

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, JUNE 26, 1896.

No. 43.

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.
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 will invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

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G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

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GEO. W. ROSSIGNOL, Treasurer.
A. NEW HANES, Organist.

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METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Holy Communion at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.; Sunday School on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the members and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenfield, preaching at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 8 P. M. on Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Holy Communion at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.; Sunday School at 10 A. M.; Service every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
REV. KENNETH G. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Stairs, & Warden.
B. J. HANCOCK, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. on the fourth Sunday of each month.

Insurance.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & M. E., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.
F. A. DIXON, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION No. 7, 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 8:30 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
Foultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

W. H. DUNCANSON,
Wolfville, Nov. 14th 1895.

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 Establish-

ment in Kings County.

Can't we sell you your

next suit?

NOBLE GRANDALL,

MANAGER.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

POETRY.

VANITAS VANITATEM.

A child in its cradled cradle lay
In dreamless sleep at the dawn of day.
A smile o'er the placid features sped
As into the past the moments fled.
While the clock on the wall ticked on
And the shadows lengthened till day was gone.
A boy at school by his books was vexed
At times bewildered, at times perplexed;
He longed in the fields to be away,
Where the birds sang sweet and the
rivulets play.
But the master furnished his rule, and he
Mastered his lessons right speedily.
While the clock on the wall ticked on
And the shadows lengthened till day was gone.
And the shadows lengthened till day was gone.

"The D. & L."

Menthol Plaster

Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster for relief of your headache, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc., you will find it a most valuable remedy. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to give relief in all cases.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, Montreal.

Livery Stables!

Until further notice at "Bay View."

First-class teams with all the seasonable equipment. Come one, come all! and you shall be well served. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone.

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

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

WOLFE the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Why, Miss Grahame, of course," replied the duke.
There was a moment's silence. Constance's heart beat painfully and heavily, then Rawson Fenton's voice said coldly:
"Yes, indeed, she is very beautiful, and the marquis is very lucky."
The marquis could stand it no longer. Moving toward them, he said with a smile:
"He is very unlucky, in being obliged to play the unwelcome part of eavesdropper, Mr. Fenton."
The duke laughed.
"Ah, Wolfe," he said, nodding gently, "didn't you see where there were, Fenton? Fenton wants your support and interest for Berrington, Wolfe."
The marquis nodded with pleasant courtesy.
"Any friend of yours, duke, is sure of that," he replied.
"You are very good, Lord Brakes," said Rawson Fenton, quietly, with just enough and not too offensive gratitude in his voice. "With the duke and yourself on my side I ought to win."
"Certainly, certainly," said the duke in his hearty fashion. "But make sure of it, and get some of the women, too. Eh? Get Miss Grahame, now. What? Wolfe?" and he chuckled.
"Miss Grahame shall answer for herself," said the marquis, with a slight wave of his hand in Constance's direction.
Rawson Fenton moved toward her

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

The duke seemed interminable, but he was over at last, and her partner, a young cavalry officer, led her to a seat. He had done his best to amuse and entertain her, and done it willingly; for, like most of the men in the room, he had gone down before this new beauty, this girl with the face of a Greek goddess and the simple, pleasant manner which made her charming as well as lovely; but he felt that something was wrong. He was a man of the world, notwithstanding his youth, and instead of bothering her with small-talk, he sat silent and let her rest.
But her rest was short one. Lady Ruth's red dress hovered in sight, and she came and sat down beside Constance.
"You need not stay," she said to her partner; I am going to talk gossip with Miss Grahame."
Of course the young officer took the hint also, and the two men went off.
"What a delightful dance!" said Lady Ruth. "Are you enjoying it, Constance?"
"Yes, very much," replied Constance.
"It is the best the duchess has had this year. But I don't wonder at your enjoying it, you have made such a success. Really, I am quite proud of my new cousin-in-law. Let me look at your card." She took it and read the names swiftly, and gave it back.
Constance could not refrain from looking at her. Had she entirely and completely forgotten the morning she turned her out of the castle? Was there any heart or conscience at all in this woman?
Lady Ruth bore the steady glance of

THE ACADIAN.

and stood in front of her, looking down with his pale self-posessed face.

"I can scarcely expect such a continuance of good fortune," he said with a slight bow; "but if Miss Grahame will deign to raise herself my side my gratitude will be life-long."

Constance, with eyes bent on the ground, and a choking sensation in her throat, struggled for the power to speak. The three men stood looking at her.

The marquis with a fond, proud light in his eyes.

She found her voice at last.

"I know nothing about politics," she said, and the words sounded cold and ungracious. Was there no limit to this man's daring and audacity?

"Your name—a word from you—would be enough," said Rawson Fenton, humbly. "But I will not press you, Miss Grahame; I know how much some ladies dislike politics."

The marquis laughed.

"You will never win a seat if you give in so easily, Mr. Fenton," he said. "Will you come over and dine with us to-morrow? You will get an opportunity of raising Miss Grahame's enthusiasm, you know."

Constance looked up, and the marquis could not have failed to have seen the sudden look of terror that flashed in her eyes; but he was looking smilingly at Rawson Fenton, who saw it plainly enough.

"You are very good. Thank you," he said.

"Seven o'clock," said the marquis. "I'll ask my mother to ask the duchess, duke; and you will come, will you not?"

"No, thanks, Wolfe; can't," replied his grace. "Got an agricultural dinner for to-morrow."

"Ah! nothing can stand against that, I know," said the marquis, laughing. Constance's hand closed tightly on her bosom. Rawson Fenton to dine at the castle to-morrow! She was to spend the whole evening in his hazy presence! Was it a hideous nightmare?

A gentleman came in and looked round hurriedly with an anxious face, which cleared as his eyes fell upon her.

"Oh, Miss Grahame, I was afraid I had lost you. This is our dance, and I wouldn't miss it for ten worlds!"

She rose, faint and giddy as she was, only too glad to get away, and pat her hand on his arm.

Every woman, Voltaire says, is a born actress. Constance talked and smiled as she went through the Lancers though her heart still beat with the presence of coming evil, her voice sounded hollow in her ears, and to smile was torture. But perhaps she was helped to play the part by the fact that Lady Ruth was in the same set, and that her sharp eyes were continually seeking Constance's face.

The dance seemed interminable, but it was over at last, and her partner, a young cavalry officer, led her to a seat.

He had done his best to amuse and entertain her, and done it willingly; for, like most of the men in the room, he had gone down before this new beauty, this girl with the face of a Greek goddess and the simple, pleasant manner which made her charming as well as lovely; but he felt that something was wrong.

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Lady Ruth bore the steady glance of

the pure eyes unflinchingly.

"I should think Wolfe is the happiest man in the room," she said, quite easily.

"There are such nice men here to-night. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," assented Constance.

"So many strangers, too. By the way, what do you think of Mr. Rawson Fenton?" she added, suddenly, and turning her keen eyes full on Constance's face.

Notwithstanding the preparation she had gone through, this ordeal was almost too much for Constance's self-control.

"What should I think of him?" she answered, and her sweet voice sounded almost harsh.

A look of satisfaction gleamed in Lady Ruth's eyes.

"Ah, I forgot! she retorted with a smile; "you have no thoughts for any man but one. Happy girl! But I rather like this Mr. Fenton, do you know? There is something about him, a consciousness of power, that is rather pleasant. Most men are so languid and limp nowadays. I shouldn't be surprised if that man had a history, should you?"

Constance shook her head vaguely.

"I think I'll ask him," continued Lady Ruth. "I'll ask him to tell me something about himself. I'm going to dance this next with him; here he comes."

Constance saw him approaching, and she rose instantly. Two or three men came up, and one of them claiming her, she escaped.

Lady Ruth, like most little women, danced extremely well, and Rawson Fenton had soon matched her step. She was content to enjoy herself in silence for a few minutes, but her brain was at work all the time, and presently she said:

"This is your first visit to the Towers, Mr. Fenton?"

"My first, Lady Ruth," he assented; "but I trust not my last."

She paused a moment, then looking him straight in the eyes, she said, blandly:

"Did you ever meet Miss Grahame before, Mr. Fenton?"

"For all his icy coolness, and self-possession he started, and she felt that he did; but he met her gaze with perfect steadiness after the first momentary shock.

"No, unfortunately," he replied.

"You admire her so much, then?" she said, still with careless innocence in her voice.

"Who could help admiring her?" he said.

"Yes; I think her the most lovely woman in the room."

"I don't know that," he responded, gravely; "but she is certainly beautiful."

And so good—so really good, I mean," she said, fervently.

"All women are good, Lady Ruth," he remarked, with a faint smile.

"Thanks for my sex in general; but I mean what I say. There is not a trace of vanity or coquetry, for instance, in her nature."

"One has only to glance at Miss Constance Grahame's face to learn that," he said.

"Yes, Constance is her name," she said, quietly.

He saw his mistake at once, and looked down at her sharply and suspiciously for a moment.

"Don't you think it a very pretty name?" she asked.

"Very," he replied. "Shall we have another turn?"

"If you are sure I have got you?"

"Perfectly," he answered.

"Ah, Miss Grahame would be a better partner for you; I am too short," she said carelessly. "Have you danced with her yet?"

"I was so unfortunate as to find her card full," he replied; and his voice had grown slow and guarded, and his acute intelligence had caught a strange significance in her light and easy chatter. What was it she was aiming at? He watched her face closely.

"Really. Would you like to dance with her?"

"That needs no answer, Lady Ruth."

"And would you be very grateful if I got a dance for you?" she asked looking up at him.

"My gratitude would know no bounds, he replied, smiling.

"Well, then, I will come to your aid. This next dance—it is a waltz, is it not?"

"Yes, it is."

"She has promised it to Lord Airlie, but he has gone home with his mother, who was tired. Go and tell her that he sent you as his substitute."

"Would that be fair, Lady Ruth?" he said, with a smile, but she saw his face suddenly flush.

"All is fair in love and war," she answered. "And you are very grateful, Mr. Fenton?"

"Very," he answered. Do you doubt me?"

"Time will prove," she said. "There, go now and scour her before she is engaged. Put me in that seat, please."

He glanced at it, saw that it commanded a view of the lounge to which Constance had just been taken, and his lips grew close; but he left her without a word beyond the customary thanks, and crossed the room.

Constance saw him coming, and her eyes began to gleam with the light one sees in those of a stag almost driven to bay.

"Will you give me this dance, Miss Grahame, he said, not meeting her eyes, but looking at her fan.

"I am engaged," she replied, coldly, and turned her head away.

"To Lord Airlie, are you not?" he said. "Will you let me see your card?"

She looked up, and her lips formed "No."

"I think this is it," he said, with perfect calmness. "Lord Airlie has been obliged to leave, and was good enough to yield to my prayer that I should take his dance."

He made no reply, but stood immovable, a radiant smile on his pale face.

Constance looked round. If the marquis had been in sight, she would have dared all, and beckoning to him, she would have left Rawson Fenton standing there and openly defied. But the marquis was nowhere to be seen, and helplessly she rose.

His eyes lighted up with a sudden flash of triumph, and he put his arm round her. A shudder ran through her at his touch, the lights seemed to flare and dance, the music to deafen her. She danced with him for a minute or two, half-stunned and bewildered; then, as if she could endure it no longer, she stopped and tore her hand from him.

"Why do you persecute me in this way?" fell from her lips.

He raised his eyebrows and looked at her with an affection of shocked surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Grahame, I did not know you were so tired."

He drew her arm within his and kept it there, though she tried to drag it away, and led her to a small recess. As he did so, he looked quickly round the room. The waltz was in full swing, and they were almost hidden from the general view; but on the seat where he had left her, Lady Ruth still sat, and

he saw her sharp eyes bent on them.

"Why do you persecute me?" repeated Constance. "Is there no spark of manliness in your nature?"

He smiled down at her, silent still, and she stood, her hand pressed to her heart, her lips tightly compressed. If she could but defy him! And, ah! how easy it would have been to defy him if she had told Wolfe all about him and her past connection with him! Why had she not? Why had she not?

"Do you mean to come to the castle to-morrow?" she panted, without looking at him.

"Why should I refuse Lord Brakes' spears' courteous invitation, Miss Grahame?" he answered.

Constance's hand clinched.

"What is your object, what is it you intend to do?" she demanded.

"Nothing, but to regard most reverently the ashes of a lady whom I was once proud to call my friend," he said, slowly, and with the same mocking smile. "When last we met and parted you desired that we should be strangers, it was as stranger; we met to-night, was it not? If you had wished it otherwise, you would have claimed my acquaintance, would you not?"

She breathed hard.

"But you intimated by your silence that you would prefer that every one, your future husband, all, should regard us as meeting for the first time. I have respected your wish, that is all."

Continued Next Week.

Results Astonish

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