# THE ACADIAN
## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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## THE ACADIAN.

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TERMS:

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy 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 communication, although the same may be writ n over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to

DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S


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CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.


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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

**Weston Nurseries!**

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
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Patrick Darling, aged 78 yrs.

Wife and I were the first settlers in Moro, Aroostook Co., Me., 41 yrs. ago. It was then a vast wilderness. With all its hardships our lives had been filled with happiness until the fall of '91, when we were attacked with dyspepsia, sleeplessness and their attendant evils.

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CURED us, and we are again floating down life's river with all bright and smooth before us."

Skoda's Little Tablets cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia. 35 cts. Medical Advice Free.

Susan Darling, age 76.

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The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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IT HAS CURED HUNDREDS of cases considered hopeless after all other remedies had failed. Do not despair, take courage be persuaded, and try this truly wonderful medicine.

IT WILL CURE YOU.

For sale by all Druggists and general dealers Price 25 and 50 cts. a bottle.

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F. J. PORTER.



For that Bad Cough of yours TRY Allen's Lung Balsam HIGHLY RECOMMENDED As a Preventive and Cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases.


## POETRY.

### We are Building.

We are building our home on Eternity's shore,
While we dwell in our structure of clay;
We are shipping materials onward before,
With the close of each hasteniag day;
We are sending the thought that our spirit has wrought,
In the wonderful glow of the brain,
And the timber is grown from the seed we have thrown,
Mid the shades of our sorrow and pain.

We are building our home on the beautiful street
While we dwell in the by-ways of fears;
And the roses that bloom there, so pure and so sweet,
Must be watered and nourished by tears;
And the light that shall shine in glory divine
Must be found 'mid the darkness and gloom,
And the foundation laid in the cloud and the shade,
Of the road that leads down to the tomb.

We are building our home in the Valley of Life,
By the side of Eternity's sea,
And the work that we do 'mid the scenes of earth's strife
Shall decide what the home is to be.
Every thought leaves its trace on that wonderful place,
Every deed, be it evil or fair:
And the structure will show all the life lived below—
All the sinning, and sorrow and care.

## SELECT STORY.

## HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XXXI.—*Continued.*

Sober men will be valued—will be assisted in every way that is in our power. Unsteady men, 'spreers,' can neither expect work in the mill, nor shelter in the company's tenements. This rule has not been drawn up thoughtlessly. Its enforcement will, we trust, result in the greatest good that this village has ever enjoyed. The love of liquor is a disease, the worst disease this world has ever known. To eradicate it thoroughly from Steelville, stern measures are required.

"I have gathered the superintendents and foremen of this establishment, not to harshly announce a rule that may seem to abridge personal liberty, but to claim your sympathy and assistance. No sane man could live on Steep Street a day, and not appreciate the curse that broods over it. No reasonable man in all this great establishment will deny the harm that the drinking habits are inflicting upon the operatives. The wrecks of homes, and the wrecks of human beings, men, women, and even little children, can be daily seen. Steep Street, the most wretched settlement the sun ever shone upon, poisoned, degraded, by continual drunkenness, calls to us for help. We alone, under God, can give it assistance.

"If there are any here who are not willing to help, who will see souls perish rather than throw the weight of their influence on the right side, let them assert it. We shall understand, by your presence in the mill, that you bind yourselves to carry out the rules of the corporation. And not only that, but we shall expect from you all an earnest sympathy, an untiring vigilance, and all possible aid in furthering this best gift to those under your immediate charge."

Chamberlain paused, having spoken longer than was his first intention. A rigid silence had prevailed in the room throughout it all. The faces of the men, whether stolid or expressive, told of surprise, and, in some cases, of rebellion. When he had ceased speaking, there was an uneasy movement, and then one who had been, for years, a department superintendent, stepped forward as if to speak. He was a tall, broad shouldered, noble-looking old man. He was known as an impressive speaker, a keen debater. Clearing his throat, he said, in a deep, resonant voice, and, perhaps, a touch of condescension,—

"Mr Chamberlain, I think that the energy of your character, that your earnest wish to be a reformer, is leading you into a serious mistake. You are fresh from school. It is natural that you should look upon the men gathered here as school-boys of a larger growth, but there you are wrong. A school boy can claim no liberty beyond that granted by pedagogue or parent,—a laborer can. He has arrived at man's estate, and is jealous of all his rights and privileges. Any attempt to curtail his liberty in the slightest is immediately resented. There are, among us, men from England, from Germany, from Russia, from oppressed Ireland, who have come here to be free. Your laws might do in a land where despotism prevailed, but here they can never succeed. All will rebel. I am an old man, Mr Chamberlain. My grey hairs will protect me in saying what younger men could not say. I, too, have the interest of the operatives at heart. I, too, despise the rum-bottle. It is my belief, however, that a man has a right to destroy himself by debauchery, if he wishes. In this country he is his own master. You have made a strong and beautiful garment of these rules, Mr Chamberlain, but it won't fit Steep Street, and I beg that you will not try it on."

There was a tendency to applaud among the small audience, but Chamberlain's reply checked it.

"Every man has a right, in a certain sense, to degrade himself as much as he wishes. That, however, is not germane to this question. We are discussing, rather, the rights of the corporation. We claim, and justly, that we can hire whom we please. We choose, hereafter, to employ sober men. All are at liberty to drink if they wish, but not in our work-rooms, in our tenements, nor in our village."

"Mr Chamberlain," said Wilcox, a black-eyed, wiry little man, a hard worker, and an occasional hard drinker, "are you not coming down on us a little bit suddenly? We thought you were our friend. A good many of the boys have been thinking seriously of leaving off drinking, but I am afraid this will anger them. You can't drive a man into goodness. If he goes at all he must be led."

"Mr Wilcox, were you aware that the fact that the liquors that are drunk in the mill cost us yearly a large sum for insurance? That we pay a heavier rate than any other file-manufactory in the country? Did you know that respectable companies were afraid to insure our tenements, occupied, as they are in some cases, by families made crazy through drink? Do you remember the fire in Number Nine, that cost us ten thousand dollars? The right to drink rum in the mill was the cause of that fire. Do you remember when the 'three-chimney tenement-house' burnt, sacrificing two lives? It was set by a drunken file grinder. It cost the company two thousand dollars. Were you aware that in the past two years thousands of dollars' worth of file-stock has been wasted and destroyed by workmen, who were skilful when sober, but bunglers when drunk? Are not these reasons enough to warrant any business house in protecting itself? Let me assure you all most earnestly that my interest in the men has not ceased, that I will do all I possibly can. Every man in the mill may consider me his personal friend. I earnestly believe that the most confirmed sot among us will be benefited by this rule."

"Going to be pretty tough on them that live on liquor," remarked another. "There are men in the mill here, to my certain knowledge,—good, reliable fellows,—that can no more do without their daily drink than they could without their daily breath. If they gave up liquor they would die in a week. They have worked faithfully, year in and year out, till they have grown gray in the service. They have done much to build up this 'ere business. Seems as if they might have some tapering-off rule."

Sam Putnam answered this,—

"Boys," he said, in his old-time, hearty way, "what bosh it is to talk of a man dying for want of liquor, and you know it! When these old rummies, that are fairly pickled in whiskey, are 'up for thirty days,' do they die? Yet they have to do without liquor. The fact of it is, more than half of us have got an awful hankering after the ardent, and we are ashamed to own it. We might just as well be men and face it and fight it, and thank God we have got a boss to help us. It is time some sort of a change came to Steep Street. I have done my share in dragging the folks of this village down, and now I am going to turn round and drag them up. It is a fight with me every day of my life, to keep free from liquor. I never, till lately, realized that I had such an appetite. That it can be conquered, I have daily proof. I don't believe in molly-coddling a set of old men into poisoning themselves to death, and you don't. I don't think that anybody's liberties are trampled on when rum is forbidden, any more than I do when a law is made against picking pockets, or committing murder, and you don't. If we don't kill rum, rum will kill us."

As there seemed nothing further to say, the men, with Chamberlain's permission, dispersed. When they were fairly outside of the mill premises, the restraint that his presence imposed, gave way. Very freely they talked,—most excitedly they debated the question. The almost unanimous verdict was against the new method of procedure.

"I tell you," said Chapman, stroking his gray beard, "that boy don't appreciate the situation. He is puffed up by being boss. His scheme won't work. Just let him try it on."

"He will try it, he is gritty enough to do most anything," said Wilcox.

"Yes," was the sage answer. "No doubt he will try it, but how long will it last? Not two weeks. It will begin with a great rush and crash and clang, and then die right down into nothing. Men will have rum. Nothing, in my opinion, can quench the appetite. This boy boss of ours thinks a few threats will scare the taste out of the guzzlers' mouths. That is a taste that has come to stay."

"I tell you, Chapman," interrupted Sam Putnam, "you fellows that don't drink a drop, and yet are always helping others to, are, in my estimation, the meanest sort of men. You are worse than the rumsellers. They advise a man to drink that they may make a living; you do it for nothing. You talk about rum-drinking coming to stay; there is something mightier than that has arrived. The temperance movement, under the leadership of the Lord Jesus Christ, has arrived here in Steelville. It has not come for a little while. It isn't going to stop only just as long as our boss is interested in it; it has come for good; it has come to stay."

"Amen," said Gaffney.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The regular, pulsing throb of the mighty engines, the confused din of the steel-working machines, came at intervals through the opening and closing doors of the factory, to the cosy office of the young mill owner. Work was pressing. Scores of orders, as yet unfilled, covered the pages of the order book. The puddling furnaces, running to the utmost of their capacity, kept every man busy.

A gray, grizzled Scotchman, a man of powerful build, but bent and warped like some knotty plank of oak, his face framed with time-scars and sin-scars, the great muscles bulging on his bony arms, his whole face reeking with perspiration, strode to the office door and loudly rapped.

"Come," said Chamberlain.

Pausing on the threshold, he looked aggressively from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"I'm come to tal yer that the men will no wark without their liquor," he said, emphasizing his statement with a vigorous nod.

"Do you mean they cannot, or they will not?" asked Chamberlain.

"Baith."

"The heats have been very severe this week," said Chamberlain, reflectively. "It is hard work. I appreciate that as much as anyone. I ordered coffee to be served to the men an hour ago. Was it not done?"

"Aye," was the savage answer, "They brought us some milk-and-water stuff, that weakened the men rather than strengthened them, so we poured it over the slag-heap. What we want is the real stuff, and we'll have it, or your wark will no be dune."

"Did the men wish you to speak to me about this?" inquired Chamberlain, quietly.

"They did that, and they bade me tell yer, if the liquor was not on hand within the hour, the furnaces would take care of themselves. Do you hear that?"

Without answering, the other took up a pen and began to write. For fully five minutes his pen scratched busily over the paper; the puddler watched him with an ugly frown. Becoming uneasy, at length, he said,—

"What'll I tell them?"

"Who?" was the absent inquiry.

"Why, man alive! the men who are about to strike."

"I don't know that there is anything to tell them. No liquor shall be drunk in the factory, if not another file is ever made."

With an angry growl, the Scotchman stalked away. When he was fairly out of sight, Chamberlain stepped to the outer office and handed a slip of paper to one of the clerks. The young man, taking it, read it through, rose hastily and went into the small telegraph office that was connected with the mill. Placing his finger on the key he wrote,—

"Send the spare puddlers on the night freight. CHAMBERLAIN."

Meanwhile, around the furnaces, were gathered an excited company. The puddlers, with one or two exceptions, feeling that they had the mill-owner at their mercy, were determined here to make a stand and assert their rights.

Without them the mill could not run. Brawny men, hard drinkers, hard workers, they were, and as they grouped themselves about their leader, who was none other than the Scotchman, they felt able to battle against all the capital that Steelville possessed. They were not particularly angry with the "young boss," as they called him. They were, on the contrary, pleased that they should have opportunity gently and effectually to squelch him. After canvassing the matter at length, it was decided that the puddlers, of all men in the mill, could best afford to lead the strike. The new rule was specially hard on them. Heretofore they had been accustomed to drink liquor by the quart. Their work being difficult, they received high pay There were none others in the mill who could fill their places. It was therefore decided that they should quietly and unostentatiously absent themselves until the obnoxious law was repealed. It was further decided with deep craft, that all the other operatives should be in their places punctually at the usual time, should use up their stock as rapidly as possible, then stand round sad and empty-handed, yearning for work.

The morning came. The puddlers remained at home, complacently smoking. By noon, they calculated, the stock would be used up, and the machines stopped for want of work. But the dinner whistle blew, the engines started again, and all through the afternoon the white rings of steam, puffing from the exhaust-pipes, proved to the outside world that the strike had stopped not a single wheel. When night came, and the operatives returned to their homes, it was to discuss the strangest thing that had ever befallen them. All who had been near the furnaces agreed in telling the same story. A band of men, athletic and vigorous, even more so than the former company, had suddenly and mysteriously filled the places of the strikers. With accustomed hands they accomplished the work, displaying an energy and dispatch that won the respect of all beholders. A silent company they were, answering no questions, asking none. For drink using oaten meal and water, in the strength of which they accomplished a third more than had their liquor-drinking predecessors. The story had flown from lip to lip throughout the mill. All who could possibly do so, made excuses for passing by the furnaces. Even the superintendents and foremen were as much astonished and as curious as any. Several of them took occasion to visit the office, hoping that Chamberlain might throw some light on the subject. But he was so polite, reticent, and business-like, that none dared question him. When evening came, therefore, the whole village knew the story, but not one could imagine where the strangers came from, or when or how they had arrived. The very mystery of the thing struck a chill to the hearts of the operatives. They were willing to strike if sure of success, but if their places were filled as soon as vacant, by better men than themselves, without a word of protest, it gave the affair a different aspect. The condescending pity with which they had regarded Chamberlain, was transformed into a most decided respect. The whole village stood, hat in hand, waiting on his pleasure, where, the day before, it had merely tolerated him with partial good-nature. The strikers saluted him sheepishly, having left their confident airs at the feet of their successors.

On rolled the wheels of the great mill; busily throbbed the engine; like silver bells rang the myriad hammers, and the work went steadily on. Except for the occasional discharge of a drunken man, there were no new developments. From the momout that the mysterious puddlers stood in their places, the victory was won. How much anxiety Chamberlain felt in this matter no one can ever know. How many times he had locked himself in his office and prayed that ignorant, arrogant Steep Street might now learn a healthful lesson; how eagerly had he scanned the faces of the operatives, as they thronged out through the open doors, to read, if possible, the success of his experiment! That it was a master-stroke, the bearing of each employe showed. Now all that he waited for was the submission of the striking puddlers. A week of idleness and reflection was enough to bring them to terms. One or two single men, it is true, sought and found work, but the main body of them were family men, dependent upon the day's wages with nothing ahead except a few bad debts.

It was the brawny Scotchman who made the first advances towards reconciliation. With no trace of the former aggressiveness, he again appeared at the office. This time he was neatly dressed, carefully shaven, exceedingly subdued.

"Good-morning, Mr Chamberlain," he said, with an awkward cough.

"Good-morning," was the pleasant reply.

"I thought I would come in and speak with ye a moment."

"Yes."

A long silence ensued. Chamberlain, although deeply interested in the visit, did not think it advisable to smooth the path that the strikers had roughened.

"Mr Chamberlain," said the old man, at length, "rum makes fules of mony men. I've a wife and bairns at home. They have no bread. She a fule as they have for a provider, who threw up a good job at the call of his worst enemy, rum! Have you no wark that you can give us foolish fellows about the mill?"

"You are willing to abide by the rules?"

"We are."

"Be in your places Monday morning, all of you. Good-day."

Thus dismissed, the Scotchman ponderously withdrew. The next Monday morning the puddlers, subdued and thankful, took their old stations, and the work went forward as before. The strangers, with whom none of the operatives had been able to form acquaintance, who had boarded at the teamster's adjoining the mill, had disappeared as suddenly as they arrived.

The mystery connected with them wonderfully impressed the mill folk. It gave them an impression of unlimited resources at the disposal of their employer. Most thoroughly was their lesson learned. A long stride in the right direction was made by this management of the affair. There was, of course, a certain amount of liquor consumed by stealth in the mill settlement, but in comparison with that formerly used, it was as nothing.

As the people became sober, their interest in the mission increased. The little room that had once been Temple's store was crowded. Pfaff's building, which was larger and more convenient, was therefore taken. Among those whose testimonies swayed the audience, and brought many forward as signers of the temperance pledge, were Temple, Gaffney, and Putnam. To these might be added Tam McDonald, Chamberlain, and the Rev. Charles Snow. These six speakers were always heard and welcomed.

Daily the interest grew. Steep Street, at last aroused to her condition, was vigorously bestiring herself to shake off the shackles of sin. Those who had never heard a sermon were attending the meetings. Aged reprobates, whose lives had been spent in scoffing, were on their knees. The work was begun. Earnest, prayerful hearts were pledged to carry it on. No failure could come except through their want of faith.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.