# 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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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


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WHY DON'T YOU TRY Scott's EMULSION? IT WILL HELP WONDERFULLY


## POETRY.

### Then.

[ Lend A Hand. ]

How will it come to me,
This thing that stayeth not for priest or king?
It lays its hand upon the weary old,
It stops the little children as they sing;
It seemeth not to hasten, and yet no man may flee.
How will it come to me,
How will it be when I
Who know not how to live learn how to die!

When will it come to me,
This thing that cometh to the great and small?
It travelleth by day and night and stops
But once and stoppeth once for all,
And none may know what day that day shall be.
When will it come to me?
When will it be that I
Shall learn my life is lived and I must die?

What will it mean to me,
This learning that my day is nearing night?
And shall I waiting or unready be?
And will it come at morning or at night?
What will it mean to me?
What will it mean when I
Alive among the living, learn to die?

## SELECT STORY.

### HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XXVII.—*Continued.*

With this man Tam took up his abode. The exposure to which the little Scotchman had subjected himself during his term of hermitage, left him with a hard, dry cough. Chamberlain, who had grown to have a strong liking for the strange man, was troubled about this cough, and finally persuaded Tam to allow the doctor to examine his throat. The physician prescribed a mild tonic, and furnished the first instalment himself in the shape of a bottle of old cider. Tam at first demurred, but when he considered the small amount prescribed, he concluded that his fears were groundless, and took it as ordered.

The first bottle was finished, and the racking cough had grown less frequent. The farmer, in whose ample kitchen he had a place, seeing how much he was improved, persuaded him to taste of *his* old cider, and ere long, it was the regular thing to have a drink each evening out of the brown pitcher.

The jolly, bluff farmer had been a former friend and fellow-workman of Tam's and promised him that whatever happened, Lamson should never again have a chance to send him to an asylum. Tam, with his old pertinacity, believed that his disfigurement was due to the agent's hate, and avoided the latter accordingly. There was no need of his caution, however, for the lawyer made no attempt to trouble him. He therefore remained, doing odd jobs in the garden and on the farm, and taking long tramps, occasionally disappearing for three or four days at a time.

One evening, when the farmer's family had retired, Tam sat in the great kitchen, getting his mind calmed for the night's sleep. After moving about uneasily for a while, he found that he was very thirsty. As usual, of late, he went to the brown pitcher. It was empty. The pump was near by but he scarcely thought of it. Cider seemed the only possible thirst quencher. His thirst increased. The parched throat called for one drink and *would* have it. His dark eyes burned with the strength of his desire. Dimly conscious that this was an awakening of the old appetite, he tried to fasten his mind on some Scripture thought, and failed. At length, seizing the pitcher, he started for the barn.

Fully aware of what he was doing, for the same temptation he had felt in former years, he hurried through the yard, skirted the fence, swiftly crossed an open patch of moonlight, which was in full view of the farmer's bedroom window, and in the shadow of the huge barn made his way toward the door next the cider-room. It was locked. The three doors on the other side were also locked. There was yet another way to be tried,—the barn cellar, which was always open, and from it he could reach the cider-room. With the perseverance of madness, wholly under the control of his appetite, Tam entered the thick darkness of the barn cellar. His remarkable memory for places led him directly to the steep stairs, and then up into the barn. As he raised his head above the floor, all the noisy silence of a room, containing twenty head of cattle and several horses, burst upon his ear. He climbed over a plow and the shafts of a hay-wagon and stood in the middle of the floor. The moon shone in through the line of window-panes, above the great doors, partially lighting the large enclosure. On one side, the palisades of hay reached from floor to rafters; on the other, the shelving mass overhung the long row of ruminants, whose heavy breathing, uneasy movements, and chewing, warned him of their position.

The cider-room was on the other side of the cattle. Standing as closely as they did, he know that it would be somewhat difficult to pass between them even in daylight, unless he happened to hit the passage used by the farmer. His memory, however, again served him, and he remembered that next to the passage was the loft-ladder. This found, he secured a hay-fork, and explored the space ahead and on both sides. Finding the exact position of the cross cow on one side, and the nervous heifer on the other, he went on, crossed the dangerous place in safety, and reached the cider-room. Having seen the farmer draw the coveted beverage, he was familiar with the place and cask.

Filling his pitcher, he turned to go back. On reaching the little square winpow opposite the passage, he saw on the floor something white, perhaps a handkerchief. He stooped to pick it up, then jumped suddenly back, spilling half of the cider, for he had seized a hind foot of the nervous heifer, and narrowly escaped receiving a vicious kick. Feeling the wall for some distance further, he discovered a hoe, with which he persuaded the heifer and cross cow to stand far enough apart to allow him to pass. This they did, after several angry kicks into empty air, and Tam went through unharmed. Carefully carrying the precious pitcher, he again climbed over the shafts of the hay-wagon, passed the plow, and went down the stairs into the cellar. The door at the further end was the only opening in the whole vast apartment. Through it streamed a flood of light. Sitting on the lower stair, with the one fierce idea still holding his mind in thrall, he raised the pitcher to his lips. He was about to gratify his thirst. It was right for him to do this, he argued, for had not the doctor ordered it? There was a nervous, frantic joy in the thought that in an instant he would satisfy the clamoring appetite.

He raised the pitcher and then lowered it without tasting. The thought of what he was really about to do, swept over him with a force that made him reel as if he had received a blow. He was about to drink, and, as he acknowledged to himself, not a little, but again and again, till he lay in one of the old, senseless stupors. *He*, a man redeemed from drink by the power of God, was again courting the drunkard's curse. With a mighty prayer, "O Loord, help!" he set the pitcher down, too weak to pour it away, too strong to yield to his desire. Praying with all his might, keeping his hands resolutely away from the accursed stuff, Tam slowly gained strength, and finally, with a great effort, reached out his foot and kicked the pitcher over, although it almost broke his heart to do so. Once settled, he felt better. The tempter vanquished, fled, and Tam, trembling at his narrow escape, sat rejoicing and weeping. For some time he staid on the lower stair, musing on his temptation. Occasionally he murmured,—"O Loord, help me!" and each time received new strength. In long review passed the incidents of his life. He recalled his many follies, and remembered how often, when he was deliberately planning sin, the Lord had made it impossible by removing the opportunity. Close by was the factory,—so close that he could hear the sighing of the exhaust-pipes on the boilers. So near the places in which so large a portion of his life had been passed, it was not wonderful that he sat and listened and forgot the barn full of ruminants, and remembered only the ever-present noises of the mill. How many times had he wandered away from the Lord when in that mill, and how many times he had been lovingly brought back! In his humiliation, he acknowledged that the punishment received in Boiler Number Six was just.

Kneeling reverently, he prayed long and earnestly. Not aloud, as he had when sure that he was alone in the deserted mill-yard, but in broken whispers and with choking sobs. Poor Tam! Almost broken-hearted, he did not know that his temptation was to be the means of saving another. Rising from his knees and turning toward the doorway, he saw, with a thrill of surprise, the figure of a man, looking eagerly back over the lighted fields.

The moon shone full upon him, showing him to be vigorous, well-built and muscular, while the slouching, dogged, nameless air bespoke the rough. After surveying the landscape to his satisfaction, he stepped within the door, out of the light, and was lost to view in the blackness that filled the cellar. Up to this moment Tam had not moved, but now, with instinctive caution, he stepped quietly back, behind the stairs, and waited the turn of events. He had hardly done so, when a noise and a smothered oath, not two feet in front of him, made his heart leap to his mouth. The stranger had run into the stairs. The shrill voice of a startled rooster brought another invective, and as the unknown crept quietly up the stairs, his arrival at the plow was made known by still another unhallowed expression. Determined to know what the visitor wanted, Tam softly followed him. As he raised his head above the level of the barn-floor, he saw the dim outline of the plow just in front of him, and, further off, the faint silhouette of the hay-wagon. The silver ladder of moonlight that lay on the floor half an hour before was gone, the cattle were quieter, the man was nowhere to be seen. He listened intently, but heard no sound like a human footfall, nor was he directed by any more profane signals. He had a feeling that the man, or tramp, was, as he had been, in search of cider, so he turned his attention to the well-remembered passage between the cross cow and the heifer. There seemed to be no movement in that direction, and, tired of waiting, he had just gained the barn-floor and softly climbed over the plow, when he heard, close by him, the familiar oath. For a moment he supposed that he was discovered, but a little delay showed that he was not. The stranger had caught his foot in the shafts of the hay-wagon and had almost fallen. It was easier to follow him now, as he moved around, for the loose litter on the floor rustled under his feet. Instead of attempting to reach the cider-room, the intruder went in the opposite direction, down to the farther end of the long barn. Here he paused some moments, and listened intently; then, with increased caution, unhasped the door at that end of the building, and partly opened it. Retracing his steps, he passed his unsuspected follower, and went on till he reached the centre of the barn-floor. Here he paused, and, with considerable noise, began to collect the litter into a pile. "To make a bed," his observer thought, with some surprise. A moment later, however, he saw his mistake, for the tramp, stooping low over the pile, lit a match, and held it closely in his hollow palm till it should be fairly ignited. By the light of that match, Tam read the purpose of the stranger. He was preparing to fire the barn! Half a minute's delay might be fatal. The little pile of inflammable material, placed near the overhanging mow, would, in three minutes, settle the fate of the barn, and then of the mill buildings. Scarcely stopping to think, the impulsive Scotchman sprang forward, struck the shielding hands together, extinguishing the match, and in an instant more was rolling in desperate combat with the incendiary. Neither uttered a cry; both put forth all of the strength they possessed. Back and forth over the floor they rolled, startling the cows from their contented reclining, as they came almost under their horns, and then bumping up against the mows on the other side. The man was naturally strong, but had not the skill or suppleness of his wiry antagonist, and finally relaxed his struggles, and lay still.

Knowing that he could not rely upon any such forced condition as a signal of defeat, the excited Scotchman suddenly seized the two wrists of his antagonist and crossed them quickly over his back; he thus had him at his mercy. Holding him in this manner, he raised him to his feet, and pushed him out through the open door, guided him around the barn into the large yard; through this to the door, past the growling watch-dog, and into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, where the light was still burning. Here he released him. Looking eagerly into his face, Tam saw John Temple. The incendiary recognized the half-insane stranger—one of the file-workers. The deep-toned oath that he uttered showed his utter astonishment. In another instant his face was livid with passion.

"Curse you! Curse you!" he said "There's one way I'd like to settle with you."

"Can ye tal me one thing that I have done to harm you?"

"Aye, that I can. This affair to-night will be the ruin of me. If I had known it was *you* that was wrestling with me, I would have killed you! Where did you get your strength?"

The speaker looked over, in his great anger, at the puny, wizened figure, in amazement that he had been able to conquer him.

"The Loord gave me strength," said Tam.

"If you are going to talk that way, I'm going," said Temple.

"You'll stay where ye are, mon," said Tam, decisively. "We canna' rastle here as we did in the barn without waking the man of the house. You'd best stay where ye be."

"What do you want of me?" asked Temple, sullenly.

"I wish to know what grudge you hold against the owner of this farm, that ye were trying to fire his barn?"

"I had no grudge against him. It is with Lamson that I am angry. He knew when I was upon my last 'bat,' and he offered me a job nights; but I didn't want to take it. Then he refused to pay me the money that was my due on an old debt between me and him. I didn't care for it when I was sober, but when a fellow gets full, he needs more money to keep him happy."

"And why did you try to set fire to the barn?"

"To get revenge on the agent. If that barn burned, the packing-room would go, and the office, and lots of other buildings. The fire would get right into the midst of a nest of wooden buildings, and Lamson would be ruined. I tell you, I hate him! More than any one else, has he been the cause of my ruin.—Any time I would risk my life to injure him."

"Do you think burning the mill would hurt Lamson?"

"Yes."

"Well, it wouldn't. Lamson has little or no interest there. Instead of hurting him it would hurt one whom, if you have a spark of manhood left, you still love."

"Who?"

"Thomas Chamberlain."

Temple bowed his head and thought for an instant, then he said,—

"I don't see how it would hurt him, but it doesn't signify much. I would do anything to help Chamberlain. It is on his account that I have kept out of sight."

"He would give anything to see you, lad," said Tam, tenderly.

"He never shall!" was the fierce reply. "Have I not disgraced him enough? Don't tell me! He hates the very thought of me, and I don't blame him."

"Tell me how you come to fall so suddenly."

"No! no! It's too hard and cruel a story. I was so near,—I felt so thankful. The appetite that had held me, I felt I was able to conquer, till I *tasted the wine*, then I was crazy! I could think of nothing else. The days right after my fall are blotted out. I went on a terrible spree. Just as things were running *so* nicely—just as the store was beginning to prosper a little. Oh, Tam! Tam! if you only knew the hell that I live in when I think that what I did is probably keeping many in the mill back from the right!"

"Thank the Loord that ye can feel so! Did ye know that the North Church use no more alcoholic wine at the Communion?"

"No! Is that so? I'm glad of it. Perhaps some poor fellow like me, with that means for a help, may be able to pull through."

"They are holdin' prayer-meetings for you, so I hear."

"Why do you tell me such things? It is like telling a lost soul of the salvation he has forfeited! Why do you torture me?

"If I believed you lost, I wouldna' say a word; but I *know* that you are not. As sure as there is a Saviour for me, you, John Temple, may yet be saved."

"It is too late, I tell you! No man can have sinned as I have. There is no hope!"

Tam's voice was as calm and steady as ever.

"There is salvation, and you know it. Now, why not drop your pride, and accept it?"

"Pride! Where is the pride? I am willing to do anything!"

"Are you willing to kneel, and ask God now?"

"It would be mockery."

"Cannot God see into your heart? Does he not know that you do not mock? Put down your pride, now, and lay hold on salvation."

"You can not comprehend my appetite,—my weakness,—the helplessness of my struggle——"

"Listen, mon," replied Tam, intensely. "Do ye ken why I was in the barn when I foun' you? It was to get a pitcher of hard cider to quench the thirst that I have so many times promised the Loord never again to indulge. I was there to get drunk! I was saved from it. Noo, by the Loord's help, you can be saved from going farther in the wrong. We are both terrible sinners, but I have faith to believe that there is help for us. Let us, then, lay hold on it."

Temple's face lost its look of deep despair. Under the light, the haggard, hollow lines showed plainly. His spree had taken years out of his life.

"Can there be hope?"

"'*Whosoever* will, let him come and take of the water of life freely.' That is the only thing in this world that can quench a thirst such as we have. Noo, brother, we have sinned. Only God Almighty knows the depth of our wickedness. We can not hope to do the good that we might, had we always lived pure and good lives, as many have; but we can perhaps save one. Let us kneel and ask God to help us."

Temple shuddered.

"I can't go back, Tam," he moaned "I can't go back and fall again. Oh, why didn't I go to the river, as I planned, and end it all?"

"Will you allow the men in the mill to say, as they do, that the power of the Loord Jesus Christ is not equal to any case of rum-drinking? He wants you for a witness. If you trust in Him, there can be no failure. Will you do it?"

Putting his arm about him, the little Scotchman drew the form of the half-crazy incendiary down beside him, and prayed. Oh, that wonderful, melting prayer! It melted the heart of the listener till he sobbed like a child. Broken, contrite, he poured forth a petition of his own. Then were the heavens opened, and the rain of peace descended on his soul. He rose, sane, sober, redeemed from the bonds of appetite; willing to take up his heavy cross and appear, again before the world.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Auntie—You should ask to be excused when you leave the table. Little Nephew—Should I, I thought, from the way you acted about that third piece of pie, that you'd be glad to see me go.

Farmer—What yer sittin' on that fence for. Tramp—Cause I'se tired, mister. Farmer (scornfully)—Tired! Tired of what, I'd like to know. Tramp—Answering fool questions, mister.

How do you find sport, boys; lots of game, asked a gentleman in California of two lads he met on a country road with guns on their shoulders. Game, Naw! lots of Chinamen.


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