

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. 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.

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WOLFVILLE, N. S.



Palpitation OF THE Heart, Nervous Exhaustion AND Stomach Trouble.

Richard, Mass. My daughter, Mrs. Mars, has been suffering from the above diseases for several years and employed all the leading Physicians in the United States and specialists in Boston, but got no relief. They said it was caused by a bad state of the blood. She could not sleep nights; bowels constipated, and palpitation of the heart so bad she could hardly walk. She has taken 4 bottles of

Skoda's Discovery,
and Skoda's LITTLE TABLETS, and she can work every day, eat well and sleep soundly. I can never express my gratitude. MRS. S. E. CROWELL,
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HAWKER'S TOLU WILD CHERRY BALSAM WILL THAT CURE 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. E.

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.

The Reign of Autumn.

The rust is over the head of the clover,
The green is under the gray,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Is flying away and away.

Fled are the roses, dead are the roses,
The glow and the glory gone,
And down the hollow the fleet-winged swallow
Is flying the way of the sun.

In place of summer a dread new-come
His solemn state renews;
A crimson splendor instead of the tender
Verdure and morning dew.

But oh, the sweetness, the full completeness,
That under the reign are born!
Russet and yellow in apples mellow,
And wheat and millet and corn.

His frosts so hoary touch with glory
Maple and oak and thorn;
And rising and falling his winds are calling
Like a hunter through his horn.

No thrifty sower, but just a mower,
That comes when the day is done,
With warm a-beaming and gold a-gleaming,
Like sunset after the sun.

And while fair weather and frost together
Color the woods so gay,
We must remember that chill December
Has turned his steps this way.

And say, as we gather in the house together,
And pile the logs on the hearth,
Help us to follow the light little swallow
Even to the ends of the earth.

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY OLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Advancing with dignity and care, he knelt on the plank flooring, oblivious of the water that was wetting his knees. Getting in the proper position, he attempted to force one of the plugs into the open mouth of the pipe. For an instant it stopped the stream, and he removed his hand and raised the hammer to strike a heavy blow, when the gathered force blew the plug high in the air, and the fountain played on top of the pipe, splashing the water full in the face of the vengeful rumseller. Still on his knees, he hunted for the other plug, and after a long search discovered it. With extra care, he placed it as before, and again raised the hammer, and the plug leaped into the air as before.

Pfaff was provoked. His plan for bursting the pipe had failed. He grew angry and threw the hammer away. A man of his inexorable pertinacity, even though drunk, would not give up a scheme unless forced to. So he looked around for something else with which to wreak his spite upon the spouting well. Far and near he hunted, picking up stones, and rejecting them, as unfit for his purpose, and growing drunker every minute.

At last he found a short piece of board, and, clasping it firmly, tottered back to the point of attack. Just how to use the board puzzled him. At first he placed it against the pipe, and strove to bend it, and perhaps break it off. Then he carefully put it down upon the top of the pipe, defying the stream from its perpendicular, and causing it to spout out from under the board at an angle. As the covering was so slanted that the stream was turned away from him, he imagined that he had succeeded in stopping it, and, in the excess of his zeal and joy, vowed to stay there all night and tire the thing out. For several minutes he held the board in that position, then he began to grow weary. The night breeze made him shiver. In his wet clothes, unused, as he was, to any sort of exposure, there was danger that he would catch cold. His arms ached, and from the effort required to hold the board.

His fertile brain finally hit upon an expedient by which the subjugation of his enemy could be accomplished, and, at the same time, his own comfort be secured. He would sit on the board. Carefully turning round, at the same time holding his improvised seat in its place, he gently lowered himself to it. The feat was almost accomplished when one of those unaccountable lurches, by which drunken men are apt to upset their best laid plans, overcame him. He lurched, the board slipped off on the further side of the pipe, and, losing his balance, he sat squarely down, with his back against the pipe, closer than

was comfortable, for so near did he come to sitting on the pipe, that the round iron arm forced its cold eighteen inches of length inside of his short coat and vest, and now was playing away in the back of his neck, as untamed and free as ever.

With a gurgling cry, the water-logged rumseller attempted to break away, but the firm iron held him fast. His coat and vest most unfortunately for his comfort, were of first-class material. Both were buttoned and no matter how much he tugged and pulled, he was held tight. Although the water was rapidly soaking him it was also bringing on a terrible chill. With all his might he struggled, trying to tear himself away from the ceaseless shower, bath. At first he was either too proud or too much befogged to call for assistance, but as he began to realize his desperate condition he raised a husky, wavering cry.

"Boisterous Steep Street, accustomed to the most unearthly sounds from droves of brass, would never note that thick and choking wall. Perhaps the fact that he had caused so many helpless ones to cry for aid, and had shown no pity, would now, in some judicial way, hinder his own rescue. Not that Pfaff entertained any such thought. He was simply groveling in his fears, and lifting up his pitiful voice hoping some one would come to his relief.

As we have said, Chamberlain was a sound sleeper. The noise of the Street had not during the whole night disturbed him; but now as the morning was drawing near, he stirred and became wakeful. First he heard the shrill voice of the barnyard fowl, far down the hills, then a faint, quavering cry that sounded human. In his drowsy state, the two sounds were confusedly mingled. That they might actually mean anything, he did not realize. One was to him as meaningless as the other. Both came to him from the misty land of dreams where the strangest occurrences awaken only calm surmise in the mind of the dreamer.

"Help! help!" came the faint voice. With the most dispassionate interest, Chamberlain wove this cry into his morning dreams, growing a little more conscious, till at length he began to think that something was the matter. Suddenly rousing himself, he sat up and listened. The quavering wail that he now heard made him leap to the floor and throw up the window. He naturally looked toward the fountain, and in the moonlight saw a figure bound to the planks, with writhing and calling piteously.

Hastily donning his clothes, he ran downstairs and stood by the dripping man. He disengaged him from the pipe, and drew him from the steady flowing water. From head to foot the rumseller was soaking wet. As soon as fairly released, he rolled over in a faint, a chill, or something similar, straightening out as stiff as a board. Realizing the preciousness of time, if the man was to be brought out of it, Chamberlain put forth all his strength, and lifting him, bore him the short distance between the fountain and his boarding-place. The German was a heavy man, and the feat was no small one, but it was successfully accomplished, and it was successful in relieving the violence of his exertion, stood in the dimmutive entry, and, calling to his landlady, awakened the household.

"I can't have him here," said Mrs. Bowman, when she learned who it was. "He has done harm enough to me and mine, without my helping him."

"You have no objection to my putting him in my room till this faint is over?" asked Chamberlain.

"Yes, I have."

"Mrs. Bowman," said Chamberlain, sternly, "a few minutes' delay will cause the death of this man. Are you prepared to assume this responsibility?"

The rigid form was laid upon the bed, the soaking clothes were removed, and warm blankets were wrapped around the cold figure. It seemed impossible for warmth ever to return to the chilled and livid body. A doctor had arrived and was active in his directions for his resuscitation. At length the brisk rubbings, the ceaseless efforts were rewarded. Pfaff opened his eyes and uttered a groan. Chamberlain's, with its mishapen shadows, had a weird air that greatly enhanced the romance of the scene. Now that he was

"Now I s'pose he can go?" said Mrs. Bowman.

The physician turned to her, a rebuke in his eyes.

"Has the man no money?" he said. "Money I yes!" was the half-hysterical reply. "He's rich, but he couldn't stay here if he were a king. He is a murderer! He killed my husband by selling him rum. I begged him to stop, and he laughed at me. My nephew is in jail to day because he sold him liquor and got him crazy drunk, and he did what he never would have done in his sober senses. No! I say he shall never stay under this roof, no not if he were dying!"

Pfaff opened his eyes and looked at the frantic woman, then shivered and turned away.

"I don't blame her," said the doctor. "Now that I recognize him, I see that it is the rumseller down below. I don't blame the woman for hating the sight of him."

"But can he be moved?" asked Chamberlain.

"Certainly not. Her hysterics will wear themselves out in a few minutes, and then she will have to listen to reason. But, if I am any judge, this man will be in a high fever before the day ends."

CHAPTER XIX.

Chamberlain's love of adventure would not long permit him to leave unexplored a place so interesting as the rear yard of the file-works. Often since he had "shadowed" Tam as far as the hidden gate, had he planned to visit the enclosure some night and find out for himself all it contained. He determined, also, to learn for what purpose some of the buildings in that section of the works were used. The workmen did not seem to know, for he questioned them. That there was something secret going on in them he was sure; but in what line, he could not decide; nor could he formulate the vague suspicions that the words of the little Scotchman had sown in his mind. To tell the truth, he was sorely puzzled by the conduct of the agent, who appeared so courteous and kindly. Of late he had sought Chamberlain when it would not be noticed by the workmen, and had impressed him with his desire to see the mill folk raised to a higher level. So earnest did he seem, that when with him, Chamberlain believed him to be sincere; but when alone, he found the old doubts asserting themselves, and the fragmentary sentences of Tam with the plainly uttered opinions of the laborers, came back in full force and shook his confidence.

After the store had been gutted, he had gone to Lamson and had received his sympathy. Indeed, the agent expressed strong indignation; and yet appeared so hopeless of finding out who did it, that Chamberlain even in his presence began to doubt his honesty. Lamson declared that Pfaff was at the bottom of the outrage; but in the same breath said that the rascal was so wily that a skilled detective would be baffled by his way of working. Chamberlain made little or no reply to the queries of the agent, as to what he intended to do with the store, and refused to accept the kind offer to relieve him of the lease.

The care of Pfaff, who was in a high fever at Chamberlain's lodging, made it impossible for him to visit the mill yard as soon as he had planned. For fear of occupying a lounge, on the lower floor of the lodging-house, while the delirious rum-seller occupied his bed, he, however, took the first opportunity to steal away to reconnoiter. On this occasion he started at nine in the evening and made his way boldly through the mill village, answering the halls of fellow-workmen, but refusing to stop for friendly converse. Passing through the ample yard that enclosed the front buildings, he soon came to the foot path where first he had become acquainted with Tam. Having carefully taken bearings on his last visit, he was able to go straight to the small gate, and raising it, to enter the forbidden enclosure. Once within, he carefully led the board down into its place and stood looking about him. The yard, with its heaps of debris, its huge boilers, its mishapen shadows, had a weird air that greatly enhanced the romance of the scene. Now that he was

fairly within it, Chamberlain somehow lost his imaginative expectations, and felt that he might after all spend his time in a fruitless quest. He argued to himself that things nowadays happen as they should, running in the everyday, practical ruts, and never turning aside for the delicious adventures of which one reads. Even as he entertained these thoughts, so discouraging to the adventurer's cause, he heard a quick step on the footpath, and then someone fumbled for the gate-board.

Noticed by Chamberlain, moved aside, and concealing himself behind a hogshead, awaited the new comer. A moment later a figure passed through the narrow gateway and strode across the yard. Even in the dim light he recognized Sam Patman. In great surprise, Chamberlain followed at a distance, feeling that he was on the verge of a discovery. Sam skirted one of the buildings, crossed the yard, and stopped in front of a shed, upon the door of which he knocked.

"Enter," said a voice that was easily recognized as Tam's.

"Well, old man, how goes it?" asked Sam, opening the door and disappearing.

"All right. So you haven't forgotten Tam? Well you are a guide lad, Sam, and the Lord will one day bless you for your kindness to a poor, daft body like myself."

I should be a pretty mean chap if I didn't stick to an old chum," answered Sam heartily. "I don't forget the good turns you did me years ago, Tam; they are all down in my memory."

"Does Lamson never wish to have me removed now?" was the anxious query.

"He hasn't said a word about it for months," replied Sam. "I told him that when you went, I went."

"Ye were aye generous. A man with so gude a heart as you, Sam Patman, should not rest till he had given it to the Lord."

Chamberlain expected some jeering reply, for he knew of Sam as one who made fun of religion unsparingly, and whose jokes were repeated from one end of the works to the other. He was therefore astounded to hear him say—

"I would if I could, Tam; but I am too deeply involved in certain affairs to make it possible. No man can serve the Lord and the devil at the same time,—that is, no man but Lamson."

"He will reap his reward; let us not trouble about him. The question concerns you now. Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I fear I do," was the reply, after a long pause.

"Well, then, you never will have peace till you surrender. And mark me, you must give up everything that stands between yourself and God."

Sam made no answer. Tam continued—

"I do not wish to boast, but did I not give up everything?"

"You did."

"And such peace as I now possess the world can never bestow. I might have been rich and well looking, but for the Lord's sake I surrendered it all, and lonely though I be, he daily repays me a hundred fold."

"I believe it," was the warm reply.

"I believe it, and would willingly change with you to possess that peace."

"Let us pray over it," said the Scotchman.

One of the strange, heartfelt prayers that Chamberlain had before heard from the same lips now followed. It seemed to bring him near to the throne of grace, and he could hardly suppress the amen that rose to his lips as the prayer was ended.

"I must go back and look after the polish-makers, but I wish I was out of it," said Sam, at length.

"Poor lad, I'm sorry for you. I wish you were as well out of the rascally business as I am. I will pray for you the night."

The visitor left the hut, and with his easy stride went further into the labyrinth of buildings and yards, Chamberlain following as closely as his heels as he dared. Turning first to the right and then to the left, among heaps of castings, passing around many obstructions, they went till he fairly lost his way. Finally, Sam stopped before the rear door of one of the lofty stone buildings that were now closed as not

necessary for the work, and were supposed to be store houses. A peculiar double rap, accompanied by a low whistle, caused the door to be opened, and the giant passed from view. At the opening of the door, Chamberlain caught a glimpse of a well-lighted room, in which about a dozen men were working. Just what they were doing, he was unable to discover in the brief interval between the opening and closing of the door.

For some minutes he stood in contemplation, waiting for the giant to reappear; but in this was disappointed. Advancing very cautiously he tried the door through which he had disappeared, but it was firmly fastened. Up and down the length of the building he passed, looking for windows that should enable him to catch a glimpse of the life within, but in vain. Baffled and puzzled, it seemed almost a freak of the imagination, for he could not hear any noise of tools, nor the least conversation. By placing his ear close to the wall of the building, however, he could detect a faint throbb, like the beating of his own heart. This, he decided, must come from a small engine; yet no sign of escape-pipe or exhaust was to be seen.

At last, grown bold by his freedom from danger, he decided to make use of the double rap and whistle that Sam gave, and take the risk. It was a fool-hardy thing to do, but a knowledge of Sam's true character kept him from fear of bodily harm. Stepping up to the door, he raised his hand to give the pass rap, when it was caught away, and a voice whispered,—

"George Chamberlain, are you daft?" Turning with a start, he stood face to face with Tam.

"Come awa', man, till I talk with you," said the little Scotchman.

Astonished by the sudden appearance of the little Scotchman, Chamberlain followed him in silence. No word did either speak till they were safe in the tiny shed. Then Tam said,—

"Master George, what in the world were you about? Would you put yourself in peril?"

"Why do you call me 'Master George'?" asked Chamberlain.

"Are you not George Chamberlain?"

"I am his son."

With a sudden, frightened shyness, Tam arose from his seat as if to flee.

"I thought you were Master George," he said, hoarsely.

"Do not go, Tam. You were my father's friend, can you not be mine? My father, George Chamberlain, is dead."

"Poor lad," said Tam, forgetting his fear; "I remember, now, to have heard of the death of your father; but I'm no' quite right in my mind, and I forget much that passes. When I saw you, I thought that you were he. You favor him greatly."

Tam sat fingering the lapel of his coat, manifestly uneasy. Chamberlain watched him, wondering how he could gain his confidence, and learn something of the clandestine work of the night gang that were in the stone building. He saw that the little Scotchman distrusted him, and had half a mind to escape.

"Tam, things are going wrong here in the works. Lamson is playing a shrewd game, by which he makes money which should be turned into the hands of the company. Now what is it?" he said suddenly.

The little Scotchman hesitated, and looked longingly at the door.

"I daur not tell," was the muttered reply.

"But isn't it right that I should know? Am I not wronged by your silence? I am in the mill, daily, I know that something is brewing. You were my father's friend; can you not be mine?"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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