expect to see your brother
coming from the castle in evening
dress?"

"The man hung his head morosely.
"It's no business of yours," he said,
under his breath.

"No; but I mean to make it. What
were you after—a hare in the park?"

"The man looked up as if he rather
welcomed the suggestion.

"A chap might do worse, guv'nor,"
he said.

Rawson Fenton smiled.

"Life number two," he remarked,
quietly. "You are no poacher, my
friend. You haven't the cut of one.
Come, I'm curious, and when I am sur-
e I am not easily put off. You'll
find you'll have to open your heart to
me before we part."

"I'm cussed if I do!" snarled the
man. "Who are you, I should like to
know?"

"I'll tell you," was the calm reply.
"My name is Rawson Fenton."

"The man started, and looked up as
if thrown off his guard by the announce-
ment.

Rawson Fenton saw the sharp look
of surprise, and his curiosity grew more
keen.

"You know me, it appears, my
friend?" he said.

"The man shook his head.

"Not I, nor don't want to."

"That's scarcely civil, especially as I
have a particular desire to make your
acquaintance. What do you say to a
drink?"

"The man glanced across at the inn
thicketly, but shook his head, and
shrank a little further from the light.

"No, thanks," he said. "I don't
drink with strangers."

Rawson Fenton laughed.

"Oh, we shan't be strangers long,"
he retorted. "Come along, please,
and he walked toward the inn."

"The man hesitated a moment, then
swearing under his breath, followed
with slobbering gait.

"The policeman had snarled out,
and the little inn bar was empty of all
but the landlord, who sat in an easy-
chair behind a long lay pipe.

He rose as the visitor entered, and
stared at him with a mixture of re-
spect and surprise; it was not often
that the Castle Arms was honored by
gentry, and especially at that time of
night.

Rawson Fenton held the door open
for his captive to enter, then nodded
pleasantly at the landlord.

"Give this man a drink, landlord,"
he said. "He helped me when my car-
riage broke down this evening."

"Yes, sir," said the landlord, eying
the tramp, as he thought him, medita-
tively. "Might a been a nasty accident,
eh?"

"Yes, indeed," assented Rawson
Fenton, easily. "You may give me a
glass of ale, too, if you please."

He snarled, as he spoke, to a deaf
marked "Parlor," and pushed it open.
The room was empty.

"Nice fire in there, landlord," he said,
rubbing his hands. "You'd like a
warm, I dare say, my man. Go in-
side."

The man took up his quart pot, and
entered slowly and reluctantly, and
Rawson Fenton, in an aimless, object-
less kind of way, took his glass and fol-
lowed him, and shut the door.

The man sunk into a chair with his
back to the gas-light, and pulling his
hat over his eyes, buried his face in
the pot.

"Rawson Fenton took out his cigar
case, and carefully chose a cigar.

"Get me a light, will you?" he said.
The man rose unexpectingly, and as
he stood under the gas-light, Rawson
Fenton stepped forward and struck the
brim of his hat with his fire-flnger.

The man dropped the piece of paper
he had screwed up, and stooped to pick
up his hat with an oath.

Rawson Fenton laughed with cynical
triumph.

"I thought we were not strangers?"
he said, quietly.

"The man glanced at him from under
his heavy brows, and then at the door.

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded.

Rawson Fenton smiled deliberately
for a moment or two in silence, then he
said, slowly, his eyes fixed on the man's
face:

"I never forget a man I have once
seen, my friend," he said, quietly;

"whether I meet him here in England,
or in—Australia."

The man stepped back, and regarded
him with a mixture of fear and anger.

"I don't know what you're driving
at, guv'nor," he said, sullenly. "I
never saw you before, nor you me, I
reckon."

"That's a mistake," said Rawson
Fenton, with perfect composure. "You
have a bad memory, and I have a par-
ticularly good one. For instance, I
have a most distinct recollection of long
Ned, who used to work at Daniel's
farm out in the bush."

The man's face went white, and his
eyes sought the ground, but he made a
fight for it.

"You're talking riddles," he said.

"But it ain't no concern o' mine.
Thank you for the drink, and good-
night," and he moved toward the door.

Rawson Fenton stretched out his
hand.

"Stop where you are!" he said, quietly.
"The moment you lay your hand
on the door I call the landlord."

The man stopped and turned on him
with suppressed fury.

"Have a care what you're about,
guv'nor," he muttered. "I ain't a
man to be played with."

"Nor I," retorted Rawson Fenton.
"Don't alarm yourself. Do as I tell
you, and we shall get on very well. Sit
down."

The man slouched across the room,
and sank into a chair, keeping his eyes
fixed on the pale, compressed face of his
tormentor.

"That's right," said Rawson Fenton.
"Now we can talk comfortably. Touch-
ing long Ned. You don't remember
him?"

"No, I don't—and don't want to,"
snarled the man, with an oath.

"That's a pity," responded Rawson
Fenton. "Because I am going to try
and wake up your recollection a bit. I
know him very well, and I'll tell you
how."

He hooked the ash from his cigar,
and leaned against the mantel-piece,
looking down at the man watchfully,
but with a half smile.

"Long Ned was a man employed by
my friend Daniel. He was not a particu-
larly good servant, but out there in
the bush servants of any kind are very
scarce and Daniel kept him until thing
about the place began to be missed"—
the man shifted uneasily in his seat
—"and one night some one got through
a window into the room where Daniel
kept his valuables, and the same night
Mr Long Ned disappeared."

Rawson Fenton smiled down upon
the man.

"Not much proof against him, you'll
say, my friend, seeing that servants
are in the habit of disappearing in those
parts."

"I say nothing," growled the man.

"Quite right," remarked Rawson
Fenton, nodding approvingly. "But
here comes the strange part of the
story. A few weeks afterward a friend
and myself were tramping through the
bush, and came upon a man sitting by
his horse and looking very sick and
sleazy. It was long Ned, and what
ailed him was a very bad arm."

The man half rose, but sank down
again, and bent his head so that the
brim of his hat hid his face. Rawson
Fenton smiled again.

"It was a very bad arm indeed. My
friend was a doctor, and he examined
the arm. What do you think was the
matter with it?"

The man made no reply.

"Well, the trouble had been caused,
so long Ned said, by a blow with an
axe; but, strange to say, my friend the
doctor extracted several pieces of glass
from the wound. Now, axes are not
made of glass, and the thief who stole
Daniel's money got through the broken
window. Do you see?"

The man shifted in his seat and
growled.

"What's this yarn to do with me?"
he snarled.

"Wait a bit; I'm coming to the gist
of the thing," retorted Rawson Fenton.
"My friend the doctor put the arm
right, but informed me and long Ned
that the scar would remain as long as
he possessed his arm. Consequently,
if one had any doubts as to long Ned's
identity, one had only to—"

He sprang forward, seized the man's arm,
and quick as lightning pushed up the
sleeve of the coat and shirt beneath,

and revealed two or three red scars.

Long Ned sprang to his feet with a
threatening gesture, but Rawson Fen-
ton confronted him with perfect calm-
ness and composure.

"How do you do, Ned?" he said,
with a pleasant smile.

The man let his arm fall to his side,
and took two or three steps up and
down the room. Then he flung his hat
on the floor, and stood defiantly in
front of Rawson Fenton.

"Well! What if I am the man you
took me for?" he exclaimed; "what
can you do? This ain't Australia, this
is England. It's no use reking up by-
gones; old Daniel ain't coming over
here to prosecute me for a trifle like
that."

"No, I should think not," assented
Rawson Fenton, amiably—too amiably;
"but the story is not quite finished, my
friend. You don't ask why it happen-
ed that long Ned possessed a horse,
he didn't steal it from the farm; how
did he come by it?"

Long Ned glared at him in speech-
less suspense.

"Don't remember, perhaps? I'll tell
you. Long Ned had got a horse, and
good one, because he had joined the
rangers."

Ned started.

"That's a lie," he growl-d.

"Pardon me, Ned, it's the truth. I
know, because I saw his description
among those of the rangers 'wanted'
by the government police. See?"

The man flung himself into the chair,
thrust his hands into his pockets, and
stuck his legs out, with an affectation
of defiance which did not deceive Raw-
son Fenton for a moment.

"There was a pretty substantial re-
ward offered for those men—one or any
of them, and its offer still, I believe;
consequently—"

Long Ned sprang to his feet, and ad-
vanced threateningly.

"If you mean business, Mr Fenton,"
he said, between his teeth, "here goes!"

Rawson Fenton did not flinch, but
with an insolent demonstration of power,
actually puffed a cloud of smoke in the
man's face.

"Touch me with as much as your
finger, Ned," he said, quietly, "and I
send for the constable and give you in
charge. You fool! Do you think you
could silence me, unless you killed me
outright? And do you think our Eng-
lish police are such wimps as to let you
escape after that? Sit down, Ned, sit
down! and let us come to business, as
you say."

Ned breathed hard, and eyed his per-
secutor as if he would have liked to
have sprung at his throat, but said
nothing.

"What I want to know is, for whom
did you mistake me to-night?" said
Rawson Fenton.

Ned set his