

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, JULY 10, 1896.

No. 44.

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 for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.
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Editors & Proprietors,
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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 8.00 o'clock.

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"I do not," slipped from her lips before she could stop it.
Arol looked at her thoughtfully.
"Well, now that you've said that, I don't mind saying that I don't like him very much. He—he smiles so much, doesn't he? And he is so pale. Is he ill, Constance?"
"No—I don't know," she answered.
"Don't let us talk any more about him, as we don't either of us like him, dear."
She drove on, and presently they reached Mrs. Marsh's. The marquise's horse was tied to the garden rail, and the marquise herself was leaning over, smoking a cigar, and talking with an infantile Marsh. His smile as he turned to welcome Constance, seemed to her like sunshine after rain—the dawn of a bright day after a murky night.
"Well, dearest," he said, coming and bending over her, his eyes, full of love, dwelling upon her face. "Ah, you look all right now."
"Yes, I am all right now," she said gently, and she felt changed in his presence.
"You have just come in time," he remarked. "This little one was on the point of crying because I had not brought the 'booty' with me? And going to the railings he hauled the mite over and placed it laughingly at Constance's feet.
"Halloo!" he exclaimed, picking something up from the bottom of the phaeton. "What's this—a plover's feather?"
Constance's face flushed and she bent over the child.
"Yes," said Arol, busily engaged in hunting among the varied contents of his pockets for a sixpence for Master Marsh, which appeared to comprise everything from a piece of string to a donkey's shoe. "Yes; guess how we got it, Uncle Wolf?"
"Flow up and caught one by the tail," suggested the marquise.
"Well, I've heard you call Constance an angel, but I've never seen her fly," retorted Arol, extracting a sixpence from the indescribable heap in his lap. "No, you'd never guess—would he, Constance, dear?" It was given to me by Mr. Fenton."
The marquise nodded.
"Ah, yes; I saw him with a gun."
"Yes, he gave me a wing for my cap, but Constance didn't think it suited me, so I threw it away."
"What base ingratitude," remarked the marquise, absently, as he leaned against the side of the phaeton, and watched the lovely face of his darling.
"Well, perhaps it was," admitted Arol. "But you see we didn't either of us like Mr. Fenton, so—"
The marquise looked up with a laugh. "In—deed! Dear me! Oh, you neither of you like Mr. Fenton; is that so, Constance?"
Constance raised her head, but with downcast eyes, and was silent a moment. Then it flashed upon her that now was the time to tell him all.
She looked up with a half-finger, half-appealing expression in her lovely eyes.
"No, Wolf—," she began, then suddenly Mrs. Marsh's voice crooned behind them.
"So you are come to see me, my lord! And the pretty young lady too. Hab, hab!" and she chuckled and shook her head. "That weren't such a bad guess 'o mine, after all, Lord Wolf. Bless her sweet face! Ah, my lord, you've got a prize, you've, begging the dear young lady's pardon. But there, the Brakepare's 'ud always have the best wherever it was to be found, and you be a true Brakepare, Lord Wolf."
"Thank you for both of us, Mrs. Marsh, he responded, laughingly. "You must come and dance at our wedding, remember."
"Ay, that I will," crooned the old lady. "But you must make haste about it, or I'll be getting too old. And here's some milk for the young lord, lookin' as well and rosy as a pippin; say, and we all know who to thank for that," with a courtesy to Constance.
The chance had gone. Was it to prove her last chance? Constance asked herself as she drove home with her lover riding beside her.
"No, no, dear," she murmured, the tears springing to her eyes. "Why should I be? But I—I don't like to see you wanting the fasteners."
"I didn't know," he said. "Perhaps you don't like Mr. Fenton?"

POETRY.

Our Little Cecilia Gone to the Giver.

Another dear little one
Past the dark river;
Two happy, bright eyes;
On earth closed forever;
But brighter by far
Than the light of our sun
Are the glories that gladden
That dear little one.

Away from the sins
Of the dark world and cold,
The Good Shepherd calleth
The lamb to the fold,
Unsmiled the spirit
With sighs of sin's heaven,
How fit to inherit
The Kingdom of Heaven!

The spirit departed,
How calm the repose;
The pale lily bloometh
Where faded the rose;
But there is no death,
Only transfiguration;
The yielding of bones,
For the glorification.
Oh, God, in the faith
Is the heart's consolation.

Not dead, not dead;
Only gone to the giver;
Awaiting the trumpet,
Just over the water,
Only gone by the path
That the blessed have trod,
To walk with the saints
In the City of God.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Arol ran up with half a dozen plover in his hand.
"Aren't they pretty, Constance? It is almost a pity to shoot such pretty birds, isn't it? May I have one of the feathers, Mr. Fenton?"
"Rawson Fenton out of some of the wing feathers."
"You make me quite remorseful, Lord Fenton," he said with a smile. "What will you do with them? Put them in your cap?"
"Yes," said Arol. "No, I'll give them to Constance for her hat."
"Then I must give you some more," said Rawson Fenton, with a glance at Constance's pale face. "Will you accept them, Miss Grahame?"
"Thanks, I do not care for them," said Constance. "Come, Arol!" and the moment he had leaped in she bowed slightly to Rawson Fenton and drove on.
"He was very kind," said Arol, taking off his cap and sticking the feathers in it. "Is he an old friend of yours, Constance, dear?"
A lump rose in Constance's throat. Must she lie even to the child?
"I—I met him at the ball last night," she said painfully.
"Oh, I thought he knew you very well, because I saw him talking so—so friendly to you while I was gone," he said innocently.
"Take those feathers out of your cap, Arol!" she exclaimed, almost sharply. "I—I do not like them."
He whipped off his cap, snatched the feathers out and flung them in the road with a look of surprise at her.
"I am so sorry I put them in," he said. "You are not angry, Constance, dear?" and he nestled up to her.
She put her disengaged arm around him.
"No, no, dear," she murmured, the tears springing to her eyes. "Why should I be? But I—I don't like to see you wanting the fasteners."
"I didn't know," he said. "Perhaps you don't like Mr. Fenton?"

its reflection startled her as she saw it in the glass, startled and warned her. One glance at the pale face would tell Rawson Fenton that she was afraid of him. She could not endure that. At all cost she would meet him—unflinchingly, to outward show, at any rate. So while she dressed she schooled herself into something that looked like self-possession and indifference.
After all, she asked herself over and over again, what had she to fear? Was it likely that Rawson Fenton would go to the marquise and say, "I loved the woman you are about to marry, and I have persecuted her?" No, he could scarcely be mean enough to avow his own unmanliness. Besides, he had some object in view in cultivating the marquise's friendship—this political business he was pursuing; he would scarcely turn aside from it to wreak his spite against her. He must know that she was now lost to him forever, and accept the fact.
Yes, she was wrong in being afraid of him, and would be doubly wrong in letting him see it.
She dressed herself with more than usual care to-night, and had the satisfaction of seeing that her face was less pale as she threw a last glance at it before descending. He should not detect by a ribbon awry how much his presence affected her.
The guests had not arrived, and the marquise was alone in the drawing-room when she entered.
"Did I tell you that Ruth was coming, dear?" she said, placidly, looking up at the tall, graceful figure with loving admiration. "How well you're looking, to-night! Wolfe almost thought of putting them off."
"I am glad he did not," said Constance, crushing down the exactly opposite thought. "Oh, yes, I am quite well. No, you did not tell me that Lady Ruth was coming."
"Well, Constance, dear," she exclaimed, bestowing a pecking kiss upon them both. "Quite recovered? What a sensation you created last night. I'm afraid you didn't see it all, aunt."
"I heard of it," said the old lady, with a smile.
"Quite a triumphant progress, I assure you. All the rest of us 'paled our intellectual fires' before her. By the way, dear, I must congratulate you upon a most distinct conquest."
"Yes?" said Constance, without looking up from some flowers she was arranging in a vase.
"Yes, quite a case of 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' I never saw a man so badly hit, really. He scarcely took his eyes off you while you were there, and seemed quite disconsolate when you had gone."
Constance smiled coldly.
"May one ask the same of the unfortunate man, Ruth?" asked the marquise, serenely.
"Oh, yes; it was Mr. Rawson Fenton, who is going to dine here to-night," she replied. "Can I help you with those flowers, dear?" and she moved to the table.
Constance had not schooled herself in vain, and her eyes, as she raised them to the sharp ones bent on her, were perfectly calm and steady.
"No, thank you; it is done now."
"You don't appear to be much moved by the tidings of your victory," said Lady Ruth. "Really, I think you are the least vain of any girl I know, my dear."
"Constance is certainly not vain," remarked the old lady, placidly.
"And it is to be hoped that Wolfe has outgrown his jealousy," said Lady Ruth with a laugh. "Do you remember how fearfully jealous he used to be as a boy, aunt?"
"Wolfe has changed very much—for the better," said the marquise, glancing at Constance with tender gratitude.
"Oh, yes, of course. Love is an excellent schoolmaster. But, still, I don't think he had better tell him of poor Mr. Fenton's disaster."
Constance looked at her for a moment. Did anything deeper than mere chatter lie behind Lady Ruth's words? She put the vague suspicion away from her as too groundless and improbable, and the entrance of the duchess at a couple of men whom the marquise had invited to make the party more complete put an end to the discussion.
Her grace, looking nonchalantly at the

for her last night's dance, was all good temper and amiability, and Constance heard her laughing and talking with Wolfe much more loudly than duchesses are popularly supposed to do.
"All here, mother?" he asked, turning to the marchioness, presently.
She looked round.
"No, dear. Mr. Rawson Fenton."
"Great men are privileged," said the duchess, with a good-natured smile.
"One waits for royalty, opera singers, and financiers always."
"I've been so long out of the world," said the marchioness, with her gentle, deprecatory smile, "that I don't know who is great nowadays."
"Well, Mr. Rawson Fenton is, at any rate, dear," said her grace. "He is one of those as whose spatio monarchs grow cheerful, and whose from their souls depress."
"Dear me," remarked the marchioness, that's very poetical, my dear, but I don't in the least know what you mean."
"Because he lends, or refuses to lend them money, dear," replied the duchess. "Mr. Fenton goes in for foreign loans, and all that kind of thing you know."
"My mother doesn't know in the least," said the marquise, laughing. "Be content, mother, with the fact that Mr. Fenton is enormously rich, and that he is, in consequence, enormously powerful."
The marchioness looked perfectly content as she murmured, placidly, "Dear me."
"Yes," said the duchess. "He has taken a small shooting-box near us; he talks of buying Aspell Court if he wins the election. And they tell me that since he has been down here they have had to put on an extra head at the telegraph office. I think of that!" she laughed.
"Wonderful!" said the marquise, much amused.
"Mc—clerk I suppose—come posting down from London, sometimes two or three times a day, to see him, exactly as if he were a prince or an ambassador and they queen's messengers," continued the duchess. "Do I exaggerate, Norman?" she demanded, laughingly turning to one of the gentlemen.
Constance stood beside the marchioness listening silently, and Lady Ruth touched her on the arm.
"You really ought to be proud of your latest conquest, dear," she whispered.
"Mr. Fenton," exclaimed the footman solemnly.
He entered the magnificent room, more striking even by its indescribable air of refinement and rank than its magnificence, as calm and self-possessed as if it were the one room in a hut in the bush, notwithstanding the sudden silence which told plainly that they had all been talking about him.
"I beg your forgiveness for my unpunctuality, Lady Brakepare," he murmured, as he bent over her hand.
"But I met with an accident on the road."
"An accident!" exclaimed two or three voices in chorus.
"Yes; nothing of any consequence," he said, quietly. "Indeed, it was rather amusing than otherwise. The wheel came off my brougham. It was one I had hired at Berrington, and the worthy owner seemed to consider that a new coat of paint was all that was necessary to keep it together."
"And you walked—from where?" asked the duchess.
"It turned over just outside the lodge gates," he said, looking round the room as he spoke.
Then he saw Constance, and went up to her.
"I trust you have recovered from your last night's fatigue, Miss Grahame?"
Nothing could have been more conventional than the words or the tone in which they were spoken, and no one noticed that she barely let her fingers touch his, or that the simple words, "Yes, thank you," dropped like ice from her lips.
In the marvelous fashion which only women can understand, the guests were paired off and marched into the dining-room.
Constance's heart sank as Rawson Fenton approached and offered her his arm. The marchioness had assigned her to him!
"What a beautiful place this is!" he said as the marquise said grace, and

one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition.—Mrs. H. F. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.



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Growth of Hair.

"Eight years ago, I had the variety, and lost my hair, which previously was quite abundant. I tried a variety of preparations, but without beneficial result till I began to use it. In a short time, new hair began to appear, and there is now every prospect of as thick a growth of hair as before my illness."—Mrs. A. WEBER, Polymla St., New Orleans, La.

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they signed themselves. "I had an opportunity of seeing it to advantage as I walked up the avenue; the moon was shining."
"Yes," said Constance, looking straight before her.
"I suppose it would be impossible to find a more typical English mansion anywhere," he continued, in the tone of a man endeavoring to amuse his chance neighbor at dinner.
"I do not know," said Constance.
"You should see Glenlivet, the marquise's place in Scotland," said Lord Norman, who sat next to Constance.
"Indeed I more beautiful than this?" asked Rawson Fenton.
"Well, in a way, yes. It is built entirely of stone, and is a century and more older. They say it is the most perfect specimen of castle architecture left. You haven't seen it, Miss Grahame?"
Constance shook her head.
The marquise was not one to boast of her possessions. Beyond alluding to it once casually as "the place up north," she had not spoken of it.
Continued Next Week.

"Martha, don't thou love me?" said a young Quaker. "Why, Seth, we are commended to love one another." "Ah, Martha, but don't thou feel what the world calls love?" "I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought that perhaps thou wast getting more than thy share."
I see, Tremper, that you have a new errand boy at your office. Yes, great boy he is, too; we call him the little dragon. Because he's such a warlike fellow, I suppose? Hardly, it's because he has to be hooded and spurred before we can get anything out of him.

Senator Walcutt of Colorado is ambitious. He can shave with a razor in each hand, and write with one pen at the same time. "I don't suppose that's nothing. We have politicians in Nova Scotia who can walk rapidly in opposite directions at the same time."
Little Johnny Squanch—What is your papa's business?
Little Clarence Pansmith—My papa is a poet.
Little Johnny Squanch—Hub! That ain't a business—it is a disease.
She (looking out of a high window to the pavement below)—Supposing I should fall, what would you do?
He—I should go into the next room and telephone for an undertaker.
She—Was she stilydly dressed?
He—Yes; I suppose so.
She—Don't you know?
He—Well, I never saw a costume like it, before.
"Bugsy, let's git us one o' them bi' sickles." "Gen. Brazier, yer loony! want ter wear yerself out a-ridin' an' a-walkin' at the same time?"
Hoax—Does Sillitoe know anything about music? Joax—No; he doesn't know the difference between a string orchestra and a rubber band.
Mr. Fussy—I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big gloves, when you have nothing to fill them; Mrs. Fussy—Do you fill your silk hat?

Enfant Terrible—And did they go to the ark two by two? Mammy—Yes, dearest. Enfant Terrible—Well, who went with amide?

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