

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1899.

No. 24.

Vol. VIII

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for Infants and Children.

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111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### THE ACADIAN.

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### Select Poetry

#### One Less At Home.

One less at home!  
The charmed circle broken; a dear face  
Missing day by day from its accustomed  
place;  
But, clasped and saved and perfected by  
grace,  
One more in Heaven!

#### One more at Home!

One more at home!  
One voice of welcome hushed, and ever  
One farewell word unspoken; on the  
shore  
Where parting comes not, one soul  
landed more,  
One more in Heaven!

#### One more at Home!

One more at home!  
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;  
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;  
And far away our coming to swift,  
One more in Heaven!

#### One more at Home!

One more at home!  
Still as the earth-born mist the thought  
of  
And wrap our footsteps round and dim  
our eyes;  
But the bright sunbeam darteth from  
the skies—  
One more in Heaven!

#### One more at Home!

One more at home!  
This is not home, where cramped in  
early morn,  
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is  
cold;  
But there, where face to face we shall  
behold,  
Is home and Heaven!

#### One less on earth!

One less on earth!  
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;  
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;  
One more the crown of ransomed souls  
to wear,  
At home in Heaven!

#### One more in Heaven!

One more in Heaven!  
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,  
Another theme for thankfulness and  
praise,  
Another link on high our souls to raise  
To home and Heaven!

#### One more at home!

One more at home!  
That home where separation cannot be,  
That home where, none are missed eter-  
nally,  
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with  
Thee,  
At home in Heaven!

### Interesting Story.

#### Lubber Dick.

"It's a lubber, and no mistake." And that is what we all thought. Sleepy-eyed, slow of movement, bare-foot, ragged and not overly clean, he presented himself at the door of Woodland's mill shanty and asked for a job.

Dan Chambers, the giant of our crew, stepped aside with the ragged tramp and held a whispered consultation, every now and then winking with his eye at the boys standing about.

After a little the fellow walked away, passing throughout the gate with a listless air, and clumping down the road amidst a chorus of laughter and sarcastic remarks from the assembled mill-men.

"Wall, by thunder! see, boys, this fellow is going into Major Woodland's yard," cried Sam Horton, the sandy-camper, with a broad grin.

"Of course," returned Chambers. "He wants a job, and I sent him to the old man."

"Look out, Dan, you'll go too far in your jokes yet!"

"Botheration! I reckon the Major can see a good thing as well as the next man. He'll tell the lubber that he ain't hiring men just now, and that'll be the end of it."

But it was not the end of it by any means.

That night Lubber Dick, as he called himself, appeared at the shanty in neat overalls and wadded, the gift of the Major. He said, much to the astonishment of the boys, "And he was hired, too, and given a place in the mill, much to the surprise and disgust of Dan Chambers and others. Lubber Dick was a good-for-nothing tramp, and the idea of putting him among the decent men was insufficient."

"We'll catch some word-of-mouth disease from the critter," avowed the teamster, "and I for one don't mean to stand it. I'll quit first. The old Major mustn't get any crazy."

"Wait," urged Dan Chambers. "There was a man needed in the mill, and the Major hired the first one that came along. Trust it to me, boys, he won't stay long. I'll send him off with a flea in his ear before he's been here a week."

I was a boy then, chiding about the cook's shanty. I saw Lubber Dick on Friday evenings and at mealtime. He was not prepossessing or smart; this I thought was reason enough for giving him respectful treatment. A gang of

### men are sometimes the most unreasonable beings on earth, and Woodland's crew were of this sort.

Scarcely a word fell from the lips of Lubber Dick while in the house. He was a morose, unpleasant fellow, and the jokes aimed at him fell on barren ground. Ridicule had no effect on his obtuse nature. Dan Chambers began to feel desperate.

"I'll fix him yet," he muttered in my hearing one morning. "To-night we're to have a wrestle. The Dight boys are coming over, and you may look for a big time. I think Lubber Dick won't want any truck with will-men after to-night."

This put the man addressed, Horton, in good humor, and so all went well that day.

The sun was an hour high when a goodly company assembled on the turf in front of our shanty, a ring was formed and the wrestling began. Dan Chambers was our champion, but to-night he went down before the prowess of Hi Dight, of the opposite crew.

"Will you permit me to take hold?" All were astonished when Lubber Dick put this question to Chambers.

"Yes; take hold," growled Dan, and turned moodily away. The crowd was breaking up. Our side had lost, and the trick Chambers had meditated against Lubber Dick was forgotten in chagrin over defeat.

"Ha! look here!" It was a sight to see. Hiram Dight lay on his back under the knee of the tramp.

"Eh?" Dan Chambers rubbed his eyes. "You can't do it again," growled Dight, enraged at losing the championship.

"I can try," was Lubber Dick's dry response. He did try, and again the champion was laid low. After the third fall the Dights gave it up, and Lubber Dick was the hero of the hour.

Such a shout ascended the heavens! It was ringing in my ears yet.

A sudden revolution took place, and no one wanted Lubber Dick turned out now. Stay, there was one. Dan Chambers had been our leader and champion boxer and wrestler, and now he was hounded in a twinkling, and the tramp workman occupied his place.

From that hour the boys of our crew detested Lubber Dick, and Dan Chambers became his deadly enemy.

What little things change the whole course of human events. The gay and companionable Chambers became gloomy and sour. He lost no opportunity to tease Lubber Dick, and tried hard to involve him in a quarrel.

Dick utterly refused. Finally, however, the time of test came. I remember it as though but yesterday, and I never recur to that time without a bad feeling at heart.

The stage one night brought a passenger who looked at Dan Chambers and called him father—a boy of ten, with laughing blue eyes and curling golden hair, as pretty a child as ever I saw. This was the first intimation the boys of Woodland's mill ever had that Chambers was married. He explained immediately that his boy had tumbled about the ways, and sank, scorched and fainting, in his father's arms. When they looked again, Lubber Dick had disappeared. His strength had forsaken him—he had gone into the abyss on the logs and stones below!

A shattered human form lay at the feet of Dan Chambers. A low gasping announced the passing of a human soul. Human? Ah! he was scarcely considered so a short time since. But now Daniel Chambers knelt and parted the hair from the blistered brow, while his ear came words of strange import.

"I—forgive me, Daniel. I was always the black sheep, the fool of the family. Only a lubber, you said, and laughed in my face. You who were know he and I were the best of friends? I could talk with him for hours—he understood. He was lying asleep under the bench when the fire came. Some one looked us in, but—but it doesn't matter now. I—I—"

Gasping, the faint life went out, and Dan Chambers came to his feet and clasped his heart the boy for whom Lubber Dick laid down his life.

"Papa, it was Uncle Dick who—" "Yes, and I never recognized him until this moment."

Dan Chambers turned away, leading his boy by the hand. I saw it all, and heard a broken-hearted man's confession afterward. Dan Chambers still lives, but he is changed, and a better man.—Chicago Current

### What a Contrast.

THE HOUSE OF THE INDUSTRIOUS MERCHANT AND THAT OF THE IDLER.

What a contrast does the home of the sober, industrious mechanic present to that of the idler and the dissolute. In the one there reigns peace, comfort and independence; in the other, misery, hunger and dirt. The one is a little palace, in which the contentment of a king's court holds absolute sway; the other a hovell, where vice breeds and spawns depravity on the highways of life. One glances into the interior of the former dwelling is worth a whole day's inspection of the splendid one of a noble; for the former is associated with the happiness of thousands, the latter with that of a single family. The ambition of the noble may be decorated with the gems of art and genius—it may present a more than oriental luxury of appearance; but the contrast between it and the cottage of the sober artisan is immeasurably in favor of the latter, as far as those higher estimates of human happiness, which are based on something superior to mere superficial grandeur, may be allowed to sway our judgment.

In the one we see rugged labor, the soul and sinew of the nation, reposing like a giant gathering strength for renewed exertion; in the other we perceive effeminacy, lolling on a lewd day-couch, deploring the slowness of that time which silently and slowly brings its votary nearer to that end which, in his old age, he dreads, and endeavors by all manner of shifts and ingenuities to avoid.

In the one there is a straightened heart and constricted mind; in the other an innocent freedom, which tolerates the laugh and jest on all occasions, and yet allows the graver moments of existence to exert their salutary influence.—N. Y. Ledger.

### Senator Blackburn's Dog.

Senator Kennan and Senator Blackburn are great sportsmen, as everyone knows. Each is the owner of a pointer, the relative merits of which they frequently engaged in discussing in the cloak rooms of the Senate, much to the annoyance of their more staid colleagues. The other day Kennan said to Blackburn, lighting a fresh cigar:

"Joe, you may talk as much as you like about your dog, but mine won't go out with me when the cartridges don't fit my gun."

An audible smile went around the room, and everybody thought, "Well, for once, Joe Blackburn has been beaten at his own game." The junior Senator from Kentucky, however, was equal to the occasion. He looked at Kennan for a minute, and then quietly remarked:

"Well, Kennan, I admit that your dog exhibits an intelligence almost akin to reason, but I don't mind backing mine against him. I was in the fields one day with that dog, and a man I was not acquainted with came along near us. My dog pointed at him. I called to that dog but nothing would induce him to move. So I went up to the stranger.

"Sir," I said, "would you oblige me with your name?"

"Certainly," replied the stranger; "my name is Partridge."

Without another word Kennan took Blackburn's arm and both disappeared in the direction of the Senate restaurant, followed by the shouts of their friends.—Chicago Herald.

"We were locked in by mistake. Get that long board and push it over. Be quick or your boy will perish."

On this side the flames had not come, but the main portion of the mill was burning—there was no escaping by the door, for a fiery key held the place against life and hope.

Willing hands moved quickly. A single board lay on the track near the edge of the bank next the mill. This was lifted, and in spite of all that awful heat, one end was shoved to the open window. Then Lubber Dick drew his stout form through the window, and stood on a jutting timberbe- low. "Good heavens! the board would never sustain his weight. The onward!

But the sootier man was even now misunderstood.

With screeched face and blistered hands he drew the boy through the window, and placed him on the board.

"Steady now, steady!"

Clinging with one hand, and leaning far out, Lubber Dick placed his broad shoulder under the board, holding it solid. A wild shout went up as the boy tumbled across the abyss, and sank, scorched and fainting, in his father's arms. When they looked again, Lubber Dick had disappeared. His strength had forsaken him—he had gone into the abyss on the logs and stones below!

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### The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves its original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

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