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.

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

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 fictitious signature.

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

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My husband says it will cost too much to board me if I take any more of Skoda's Discovery.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia. 50 in a box, 25c

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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.

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Skoda's Discovery!

Hear what the people say that have used Skoda's Discovery.

"It is of more value to the World than the Discovery of America by Columbus."

—IT IS—

The Kind that Cures.

POETRY.

A Woman's Conclusion.

I said if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life wherever I chose,
And live in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky;
Banish the shadows of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone
The best that woman comes to know;
Could have whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and truest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring inclose,
And gain the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

And if this had been, and I stood tonight,
By my children lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads.

Yea, I said, if a miracle such as this;
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is
And let my future come as it will.

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even more straight or wide,
Nor change my course to the breadth of a hair,
This way or that to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been helps, not hindrances.

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand,
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand.

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin witheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He learns who has felt its power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show!
Why, look at the moon from where we stand,
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines
A luminous sphere, complete and grand.

So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may grow old,
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XX.—*Continued.*

Aware that this promise would be rigidly kept, with a prayer for guidance Sam drew a Testament from his pocket, and with some difficulty found a certain chapter, and began to read. He had selected the story of the Crucifixion and as he read, the silence in the room grew till hardly a sound could be heard but the smooth bass of the reader. Slowly, reverently, distinctly, the foreman read, and the simple eloquence of the story held them all spell-bound. When it was finished, a little sigh ran round the room, and the rough faces, for the moment softened, again assumed their rugged lines. An old man, a stranger in the engine-room, although one of the puddlers, said in a subdued tone,—

"Eh, men, but that is a gude tale. Read it agen."

There was no demurring on the part of the audience, and Sam, with a new realisation of the power of the Word, again read the story. The tender pathos, the wonderful love of the Saviour, and the bitter agony on Calvary, so vividly impressed itself upon his mind that he could with difficulty command his voice; nor was he alone in his agitation. The hardened file-workers were also affected, and tears stood in the eyes of men whose whole lives had been spent in reckless sin.

"Boys," said Sam, breaking the silence that followed, "you asked me to tell you a story; I have told many during the years we have trained together. You have seemed to enjoy them, and I am sure I have. Of them all, this one has been the best to me; this is true. I have been unmindful of it long enough, God knows; but that shall no longer be said of me. I believe that Jesus Christ died for me, as this book says. His blood cleansed me from sin. He is my friend, and from this time forth I am going to do all I can to live as He tells us to live."

"How is that?" was the inquiry from younger men.

"Just this way: To live without drinking and swearing; to keep the Sabbath; to read the Bible, and pray; to follow his commands; and to try and bring other men to him. And O, how I wish you all might know this Saviour! We have been comrades in sin for so long, why can't we be in holiness? I tell you, boys, there is no 'slip-up' to this matter. It is all down in black and white. The Bible says, 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only beloved Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' That *whosoever* was what caught me; that did the business. I knew I was mustered in when I read that. When we have scoffed at religion, and made the most fun of it, at the bottom of our hearts there was a feeling that, after all, there might be something in it. We know that this life does not end all. We know, when we are drunkards, and swearers, and wicked, that we shall have to pay for it sometime. Now, why not act on the square, and drop all this folly, and get a new start? The doors are wide open to-night. I wish some of you fellers would start along with me, and own the best Friend man ever had."

When he had finished, there was a long silence in the room. His story had made a deep impression on the men, but there were one or two who hardened their hearts against anything religious; among them was Josselyn. As he glanced about at the faces, tear-stained and softened, he flushed with anger, and said,—

"That's a mighty interestin' story, and you told it well; but it don't wash with me. Do you s'pose I am fool enough to believe that a man who loves rum as well as you do, is going to give up drinking it for nothing? I ain't forgotten how five years ago Bert Thompson, the biggest drunkard in the works, turned suddenly sober and started a big revival. I was one of his converts, and believed that he was genuine; but three weeks later he was drunker than ever, and boasting of the good clothes and the money the 'up-town folks' had given him. That game is too old. Fool the church folks all you please, but don't try it on us."

This speech had its effect, and the faces that had been softened by better feeling grew hard again.

"You are the first man, friend or enemy, that ever accused me of playing a double game in anything," said Putnam.

"I s'pose there is a first time for everything," was the sneering reply.

With a grave dignity, the giant rose to depart, aware that no argument would avail to set his action in its true light. Only a consistent Christian life could impress upon this company the real honesty of the views he had expressed. He stepped down from the platform, and Josselyn rose and came forward to meet him.

"You are a turn-coat and a traitor. Take that!" he said, slapping him in the face with his open hand.

The men in amazement, almost in horror, that one should dare lay hands on so dangerous a man as Sam had proved himself to be when roused, stood gazing at him. They expected to see the assailant fall under the sudden and terrible "left-hander" that had almost killed the bully of the next village; but Putnam stood calm, motionless, looking straight into the flaming eyes of the other.

"Tim," he said, and his voice held a cadence of such sweetness that the tears started to many eyes, "Tim, there was a time when that blow would have cost you much, but that is all past.—God bless you!"

They stood aside and let him pass, then sat down again to their cards and their drinking. Josselyn seated himself apart and looked gloomily out of the window. When asked to play, he answered with a vigorous oath. Soon he got up and went out.

"I'll bet," said one of the older grinders, who had been deeply affected by the story,—"I'll bet that Josselyn will be the next to go as Sam has."

CHAPTER XXI.

By the foot of Steep Street ran the river. Through the night and whenever the mills were "shut down," it was full from bank to bank; but as soon as the gates of the canal were opened above the dam, most of the water was drawn away, and the great boulder-strewn river bed lay open to the sight of all. This was the grand playground for such children as were not in the mill. The little pools of water among the slippery rocks held many a prisoned pickerel and perch, and when these more valuable of the finny tribe were absent, the place abounded in eels, from three to six inches long, the catching of which afforded unending sport. Many a youngster spent all day trying to capture the slippery squirmers, handling dozens, retaining none.

Among those who sometimes came that way and invariably stopped to watch the lively sport in the river-bed, was Miriam Whitney. Driving as closely as was possible, she enjoyed their successes and lamented their failures, and soon came to have quite a knowledge of the little folks of the street. Among them all, one in particular attracted her. He was a cripple, poorly dressed, and sadly misshapen, one limb being shorter than the other. In spite of this disadvantage, he looked the most alert and intelligent of the party. His big black eyes saw all that was to be seen, and his stick descended unerringly upon the frantic fish that fled for life down the shallow rivulets to the pools below. The success that attended his efforts made some of his companions jealous, and as a result, those who dared bullied him as often as possible. Yet he had a friend that any of them would gladly have secured, in the person of the lady-watcher on the further bank.

One morning she had become so interested, that she descended from her phaeton and came almost to the water's edge, just below the fish-hunting ground, and stood watching the actors. As usual, the big brown head of her favorite was bobbing in the thick of the fray, and his left hand clutched a fine string of fish. Suddenly a sturdy, forbidding youngster caught the fish from his hand and started on a run for the opposite bank, the owner close at his heels. The thief would probably have escaped with the booty, had he not met an unforseen obstacle. A tall young lady stood in his path, with such a look blazing in her eyes, that he stopped in sudden fear. That instant of hesitation was just what the lame boy needed, for springing upon his enemy, he overthrew him and by a quick wrench recovered his property.

"You are a coward!" said Miriam as the boy regained his feet, and stood looking defiantly at her.

"I am no coward, neither. I licklt the school mistress, an' I can lick thee!" was the astonishing reply.

"Ye cannot lick her, till ye have me!" said the little cripple, stepping in front of his fair ally. "And ye are a coward, all ye daur tackle is lame foik and lassies."

"Course he's a coward, he dares not tackle a lad of his own size!" yelled the others in high glee.

The little ruffian raised his hand as if to strike, when the cripple with a quick motion tripped him up.

"Wi' ye say ought agin' the laddy?" he asked, standing over him with uplifted arm.

"No," was the surly reply, and the battle was won. The defeated one stumped off, followed by the rest, except the lame boy.

"I'd like to tal you my thankfulness, Miss," said he gratefully, "you lad is a sair trial to me. Will ye not accept the fish? They are right gude!"

"My father is very fond of pickerel, and if you are willing to take them to my house, the Whitney Place, I will buy them. By the way, what is your name?"

"Jamie Bruce, but I dinna' wish to sell them," he answered blushing.

But the money was already in his jacket-pocket, and his friend had gone, with a bright smile.

From this time, Jamie became a portege of the fair young lady. Whenever she appeared in the vicinity of the mill settlement,—and most of the attractive drives in Steelville, had their beginning in that direction,—he was on hand to shyly give her welcome. His quaint suggestions as to desirable places for pleasure excursions, together with his unique comments on the life of the mill folks, made him a most entertaining companion. Miriam had already made up her mind to speak to her father about the little fellow, and see if something could not be done to secure for him an education, when there came one of those strange happenings that sometimes fall even upon the innocent.

A fire had broken out in the "packing-room" of the file-works, and all Steelville was in a ferment. The up-town engine, a steamer, had reached the village soon after the first alarm, and was closely followed by almost the entire population of that section. The steamer men were in high spirits at having reached the place nearly as soon as their rivals, the Tigers, and were working with might and main, unreeling hose, coupling, and getting into shape to work.

The grinding-room hands, led by Swinert and Gaffney, formed a line of buckets to the canal, and were doing substantial work. Around on all sides, surging close to the engines, and blocking the way, pressed a dense crowd of people with the characteristic lawlessness of town folk. In a comparatively open spot on the side hill overlooking the scene, somewhat removed from the crowd, stood Miss Whitney and her father. She was watching every move with the deepest interest and pointing out one and another of her juvenile acquaintances, much to the amusement of her parent.

The engines were now playing in good earnest, the short "chug-chug," of the steamer vying with the clatter of the brakes on the hand engine. The town firemen were working for pay, the Tigers "for fun," and it was hard to decide which put forth the greater exertion. On the leading hose, flat on their races, where the not breath of the flames sent the perspiration rolling down in streams, only to be dried by the thick, black smoke, were Chamberlain and Sam Putnam. Thus they lay side by side, holding the restive, jerking hose, that like a canvas serpent, writhed and twisted as if determined to free itself. The foreman of the Tigers had an object in choosing this position. Considerable feeling existed between his men and the firemen of the town. So high had it run at times that it had stopped little short of pitched battles. The file-workers complained that the steamer men were in the habit of turning their hose on them and ducking them whenever opportunity offered, and of course they retaliated. So many times had these complaints reached Sam, that he had determined to discover which side was the aggressor. He therefore stationed himself just within the threshold of the flame-filled room, held to the hose and waited.

Presently, from the opposite side, where the steamer men were in possession of a shattered window, came a sudden burst of water, striking the wall about a foot above their heads, with a force which, if it had been expended on them, would have swept them out of the door. Soon another dash, then in different places not far from them came the savage swish and hiss of the solid water column. The town firemen were "feeling for the Tigers," and meant to drown them out. The foreman's eyes, filled with smoke though they were, snapped dangerously. Just then the chief engineer, who was also one of the selectmen of the town, crawled up beside him, and in a moment his experienced eye took in the whole affair.

"It's that miserable Tom Strong," he said to Putnam, "and the other fellows back him up in it. The fire is really under now; let's give him a lesson."

Chamberlain was sent to rouse the tired men on the brakes to a final effort. A word explained the situation, and a stream was sent through the canvas channel that was about as much as Putnam and the chief engineer could manage. When the full force was on, the two men braced in the doorway, turned it point blank on the window. There was a crash, a sputtering yell, and the chief said, with intense satisfaction in his voice,—

"That was a good shot! Tumbled Tom clear out of the window! Now, by the time he picks himself up, he won't have any water to fight with, for I've ordered the steamer to stop."

Meanwhile, not far from where Miriam and her father stood, a little woman in neat, black dress and white cap, was watching eagerly the swaying mass of men and boys around the engines. Several times she glanced at the young lady as if in doubt, and at last advanced, dropped a quaint, old-country courtesy, and lifting a face such as some of the gentle, "gude wives" have,—a face rare, saintly,—said,—

"Lassie, your eyes are young and strong; will ye tal me is that my Jamie doon by the engine yon? You'd ken him; he's the lame laddie."

Miriam looked long and searchingly in the direction named, but could discover no sign of the boy.

"Are you Jamie's mother?" she inquired.

"No'; I'm his grannie, and I'm sair worried about him this moment. It's this day week he started to wark in the mills, 'cause he would na' have his grannie gang oot to service longer. It's in the part of the mill where he warked that the fire is."

"I do not think there is any danger," said Miriam, soothingly. "All of the hands were out before the fire was under way. I heard one of the men say so."

"The Leord grant that it be so; but I'm much straightened about the lad. I went doon and tried to question the man at the engine, but he bade me gang back oot of peril, that the lad was all reet."

At this moment there was a sudden movement toward the blackened doorway, about which the heavy smoke hung like a pall. From the confused murmur, nothing could be learned but that a startling discovery had been made. Mr Whitney had already left the scene, preferring to walk home; and his daughter and the little Scotchwoman stood alone, anxiously waiting for information as to the sudden excitement. Soon the dense throng parted, and Chamberlain, pale even through the grime of smoke, hatless and coatless, with a slight, limp form in his arms, came toward the bridge.

"Where is the little fellow's home?" he said.

A score of voices responded in subdued accents, and led by him the great crowd abandoned steamer, hose, and everything, and surged toward Steep Street.

"My heart tells me it's my lad," said the old lady, faintly. "I'm very weak like."

Miss Whitney passed her arm around her, and thus they followed slowly the mass of people. When they came in sight of the wee cottage back of the tenements, they saw that the throng had surrounded it. As they neared the place, a way opened for them, and the whisper went round:—

"That's the lad's grannie."

On the tiny bed in the bare, little bedroom lay a still figure. It was indeed her lad!

The little Scotchwoman, with a heart-breaking cry, leaned over him, took him in her arms, and rained kisses and tears upon the unconscious face.

"Oh, my laddie, my laddie!" she mourned; "would to God that I might have deed for ye! My pure bairnie! My wee, broken-winged dove; I ken that yeer better—aye, far better off now. Yeer with the feyther now, and the mother, and thy auld grannie is desolate! Ah! laddie, if ye could but have stayed, that we might have gang thegither; but it's the Leord's will, and we'll na be lang parted!"

The people slowly and sadly dispersed, talking soberly of the young life that had so suddenly gone out. From the position in which he had been found, it was evident that the boy had lingered to shut the tin-clad doors of the lamp-room, and been caught by the dense smoke and stifled. Rough men, calloused women, felt the heroism of the deed, lowered their voices, forgot their oaths, and truly mourned.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

If anybody's actions speak louder than words they must be those of the bass-drummer.

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