

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 52.

### THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)

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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 insertion. Advertisements accepted by the printer are guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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#### Churches.

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CORA W. BOSCH, ☞ Ushers  
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**ST. ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN)**  
Service every Sabbath at 3 P. M. Sabbath School at 3 P. M. Evangelistic and Testimony Meeting at 7 P. M. Bible Reading Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Strangers always welcome.

**CHALMERS' (LOWER HORTON)**  
Service every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. on the Sabbath, and Prayers Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all the services.—At Greenwell, preaching at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Thursdays. Strangers always welcome.

**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. Oscar Greenwell, 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 Greenwell, preaching at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Thursdays. Strangers always welcome.

**BY JOHN'S CHURCH**—Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. on the Sabbath, and Holy Communion first Sunday in every month.

**REV. KENNETH C. HIND, M. A.,**  
Rector of St. John's.

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**BY FRANCIS (H. C.)**—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. M.—Mass 10:00 A. M. in the fourth Sunday of each month.

**Masonic.**

**BY GEORGE LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,**  
meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.  
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

**Temperance.**

**WOLFVILLE DIVISION** of T. C. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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

**CRYSTAL Band of Hope** meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 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 guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,  
PROPRIETOR.

Ripans Tablets cure torpid liver.  
Ripans Tablets cure best liver tonic.  
Ripans Tablets cure headache.  
Ripans Tablets cure biliousness.  
Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.  
Ripans Tablets assist digestion.

### Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervousness & Sleeplessness, Flee at the advent of EKODA'S REMEDIES, WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL.

Geo. Hedges is a RESIDENT OF WINDSOR, N. S. HE IS A MEMBER OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AND HIS CHRISTIAN CHARACTER AND INTEGRITY ARE BEYOND QUESTION.



Ekoda's Remedies, made by the famous discoverer, Ekoda, of Japan, has cured thousands of cases of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Headache, and all ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by the following dealers in Wolfville, N. S.:  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### DIRECTORY —OF THE— Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your 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 and Shoes, Furniture, &c.

**DAVIDSON, J. R.**—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

**DAVIDSON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.

**D. R. PAYZANT & SON,** Dentists.

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

**GODFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

**HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods and Clothing and Gent's Furnishings.

**HEBBER, J. P.**—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

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**KELLEY, THOMAS**—Book and Shoe Maker. All orders by his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

**MURPHY, J. L.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

**DOCKWELL & CO.**—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

**RAND, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

**SLEEP, S. R.**—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, HURPUE**—Importer and Dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Furnishings.

ARE YOU WEAK AND NERVOUS?

HAWKERS' NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

Ripans Tablets cure the blues

Ripans Tablets cure torpid liver.

Ripans Tablets cure best liver tonic.

Ripans Tablets cure headache.

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Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.

Ripans Tablets assist digestion.

### POETRY.

The City of the Dead.

They do neither plight nor wed  
In the city of the dead,  
In the city where they sleep away the hours;  
But they lie, while e'er their range  
Winter bright and summer change  
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.

No, they neither wed nor plight  
And the day is like the night,  
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sigh nor sigh  
In the burrow of and by,  
Where the streets have grasses growing  
Cold and long;  
But they rest within their bed,  
Leaving all their thoughts unaided,  
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.

No, they neither sigh nor sigh  
Though the sun be shining;  
Though the leaves of autumn march  
A million strong.

There is only rest and peace  
In the city of the dead;  
From the fallings and the wallings 'neath the sun;

And the wings of the swift years  
Beat but gently o'er their biers,  
Making music to the sleepers; everyone  
There is only rest and peace;  
But to them it seemeth best,  
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

### SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Kneeling thus in this atmosphere made holy by mother love, a great peace came over him. He had long been aware that the prayers of that mother had many times ascended for her only son; and now that they were answered, and that he had become a follower of his mother's Saviour, the blessedness of such a relation filled him with joy indescribable.

The sweet poetry of the Psalmist,—“I am Thy servant and the son of Thy handmaid,”—ran again and again through his mind. As he arose from his knees, after a silent, heartfelt prayer for guidance, that he might so live as one day to meet that hero in Heaven, his eyes caught a tiny gold ring suspended by a blue ribbon from a part of the chandelier. Upon taking it down he found in it the initials A. E. P.—his mother's before marriage.

Accepting this as a precious memento of this visit, which perhaps could not be repeated until his period of probation was over, Chamberlain hung it on his watch-chain and rejoined his friends in the hall. In obedience to his request, they now proceeded to the family picture gallery, where hung portraits of the Pilate for generations. Among them all he at once recognized the sweet, girlish face that had so long been with him; that was his ideal of perfect loveliness. He carried long before this picture of his mother, impressing its every feature on his mind, until he was called away by old Allan.

“I thought perhaps you might be interested to see the picture of your uncle,” he said, apologetically.

It was with no little interest that the nephew halted before the portrait of his uncle before he had read and re-read, and whose request had changed the whole thread of his life. As he looked, the face was full of stern lines,—full of firm resolve and haughty pride. There was in the keen eye a look of constant pain and unrest, that the artist must have faithfully copied, so well did it tally with the rest of the face. The aquiline nose, the thin lips, betokened the acquisitive cast of the mind; while the lofty, dome-shaped forehead, from which the hair was brushed carefully away, indicated intellectual ability.

“Poor master Robert,” said Allan, “he was 'crossed in love when but a young man, and never got over it. The pain was always with him. He tried to drown it by money-making and by study, but the picture still shows he succeeded. He was a strange man, and grew bitter as he grew older; yet, he did 'many kind' acts unbeknownst, and I shall never forget his goodness to me.”

“Did he study much?”

“All night long sometimes. He never rested well nights, and he could only forget his troubles by hard work. I know he said to me one day, in his quick, nervous way, ‘Allan, in his call-labor course; to me it is a blessing,—the only blessing I enjoy.’ His

library contains books in many outlandish tongues, and he could read them all. When he could not study on account of his head, he used to work over the fruit-trees and the flowers; and good garden as I then claimed to be, it was all I could do to keep pace with him.”

After a glance at the library, that was far too brief to satisfy him, and a general survey of the direct room, entered by the arrangements of the aged couple, Chamberlain again stood on the gravelled walk. As twilight was already fast turning into dark, he bade them good evening, and escorted to the gate by Tank, started for home.

### CHAPTER XI.

A sweet Sabbath morn had settled over Steedville. The wide-throated chimneys of the flint-works had ceased to belch forth smoke,—the throbbing engines and clanking trip-hammers were at rest. The only sounds that broke the quiet were the far off shouts of the stout throwers, and even they, softened by distance, served to intensify the stillness.

In the upper settlement the noise of the world seemed entirely shut away. The bells had ceased to clang, and even the gentle vibrant tolling of the North Church bell had gone lingeringly over the distant hills, and was lost in the brooding silence.

Within the church were gathered the worshippers; it was Communion Sabbath. The beautiful audience-room, with its mellow light, its reverent congregation, its absorbing quiet, seemed the abiding place of holy thought, of pious resolve.

Among the communicants sat Chamberlain and Temple. Before God and men they solemnly separated to follow in the footsteps of the Master. Into their full hearts flowed a sweet and healing peace. When they parted, they rejoiced in acknowledging before the world their belief. Very happy were they as they left behind for the Lord, full of real purpose to preach Christ and Him crucified, by word and act, for the rest of their lives.

“This is the Home of God; this is the gate of Heaven,” murmured Chamberlain, his hand seeking Temple's.

Miss Whittier, in whose pew the young man sat, watched them with gratified interest. Conservative she was, as were most of the North Church people; yet her heart warmed toward the two youthful soldiers, so zealous for the Lord. There were others among the congregation, who awakened by the sight of two men from the flint-works among them, as worshippers, rejoiced, and forgetting their inherent stiffness, warmly welcomed them.

The Rev. Mr. Snow, thankful above all others that a movement was begun in the lower village, prayed and praised with fire and fervor; that a direct answer of prayer above can inspire. He prayed openly, earnestly, for the mill settlement, pleading its wretchedness and misery, till even Lamson, really touched, wiped his eyes.

“Gaffney, you must have been a powerful man once,” he said.

“That I was, boy, that I was; next to Sam Putnam, I was. Few men in this village or the next cared to meddle with me.”

“And now—?”

“Now the little kids on the street ‘square off’ at me and call me names; but that's none of your business,” said Gaffney suddenly, waxing angry.

“You will never be half the man I was.”

“Gaffney,” said Chamberlain, “the Lord Jesus Christ at this moment looks into your heart, and sees that you hate him, and would be free from it. He will help you. He can set you free.”

“It's a lie!” said the other, the tears starting to his eyes and running down his face. “It's a lie; no power can save me! Haven't I sworn that I would break off, and failed? Haven't I tried everything?”

“I'm a Catholic,” said Gaffney. “I don't believe in your crowd. I tell you, nothing can be done.”

“Catholic or Protestant, the Lord has the power, and only waits for you to ask him. Will you do it?”

“I would if I could believe it,” answered the wretched man, “but what is the use? Now, there is Deacon

Lamson—

“Never mind him. He must some day answer for himself. Let us look only at our own disease,” was the steady reply.

“If this is so, why don't some one try it?”

“Hundreds have, and have been saved. Men who loved liquor as well and perhaps better than you do, have been freed from it. There is Temple.”

He has asked for the help and rejected it. Before doing so he failed in every single resolve he made.”

“Don't Temple drink nothing now?” asked Gaffney, impressed.

“Not a drop! I never saw such a change in a man. He prayed and was helped. Come over to his room and let him talk to us about it.”

“I'm so happy,” he said, “I wish I could see Will Marshall. How happy he would be! I must write him.”

“Who is Marshall?” asked Temple in a strange, hoarse voice.

“The other looked at him in surprise. “He is my friend,” he said; “you have heard me speak of him.”

“Oh, yes,” was the absent reply, “I believe I have.”

“He is a splendid fellow. Some day I hope we both may see him; he would be such a help to us. If ever a man loved and served the Lord Jesus, that man is Will Marshall. I always honored him, but now I love him for it.”

Temple was silent.

“Why do you hurry so?” asked Chamberlain finally. “Won't people wonder at our talking at this rate?”

“I must get home,” said Temple, a bright flush burning in his cheeks. “Don't hinder me; don't do it! I must be alone!”

With increasing surprise Chamberlain allowed himself to be hurried along toward the mill village. Fortunately for his feelings, few went that way, and their rapid pace was not noticed.

Reaching his boarding place, Temple hastened in, hardly saying good-bye to his companion, in his great happiness attributed it to overpowering emotion.

Full of peace, he went home with a heart-hunger to share his gladness with some one,—any one.

He met Gaffney, and was going by with the usual nod, when the thought came, “Why not share with me?”

“Nonsense, he would laugh at me,” was the mental reply.

“What of that? Preach the gospel to every creature,” came the answer, and with much misgiving, he said,—“Gaffney, where are you bound?”

“After some one who has the price of a drink to lend,” was the answer.

“Does that happen to be yourself?”

“Come up to my room and let us talk it over.”

The blasted rod followed the young man up the winding stairway and seated himself in one of the two chairs that the room contained.

Chamberlain could not but notice the broad shoulders and good proportions of the drunkard, disfigured though he was by the liquor. They seemed more noticeable in the room than they did out of doors.

“Gaffney, you must have been a powerful man once,” he said.

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wonderfully encouraged, he resolved, if need be, to stay all night before his friend's door, lest he should come out desperate and down remembrance in carousing. With a hearty grip of the hand, and a warm “God bless you!” Gaffney had gone home to impart the glad news to his drunken wife.

As Chamberlain stood softly knocking, the landlady came up the stairs, a bunch of keys in her hand.

“Here,” she said, “I saw you in.

Try this key.”

Inserting the skeleton key that she presented, he carefully pushed the other out, and then, with an apology on his lips, unlocked the door and entered the room. It was empty.