THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1893. No. 12.

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 7 10 a m.

Express west close at 10.20 a. m.

Express east close at 4 25 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 00 p m.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 1 p. m.

G. W. MUNRO, 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 Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by

COLIN W ROSCOE, } Ushers
A DEW BARSS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor. St Andrew's Church, Wolfville: Public Worship every Sunday at 3 p. m., Sunday School at 2 p. m., and the Pastor's Bible Class (open to all) at 7 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Chalmer's Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Grontlund, B. A., Pastor Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p m on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 30 p m, on Thursdays.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion first Sunday in every month REV. KENNETH C. HIND, M. A., Rector of Horton.

Frank A. Dixon, } Wardens.
Robert W. Starr, }

ST FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev Mr Kennedy, P. P.—Mass 10 00 a m the fourth 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 at 7.30 o'clock.

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

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

APPLE TREES for SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

Rev. F. J. H. Axford, RECTOR ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Conwallis, N.S. says: Mr. Borden is a neighbor of mine and I know that his statement is true.

Rheumatism & Paralysis

CAN BE CURED.

Mr. Borden says: Have had rheumatism for 15 years. In the autumn of 1890 I had a severe attack. I could not sleep, my feet and legs swelled and life was almost unbearable. Physicians, patent medicines and electric batteries gave me no relief.

Skoda's Cures.

I was treated four months in the Hospital, but after being at home one week was as bad as ever. Have taken 6 bottles of Skoda's Discovery and feel like a new man.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia. 25 cts.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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

CALDWELL, J. W.—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.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS.—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feed

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.

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

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.—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.

HAWKER'S TOLU AND WILD CHERRY BALSAM

WILL CURE | THAT COUGH

TRY IT!

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.

Manufactured by

HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

TO LET.

—o—o—

The front room over my store. Suitable office for Dentist, Lawyer, Doctor or for any person whose work is not too noisy.

F. J. PORTER.

PAIN-KILLER PERRY DAVIS'

WILL QUICKLY CURE DIPHTHERIA, QUINSY, COLDS AND COUGHS.

POETRY.

"His Care."

God Holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if he trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here
Without its rest?
I'd rather He unlock the day,
And as the hours swing open say,
"My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
Makes me secure,
For guiding is my delight to say,
I feel His hand—I hear Him say,
"My help is sure."

I cannot read His future plan,
But this I know,
I have the smiling of His face,
And the sure refuge of His grace,
While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,
And so I rest;
For what I cannot He can see,
And, in His care, I shall be
Forever blest,

—*Rev. John Parke.*

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XXVI.—*Continued.*

Resistance to a hidden, unsuspected foe, is out of the question. An individual who gains advantage after advantage, without the least show of exultation, who conquers but indulges no triumph, is an enemy to be feared. Such was Lamson. No sign that he knew anything of the power that he exerted came to the surface. If Miss Whitney was silent and downcast, and did not choose to be entertained, he made her forget her troubles by some word or thought, in which there was infinite skill. When she discovered that in spite of adverse resolve, she was forsaking her clinging misery, and felt a flash of anger against him as the direct cause of her forgetfulness, he was unmoved as ever, and apparently had no knowledge of what he had accomplished. This marble calmness was the fortress of his strength. Once assumed, he was impenetrable. To be sure he recalled the first of his visits at the Whitney mansion, and the coolness with which his advances toward Miriam had been received. He remembered the favor shown Chamberlain, until checked by his insinuations, and the remembrance of it, even in the present plenitude of his power, galled him. He was not suspected of vanity, yet his conceit was overpowering; although so determined was the cast of his character, that it was ever held under and hidden from view. His guile partook of the features of positive genius. Were Mr Whitney with all of his shrewdness and his keen intuitions questioned, he could not have advanced a single word or expression of Lamson's, that mirrored aught but good. This may have been in part due to the influence that his place in the church inspired. But a more excellent reason was that he had the faculty for playing the part of a Christian gentleman to the last limit of perfection.

In a measure, Miriam felt as did her father. There was nothing with which to find fault. He was so courteously master of himself at all times; never intruding; ever foremost in giving to all charitable enterprises,—she had absolutely nothing to reinforce the vague distrust in her heart, and was at a loss to comprehend it. Often she wondered what she really did feel toward this omnipresence in faultless broadcloth. If she could not divine he well knew. His finger was on her pulse and marked its every beat. The whole violent nature of the mill agent was concentrated in, not a desire, but a resolve to marry Miriam Whitney. Whatever stood in the way should be removed or trampled under foot. Whoever interfered, let him beware. A single, unflinching resolve is a fearful thing to face. All that grit and pluck mean to the sporting man were expressed in his fixed determination, and he was on that ground alone almost certain to succeed.

The majority of people plod through life eyeless, earless. Broadsides of hints and suggestions as to the character, disposition, aims, and abilities of those with whom they have to do are fired at them, and they know nothing of them. They persuade themselves that they can read character, while they know not the initial letter of its alphabet. Worthies of this ilk pronounced Lamson a perfect gentleman,—a modest, retiring man, whose quietness was akin to diffidence. To the few who could read the average man, he was distant from pride of birth and station; none in the upper settlement knew him as he was. Of all the members of the North Church not one read his character with the single exception of Chamberlain, and he was not likely to bruit his knowledge to the world at large.

All through the summer,—the last summer of Chamberlain's apprenticeship,—this quiet, unsuspected wooing went on. At every move Miriam lost, Lamson gained. In his moments alone his face wore a look of proud strength,—hers one of unrelieved sadness. At times she half realized her position, but was without force to resist. No word of love had this silent visitor spoken, yet he felt as sure of possessing her as if she wore the betrothal ring. His thought was not that he should win, but that he had won.

Since he had become so intimate with the Whitney's, the visits to the mill village had become less frequent. Not that Miriam had lost her interest in the little ones that she taught when opportunity offered, but rather from the excuses made by her father for staying away. It did not occur to either that this was due to Lamson's influence, yet that was it. He said very little about the operatives. The fact that they were wretched from drink and persistent neglect, was sadly acknowledged by him, and he had expressed in words a certain sympathy for them, but he could do nothing to help them. Miriam, in the first flush of her enthusiasm, had appealed to him to do something for Steep Street, and had been quieted by the promise of an investigation, but it never came. None are so hard to combat as those who will not fight. The lawyer quietly held his own way without comment, and his iron will and great tact gradually drew the little family away from the mill folk. With Chamberlain out of the field, it was not hard to make them forgetful of the operatives. For a time it seemed as if all that had been done was to be entirely swept away by the wave of wickedness that rolled in. Lamson, perhaps, more than any other, saw what was going on, yet he viewed it calmly, apparently neither lifting his hand to help nor to hinder.

CHAPTER XXV.

In spite of Mrs Bowman's energetic and frequently repeated protests, Pfaff had remained at her house. At first he had occupied Chamberlain's room, but that being too near the noisy street he was moved to one in the rear. For more than a week he was a very sick man. In his delirium, he divulged so much of the raid on the store, that Chamberlain not known all about it from Sam Putnam, he would have been fully posted. When he became sane he was very uneasy, and made one of the most thankless of patients. Mrs Bowman exerted herself to do all that could possibly be done for him, but he was not slow to show his dislike for her.

Whether he ever had a conscience is a question. No signs of such a regulator were ever detected by those who were familiar with him. While he remained there, he did not lack for subjects to think about; for, during his convalescence, his landlady daily suggested to him the many evil deeds that he had committed, and warned him of the tertible punishment that was in store for him.

Since the mission had been started, numbers of the lady teachers had made it a point to call on the sick in the mill village. Pfaff was not neglected in these calls. No matter what was said, whether he was read with, or prayed for, he preserved the same imperturbable countenance, and his thoughts, if he had any, were never divulged. There were those who scoffed at the idea of calling on the sick in this manner, and inquired what good it did, pointing to Pfaff as an example. Could they have gauged the good will that it brought forth, from the lookers-on among the mill folks, their question would have been fully answered.

As the sick man gained in health, he was tormented by a raging thirst for stimulants. He suggested to the physician, several times, in a whisper, that a little whiskey would do him more good than anything else, but his hint was quickly rebuked. Not understanding Chamberlain, he attempted to bribe him to bring a pint, offering a fabulous price, and was astonished at his refusal. He tried every way that his ingenuity could devise, but in each case was check mated. A careful watch was kept over him, and, lest he should, in a fit of momentary strength, attempt to go for it himself, his boots and most of his clothes were put away and locked up for safe keeping. Now that he was gaining so rapidly, and entirely free from delirium, a watcher was not needed. Chamberlain, however, sleeping across the hall, left the door of his room ajar, so that he could hear any movement.

One night, when all in the house were asleep, except himself, Pfaff arose, shut the door, and lighted a lamp. With a trembling, nervous strength, he hunted for his clothes, and grew black with rage at not finding them. Urged by the terrible thirst that had for days been tormenting him, he resolved to go to his store and satisfy it, come what would. He had no fear of meeting anyone on the street, as it was late and was mid-week. The fact that his boots were removed, only increased the obstinacy of his purpose.

He hesitated a little over the absence of coat and vest, and ended by wrapping a comforter over his shoulders. Thus equipped, he stole out of the room. With every faculty quickened by his mad desire, he opened and closed doors, never allowing a knob to rattle, or a hinge to squeak. If doors stuck at the bottom, he firmly lifted up till they swung free. His nervous acuteness forewarned him of a creaking stair, or a loose banister-round, and he descended to the basement as quietly as a shadow of the night.

The last barrier was successfully overcome, and he stood in his stocking-feet, wrapped in the comforter, bare-headed, in the little yard. Feverishly he exulted in his freedom as he sped down the street. Stumbling over tomato-cans, loose stones, and gutter-wreck, but oblivious to pain, he made straight for his store. No one met him. No arm was stretched out to save him. Passing around to the rear of the building, he entered through a window that he alone knew how to unfasten from the outside. Again he stood in his own bar-room. Once more he could, with unlimited resources, quench the burning thirst He had circumvented his watcher; had braved the doctor. With an insane, half articulate chuckle, not stopping to light a lamp, he groped his way behind the counter, and drank.

Morning dawned, and Mrs Bowman, as usual, with anger in her heart, and dire admonition on her lips, entered the sick room, bearing the invalid's breakfast. The bed was empty!

In great surprise, she stood, looking about, hardly able to credit the evidence of her senses. He had gone, and so had her best comforter, as her quick eye discovered. Gone without paying his board, and she slaving day and night for him, just to please the mission folks! With a most emphatic tread, she went back to the kitchen, and began her day's work, without mentioning her discovery. Soon Chamberlain came running down-stairs.

"Is Pfaff here?" he demanded, looking about the room.

"No, he is not."

"Where is he?"

"How should I know? When I carried up his breakfast, a while ago he was gone, and I am glad of it. He stole my best comforter."

"But his clothes are locked up."

"Mercy! so they are! and his boots, too!" said Mrs Bowman, awaking to the fact that it might be more than the mere removal from one boarding-house to the other.

To assure themselves, they went to the closet, and found his things resting quietly in their places, not having been disturbed.

"Most likely he took some one else's things," said the landlady.

But a search and close inquiry revealed no such appropriation.

"He must have wanted to go dreadful bad,—barefooted, and in his shirt sleeves,—after all I've done for him," remarked Mrs Bowman.

"It was rum he was after," said her son. "A rum lover will go through anything to get it. I bet at this minute he is at some of the shanties down street, dead drunk."

"If he is, it will kill him," said Chamberlain.

"Oh, I guess not. It is wonderful, what a drinking man can stand. I don't know but it will be a good thing for him. He has been pining for it for some time. Perhaps, after all, it was what he needed. Nature knows," remarked a neighbor, who had dropped in, with a feeling that all true Steep Streeters had, "that there was something goin' on."

"Nature knows," almost screamed Mrs Bowman. "It isn't *nature* that makes a man love drink! It is the devil, and his own appetite, that he has for years cultivated! And I tell you, if I hear any more of your bar-room sermons, I'll show you that this isn't a saloon, or a family rum-store, but an honest, temperance house."

Considerably abashed, the man slunk away. Soon after, the doctor came. He looked very grave, when they told him about the patient.

"Where would he be likely to go?" he inquired, of Rob.

"To McShane's," was the answer. At once they all went to this shanty, but were told that no trace of the sick man had been seen.

At first the physician was inclined to doubt, but the honest air of the proprietor of the house finally assured him that he was speaking the truth, and that they must look further.

Somebody suggested the store, and the little party of searchers went toward it. When they reached the place, and knocked on the door, quite a crowd collected, to see what was going on. Up and down the street, the people, seeing the gathering, threw up windows, and thrust out uncombed heads. The gaming, running from all sides, packed close to the doctor, who was making the building ring with his vigorous knocking.

"Say, Mister, they is a winder opin round back of the store. I seen it," called a young-ster.

Learning that the statement was true, the physician went round to the rear and climbed in, leaving Chamberlain to keep the crowd back. A minute later he came to the window.

"He is here," he said.

"Why doesn't he unlock the door? We want to drink his health," said one of the crowd.

"He is dead," said the doctor, gravely.

It was even so. Behind the counter, in a little pool of liquor, that had run out of a half emptied bottle, his face resting against a cask of ale, lay the rumseller. His thirst had been quenched, never again to be awakened.

The news fell upon the gathered crowd with startling effect. The few who forced their way in, and saw the bloated, disfigured face, the half-dressed form, the shoeless feet, came back and told it with genuine horror. Never had such a temperance sermon been preached in Steelville as this mass of degraded clay now preached. Every teller of the story, whether liquor-lover or hater, was doing good work for his neighbors, if not for himself. Steep Street, at last, had a lesson that equalled its needs.

Pfaff was buried. As was the custom in the mill village, there was a large funeral. Those whom he had most injured,—the hard drinkers,—were loudest in their expressions of regret. In the little cemetery, back of the village, he was laid,—to be forgotten as all supposed. When his death was announced, relatives appeared and claiming his property received it. They attempted to continue the store but through the efforts of Chamberlain, backed by a strong public sentiment, were refused, and the "Hole in the Wall" was forever stopped up. After the division of the property no money remained for a headstone. Mrs Bowman, indignant that it should be so, said that at her own expense she would erect one. No one objected. Three weeks afterward, a slab, carefully cased, was carried to the cemetery and erected For a day or two, no one had curiosity enough to see what it said. At length, one Steep-street gossip languidly strolled over and after standing before it, in amazement for ten minutes, almost ran back to the village. Soon others came. Then others. The graveyard never before had so many visitors. Even the Wilson monument, of Scotch granite, had not attracted so much attention. Scores came from the upper village. From far and near, from the outlying districts, people journeyed to read the inscription that was on the plain stone, which the hand of charity had erected; it read:—

"Here lies the body of
"JACOB PFAFF,—RUMSELLER.
"Murderer of John Bowman, Jacob Randall, William Seaforth, Gabriel More, Edmund Johnson, Patrick White and Wife, Timothy Sedgwick, Randall Wilson, Tom McCarty, John Ferguson and four sons, Tobey Escott, Richard Goblin, Jacob Vrail, and many more whose names cannot be recalled, both of Men and Women, Fathers, Mothers, and Children.

"When he shall be judged let him be condemned.—Ps. 109: 7.

"Let the extortioner catch all that he hath, and let strangers spoil his labor.—Ps. 109: 11.

"Because that he remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man, that he might even slay the broken in heart.—Ps. 109: 16."

CHAPTER XXVI.

About this time, Mr Lamson received a telegram, which, to judge by its effect upon him, did not contain good news. After its perusal, he paced the floor for an hour, his beetling brows bent in deep thought. As one result of this hour of reflection, the rest of the day was spent at home in burning certain papers and the few business letters that he had preserved. He then sent an answer to the message that had so agitated him.

At ten that evening, a man emerged from the grove at the rear of the house, and advancing cautiously to a side door, entered. With accustomed step he made his way to the lawyer's study, and was at once welcomed.

"You received my telegram?" said the stranger, taking of his slouch hat and revealed a foxy physiognomy, that alone might have stamped him as a sharper.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why could you not get cash?"

"I did at the last moment."

"Has the sale indeed been made?" was the delighted inquiry.

"Yes, I have the cash here in my bag."

"Good! now all will be right. I can make the investment that I wished, and reap a golden harvest."

The other made no reply, but watched the agent's face with the keenest attention, as if feeling that his partner was about to do something in which he was to have no share. He kept this attentive air through the evening, as they talked on various topics, Lamson was, as ever, quiet and controlled in his expressions, yet a bright spot burned on each cheek, and the dilated pupils of his eyes, showed that he was laboring under excitement. His friend talked with a purpose, keenly alive to every hint that voice or countenance might suggest. The other knew that he was being closely observed, that the man before him was schooled in reading men, and the knowledge made him restive. He had found it necessary to take him into partial confidence, and had purchased his co-operation at a large price, but he also had plans that he did not intend to divulge. He therefore guarded every word, although speaking with assumed candor. It was quite late when the stranger departed, and although weary to the last pitch of endurance, Lamson collected a few papers and a large bundle of bills, and prepared to go out into the night.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"This is a harrud world," said one laborer to another. "Yes. Oi du be thinkin' av that ivery time Oi put me pick-axe intil it."

NERVE BEANS

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in—

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.

$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Qualty remains the same—16 different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BARR & CO. Windsor, Ont.