# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1891. No. 5.



**CASTORIA**

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.



**The Acadian.**

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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.

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 written over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S

**Legal Decisions**

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed 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 discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.


POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M TO 8 30 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6 40 a. m.

Express west close at 10.00 a. m.

Express east close at 4 50 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 25 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

G. W. MUSSO, Agent.

**Churches.**

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a m and 7 p m; Sunday School at 9 30 a m Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by Colin W Roscoe, Andrew Bauss } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor: Horton and Wolfville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a m and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m Greenwich and Avonport services at 3 p m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7 30 p m; at Horton on Friday at 7 30 p m. Strangers welcome at all the services

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—From Sunday, June 28th, through the months of July, August and September, and up to October 4th in the current year. The regular Sunday Service will be held at 11 a. m. Notice will be given of any extra services which may be held from time to time. The sittings in this church are *free*. Strangers and Visitors are always cordially welcomed. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

ST FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev T M Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

**Masonic.**

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

**Temperance.**

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE**

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GODFREY, L. P—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D. General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.


**MUCH BETTER, Thank You!**

*THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried*

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES —Of Lime and Soda.—

*IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.*

*SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.*

TRY OUR CELEBRATED NEW BRAND OF **INCA FLOUR**

*A first-class grade of family flour. Winter patent, ground from choice Northern wheat. Full scale weight and of the very best quality. Superseded all others wherever put upon the market. Honest and reliable. It contains the most health-giving and nourishing properties. Guaranteed and warranted to give satisfaction.*

Dealers supplied by J. A. CHIPMAN & CO., Halifax, N. S., or direct from the Mills of HILLIARD & PEPLOW, Peterborough, Ont.


## POETRY.

### Almsgiving.

Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days.
It will return again to thee,
In God's mysterious ways.
Hand in hand, and side by side,
The wheat grows with the tares,
And so amidst life's soiling dust,
Some angel unawares.

Upon the water cast thy bread,
Be it word or deed,
It will return a thing to bless,
In some sad hour of need.
Be the giving e'er so small,
E'en to the widow's mite,
Send it forth with hope and trust,
'Tis precious in his sight.

Upon the waters cast thy bread,
To those who stand or fall
Beneath some dark and fatal stain,
His love is over all.
And thou shalt harvest golden sheaves,
From every seed that's sown
And scattered on the yielding earth,
Or mid' the rocks and stone.

Upon the waters cast thy bread,
And God shall measure mete,
Full, unto the overflowing,
Perfect and complete,
If only given, in touch or look,
Hath He not said to thee:
"It shall return—'tis not forgot,
Since it were done for me."

## SELECT STORY.

# The Hero of Beaver Head.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

He started to get the boat at the head and save the man; then he stood still with his fists clenched, and watched the boat come down the bay. No one seemed to notice it, and outward it drifted, borne on the long, rolling swells. It passed by the boy, and he wavered and strained in the conflicting currents of feeling that beset him. Should he save him? He saved him but yestermorn! Lo his reward! But was not he who MIGHT save a life and WOULD not, almost as guilty as he who took one? Something like this passed through his mind, but he could not reason; his thoughts seemed scattered and confused by his anger.

The boat drifted through the mouth of the bay; there the unbroken wind quickened the swells, and it passed into the open deep. Thousands of miles of water spread away before it, and without food or oars the unconscious father went outward into the glimmering waste.

At last the boat dwindled to a speck and died in the blue gulf, and a great white cloud shut down upon it, like the marble covering to a grave. At that a poignant sense of separation fell upon the boy, the first sharp throe of anguish, as the bond that nature had placed between them parted. He stood appalled at the deed he had done. A vision of the man starving, raving, drowning, rose before him, and with a cry of terror, he broke through the hate and rage that bound him, and ran towards the head.

The boat was lying there with prow upon the yellow sand. He pushed it out and leaped in and spread out the oars, those trusty water-wings that were to move him upon the wildest, strangest journey of his life. He swept her out upon the swells. Thank fortune his arms and chest were well nigh as thickly muscled as a man's! His poor, halting legs would not be needed in this bitter race! He thought of his mother and looked up at Beaver head. Carl was standing upon its verge.

"Tell mother that father has drifted out to sea, an' that I'm goin' after him!" shouted Paul. "Oh, Carl, tell her I'll bring him back to her if I live—if I—live!" and he laid the boat about on the water, and sent her out with all his strength.

"Tell mother I let him go! Tell her I couldn't wait to see her! O Carl, be good to her if me and father never come back—no—more!" Then the voice failed; the boy upon the cliff could hear it no longer, and turned and ran toward the house, and Paul went outward on the swells.

He sat facing the great furrowed front of the head as he pulled. Would he ever see it again? All that he loved was up there save the poor father tossing toward the sunset. He saw figures running to and fro upon the height; his mother was among them! A choking lump rose into his throat, but he never once slackened his desperate stroke. Outward he went, outward, outward, as if life and hope lay only in the dangerous central sea. The head began to sink; slowly it went down, but his eyes never left it for a moment. Soon its top alone was visible, a bluish spot with moving specks upon it. Then slowly that, too, went down, and reappeared, and sank again, and he was alone upon the wide, mysterious sea.

He closed his eyes, his breath coming hard with the struggle, and a great wretchedness fell upon him as the land, with all it held, was parted utterly from him. But he did not pause; outward, outward he went, crying in his heart to God for time, for daylight, in which to save the one he had lost.

Suddenly he leaped up and looked narrowly across the vast expanse. Nothing was there save the ever-changing belts of light and shade as the fleecy clouds blew over, and with a piteous cry he sprang to the oars and drove the heavy boat onward. Oh, if he could but reach his father ere the sun ceased to brighten distant objects on the water!

He pulled with every muscle strained well-nigh to breaking. At last he felt himself turn sick with labor, and fell upon his knees and dashed his face and head with water. He was dripping with sweat and his heart was fluttering from long violent action He thrust his hot arms in the water to the shoulders as he hung over the side of the boat, and his dizziness passed. Then he leaped up again and pulled feverishly forward. The first great surging sense of crime and pollution never lifted itself from his spirit for a moment. A deadly exhaustion began to creep upon him, but he could not rest; the boat kept leaping outward, and over all the face of the deep there was no sound save the oars working in the locks, his laboring breath, and the low slap and gurgle of the water under the advancing prow.

At last the sun began to go down, and he rose in the boat and strained his eyes again across the waters. But nothing was visible, and he sank down, ill with agony and exhaustion. The sky seemed to turn round above him, and the ocean seemed to shift from side to side. He was a pitiable picture as he sat there, clutching the boat in his dizziness. His hat was gone, one arm was bare to the shoulder where his shirt had been torn away in his struggle with his father, his face was streaked with blood and his hair hung about his throbbing temples in sweat-dampened strands His tongue was like dust in his mouth, and his throat seemed parching. Oh! for a cup of water from the spring on Beaver head! But what right had he to ask for water? He, a murderer, searching for innocence! He caught the oars and sent the little craft desperately onward. Presently he stood up and looked abroad again. Half the sun was in the sea, and a great road of gold ran from his boat into the very heart of it. Suddenly, as he gazed, a moving dot entered the golden way, and began drifting into the sun. A piercing cry of joy leaped from the boy's lips. He seized the oars and the boat flew onward. He was far to the south of his father, and miles and miles of water lay between them; but that one glimpse was more refreshing than days of rest and beakers of wine. Oh! if God would but stay the sun a t, would but keep the day alive another hour! But even while he prayed the light began to wane, shadows rose out of the sea and huddled together here and there the filmy runners of the night came over the ocean from the east, the westward moving darkness rolled slowly over him, and he was alone with the stars upon the wide, mysterious main.

Cries of despair broke from his lips at last, a sickening faintness fell upon him, and his swollen hand drooped limp from the oars. Heaven was against him! He was a murderer! a murderer! alone with his heart upon the taunting, spectral deep

Slowly the night wore on, every moment a thorn pressed deep into his heart by remorse and fear. And what would the gray dawn bring? Would it bring his innocence back to him? or only the morning's flare upon the empty, beauteous waste? At last his head began to fall from side to side; at times he seemed pitching from the boat, and ere long the stars looked down pityingly into his upturned face, as, asleep in the stern, with one swollen hand upon the helm and the other trailing over the side of the boat, he went plunging onward into mystery and gloom.

CHAPTER IV.

Brave Eric Iverson and a comrade had been absent six days upon the sea, searching for the lost man and his son, and the people of Redwood town began to wonder if they, too, had not gone down to rise no more. But the two men had taken water and provisions with them, and many who knew of Eric's tender heart said it would be long ere they returned could he bring no tidings to the sorrowing woman and her children up there on the frowning head. No storm had come: only a soft and steady wind rolling the shining swells forever outward. Day and night it blew, and incoming schooners had to make long tacks to right and left that they might enter the little harbor.

Over the but upon the cliff the hours of dread and sharp expectancy had passed, and now the gloom that comes of settled, certain death seemed creeping on. The mother, torn with grief and apprehension through the first days, could do nothing. She seemed to live day and night there at the edge of the precipice, with her hungry eyes searching the wide, mocking reaches of the sea.

But now she began to work and wash again, moving about much like one in a saddening dream. Little Gale, though her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, played with Lannie and Gabe under the trees, happily forgetful of the dark shadow of sorrow that lay upon the place. But Carl and Jimmy felt the cloud of sadness about them, and much of the time were silent. The elder boy began helping his mother as Paul had done, and Jimmy kept the children from the percipice and watched the azure circle of the horizon for Eric's sail. It seemed to the poor mother that the rescuers would never return, and the blighted look grew in her face, and her eyes looked sunken and anxious as she lifted them hour by hour to the wide world of water.

Other mothers, touched by pity, came to help the drunkard's broken family, bringing food and clothing, and as the time passed the village babbled with dark prophecies of shipwreck for Eric, and conjecture as to the fatal phases of this strange race for life upon the sea. The men at Eric's wharf where he had been foreman of the lumber loaders so long looked many times each day towards the west, thinking of their absent leader, and wives and mothers standing at the gates or in the doorways of the cottages upon the heights above the bay thought often of the lonely family over on the head, and turned their eyes earnestly towards the far horizon line.

On the seventh day the wind shifted and lulled, and just before sunset the mother came wearily down the path and stood looking out upon the shining flood Her heart seemed numb with longing. When would she wake from this dreadful dream?

The children were playing down on the sand below, and suddenly Carl gave a shout of joy; the mother looked up and there, seeming not three miles away, was Eric's boat! She gazed, trembling from head to foot. Yes, it was surely Eric's boat, battered and with sails patched and torn. Breathlessly she hurried down and came among the children, where, whispering and clinging to each other's hands, they waited at the water's edge.

Just when the sun was sinking Eric's yacht swept through the mouth of the little bay. The children held their breath, and the mother strained her pale face outward. She did not see the men waving their hats up at the wharves nor the wives and mothers watching from the yards and doorways about the bay. The boat was all there? That was Eric's face, and there was his brave companion; What other object was that lying on a litter in the bow? The woman shook as with an ague, but even while she trembled and questioned the boat rounded on the glassy field and swept up to the landing by the head, and Eric, battered and worn, leaped out and made it fast. But the woman did not see him; she was clinging to the side of the boat and straining her eyes down upon that muffled figure in the bow. Men came running from the bluff, and the platform was gently lifted out, and there looking like death itself, lay Trave Armor, clothed in his rags and the dying light of the day.

The woman threw herself upon her knees beside him and called him piteously; the children crowded forward with frightened whispers, and the men stood about with averted faces. In a moment, in answer to her calling, Armor's eyes opened weakly; then with a kind of cry, he tried to lift himself toward her, but was all too weak.

"Oh, Trave," moaned the woman, "where is Paul? Where did you leave him?"

"He was lost, Lucy! He was lost! He saved me, but he—was—lost!"

The woman stared at him a moment blankly, then with a cry of desolation she hid her face upon the sick man's breast and wept.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

### "But, After all, What Can I Do?"

Many a Christian woman, earnest and true, will ask this question. May I suggest some of the answers which have come to my own mind, first reminding my readers that they need not neglect home's sacred ministries for any other? Take the time, rather, that has been given to things that were unnecessary, to superfluous sewing, calling, visiting, reading, resting, reverie, and that alone for this "Home Missionary Work" of the W. C. T. U.

1. Dear sister in Jesus Christ, you can kneel before God and ask Him to show you what He would have you to do. You can also ask His daily blessing on the field, and on the workers there.

2. You can begin in your own home in the lullaby song, the twilight story, the family pledge, with "line upon line, and precept upon precept," to train your sons and your daughters to be total abstainers.

3. You can prepare the way for consistent precepts by a perfect example, abstaining scrupulously yourself, not only from even partaking of or offering the beverage, but the *medicinal use* and *culinary use* of intoxicating drinks; and you can study to prepare food that shall be so wholesome that it will not "lie like lead" upon the stomach which often craves a drink to "wash down" an ill-cooked meal.

4. You can study to make your own home so attractive, by reason of its cleanliness, its simple yet attractive adornings, its books, music, and games, and above all by its sweet, Christian atmosphere, that its attractions for your sons will not be outmatched by those of the saloons.

5. You can organize your Sunday-school class into a temperance society, getting each member to sign the pledge, and by prayer and personal influence securing the conversion of each; for, after all, as a reformed man said, with shaking voice and tearful eyes, "If I'm to stand, ladies, it's got to be the Lord behind the pledge!"

6. You can personally pray for and appeal to any intemperate man of your own acquaintance; visit the homes of inebriates to lead them "the helping hand" if needed, to pray with and for them, and to use your influence for their restoration to manhood.

7. You can go to the prison in your vicinity, visit the inmates, talk with them of Christ, pray with them, leave little books and papers full of blessed lessons, and get them to sign the pledge.

8. You can circulate our temperance papers and publications. A dollar will secure you a good many papers and tracts.

9. You can go quietly, with the loving spirit of Christ in your heart, and gentle words on your lips, to the home of the saloon-keeper, and talk with his wife and family, and put some temperance publications in their hands.

10. You can, with one or two lady friends, go to any saloon in your neighborhood, and talk and pray with its keeper, and these who frequent the bar, taking your pledge-book, and seeking signatures.

11. But you can never do these things at all, in any effective and true sense, until your own heart is full of Christ's love and consecrated to his service, and unless your practical good Samaritan help goes hand in hand with your prayer and faith.

But, per contra, if you begin this day simply and honestly to do any of these things, or any other true womanly thing in this cause which your own heart suggests, how you will "grow in grace!" How your own deepest nature will be lighted up by God's smile. How sweetly you will learn what Christ can become to the soul that goes gently and lovingly upon his errands!

Dear Christian sister, you who read these lines, you are one of the "living epistles" by which the critical age is deciding how it will answer the question, "What think you of Christ?" You are a leaf out of the world's Bible. It "wants facts." In God's name, live it the shining fact of your loving, helpful life "hid with Christ in God."

—*Frances E. Willard*

### Stop and Think.

Do young men, who are in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors ever stop to think what such a practice is doing for them? It not only threatens to destroy health and manhood, but it shuts them out from better positions in the employment of those who conduct the business of the country. No drinking man can secure a position as teacher in a college; as bank cashier; as superintendent of any railroad; as ticket agent in any important city in the country. In fact there is scarcely any place of trust that will in these days, be entrusted to a drinking man. Not because a drinking man is more dishonest at heart than others, but because he can not be trusted. He is more liable to neglect his business than is a sober man and the temptation to use his employer's money is much greater. Young men who are just starting out in life should remember this.

If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food you must toil for it; if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one.


**The Use Of**

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

**Ayer's Pills,**

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health." —Wm. H. DeLaucett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

**Effective**

than any other pill I ever took." — Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

**Ayer's Pills,**

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

**CONSUMPTION.**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

**BE A MAN!**

**VIGOR and STRENGTH!**

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of BODY AND MIND, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK UNDEVELOPED ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from fifty States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) FREE. Address

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