# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1893. No. 45.



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 fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

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


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ST JOHN'S CHURCH—Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion first Sunday in every month. REV. ISAAC SHOCK, D. D., Rector of Horton, Canon of St Luke's Cathredal, Halifax.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. of T, meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

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APPLE TREES fo 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.

Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules: best liver tonic.
Ripans Tabules cure headache.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules cure bad breath;



THIS WONDERFUL STORY

Was Told Mr. Frank H. Colley,

Local Editor of Age, Belfast, Me.

"For 15 years I have been a sufferer from Salt Rheum of head, with its attendant itching and burning. Crusts 1-8 inch thick would form over my whole scalp, crack and bleed. I also had a general Salt Rheum on my body from which I suffered torture. My food distressed me badly and a severe palpitation of the heart added to my suffering, and unfitted me for labor.

LUCIUS H. DUNCAN,
Chairman of the Board of Selectmen of the town of Northport, Me.; member of Maine Legislature for 1885-86.

Physicians said I had CHRONIC ECZEMA, A BAD HEART TROUBLE, and DYSPEPSIA in a severe form. I used many remedies, but received no permanent relief. After taking 6 bottles of SKODA'S DISCOVERY, with LITTLE TABLETS, and using SKODA'S SOAP and OINTMENT, I find myself perfectly cured. Skilled physicians have examined my heart and pronounce it normal in all its functions."

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.


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—OF THE—

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The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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*Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.*

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1) by addressing FULFORD & CO. Brockville, Ont.

EVER FAILS CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH



BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Two pleasantly situated building lots, in Wolfville, on the south side of Water Street, opposite the Skoda Discovery Building, and only a minute's walk from the Station and Post-office.

For price and other particulars apply to

MRS MARGERET WESTON,
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Wolfville, June 1st, 1893. 3m

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the Great Blood, and Nerve Remedy.


## POETRY.

### Limitation.

How can we tell
That the eyes which give back to us
smile for our smile
Often hide in their depths deepest anguish the while,
That their lips whence gay laughter so merrily flows,
Would be white, did they dare let the world know their woes;
How can we tell?

How can we see
That the face which is turning so coldly aside
Bears the look of an infinite love it must hide,
That the passionless air which seems cold as the stars
May conceal a strong passion that beats 'gainst its bars;
How can we see?

How can we know
That the lives we deem selfish and worldly alone
Only hide breaking hearts that are making no moan,
That what in our blindness we judge as unmeet
The Lord of the harvest will garner as wheat—
How can we know?

## SELECT STORY.

### HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

#### CHAPTER III.

In the office of the file-works sat Mr Lamson. On all sides beautiful finishings, the oaken paneling, the handsome desk, and the stained-glass door, bespoke the thriving business. The gentleman, although at the head of the firm, and lord of the gem of an office, did not seem content. A restless, dissatisfied look that partook also of perplexity, expressed itself in his features; something was wrong. One so schooled in complacency as the crafty lawyer, would not worry over nothing. Touching a bell he summoned a boy.

"Call Sam," he said.

In a few moments a tall, broad-shouldered man stood blocking the doorway. Six feet three in his stockings was Sam Putnam. Among all the strong men who worked in "the iron," he was the most muscular and the best proportioned. In his scant working clothes, which consisted of a short sleeved undershirt, dark blue pants, and slippers, the bulging muscles swelling on arm and chest, he looked the personification of strength.

"Come in and close the door," said the agent.

"There is no one near. I don't want to be cooped up in that little pen," returned Sam, carelessly.

The gentleman flushed and frowned, looking as if he were about to give some sharp command, but instead said,—

"How does young Chamberlain come on?"

"All right," was the short answer.

"Does he really learn all he is set at, or is he shamming?"

"O, he learns thoroughly enough. Works as if his life depended upon it."

"Do the men like him?"

"They always like any one that minds his own business."

"How do you take to him, Sam?" was the next question, accompanied by a searching glance.

The giant returned the look with a half contemptuous smile, saying,—

"I think he is a likely chap, Deacon; a trifle too pious, perhaps."

"Pious! You don't know him," exclaimed the other.

"Hump! Perhaps you do," was the reply.

"Sam," said the agent, impressively, "if this young Chamberlain learns the whole business, it will be the worst thing that ever happened to you and me."

"What do you mean?"

"I can't explain, but remember this, he is here for a purpose, and if he accomplishes it, you and I and some of the rest are going to be much the worse for it."

"I suppose you would like to make a second Tam of him?" remarked Sam, with a return of the old ironical smile.

A look of hate sprang to Lamson's face.

"How many times have I told you never to mention Tam to me?" he said, angrily.

"A good many times," replied the other, with a laugh.

Lamson grew white with rage, but the looks that he turned upon the imperturbable figure in the door were entirely without effect.

"Speaking of Tam, is he still about the mill?" said the agent at last.

"Of course."

"Well, I won't have it," exclaimed Lamson, breaking out afresh. "He is no use here. He is a positive damage. I won't have him around here any longer."

"When he goes, I go," remarked Sam, with a gleam in his deep set eyes.

"Sam," said Lamson, suddenly regaining his self-poise, "we cannot afford to quarrel. We are necessary to each other. Now it would please me exceedingly if you would accede to my request in this matter, and allow me to remove Tam to a place where he could be cared for, and where he would be much happier than he is here. Perhaps, too, he might be cured."

The giant always felt ill at ease when his employer addressed him in court phrases. He therefore remained silent.

"You surely won't object?" said Lamson.

"But I will. You hate the sight of him, and no wonder; but you had better not lay a finger on him. Tam is going to stay," said Sam, with sudden emphasis.

Turning on his heel the man strode away, muttering angrily to himself.

The agent closed the door with a slam, and began pacing the office floor with a most disagreeable frown on his brow. He was accustomed to success when he attempted to manage men. He understood Sam perfectly, yet he could not twist him as he did many others. The thought made him exceedingly wrathful, so much so that few of the acquaintances of "cool Lamson" would have recognized his changed face, had they happened in upon him just then.

Sam had called him "Deacon" with a scornful emphasis that brought the blood to his cheek and the fire to his eye.

So the help know it, do they, he thought, "Deacon Lamson!" That sounds well, does it not? Yet his cheeks burned at the thought of the comments of the men. In the town above, where were churches, schools and wealthy families, it had caused no surprise when he had been elected deacon of the largest church. He even had felt a deal of self gratulation, and possibly the shadow of a thrill of piety and resolve for future usefulness. Down in the mill village however, it was entirely different. There he was known. To be sure the deceased owner of the works was still blamed for the misery in the desolate tenements, and for the grinding of the operatives. "Old Skinflint," as Robert Flint was generally called, was still hated, and his memory often cursed, but little by little the keen-eyed sufferers were discerning the fact that smooth spoken Lamson was perhaps a little harder, and more merciless, than the owner had been. When it was known that he had become deacon there was a breeze of comment throughout the mill village.

"I tell yer, my fren's," said Gaffney, from the steps of "Hole in the Wall," the popular saloon, "he deserves to be a deakin. Ain't he got capabillities in the way of bein' a cheatin,' lyin', slippery deakin? Course he has. He's bound for the Kingdom, he is, 'cause he owns a pew, an' a hymn-book. A pew is a reserve seat for Heaven; a hymn-book is the check for it. I don't blame him. I'd be a deakin myself, if I had money enough. Here comes Sam Putnam, my fren's, an' I invite you all to take a drink at his expense, with this sentiment: "Health to the Deakin!"

Most of the dwellers on Steep Street agreed with Gaffney that Lamson was fitted to be a deacon, which to their minds meant a hypocrite. They felt that it was a move either to pull wool over the eyes of his fellow-men or the Powers above; either of which, to their misty minds, was deemed equally possible.

There were to be sure a few faithful hearts, cowed by a fruitless struggling against the prevalent unbelief, who secretly cherished the hope that the new dignity might be a forerunner of a reign of justice, but they were soon disappointed. Their longings were never expressed in words, and no one but the great and pitiful Searcher of hearts knew of the faith-germ that ever and anon quickened with vague hope.

One result of the honor which had been bestowed upon Lamson had been that he was thereafter called "the deacon" from one end of the village to the other, and with the same contemptuous intonation that Sam had used when summoned to the office. Another result was the aversion that the majority of the people held toward the church was intensified. It was perhaps a quiet hatred that they bore toward the congregation who had honored their oppressor, but it was none the less real.

As for the people in the town above, they were entirely unconscious of the feeling that existed among the factory folk. When any kind of mission work was undertaken by them, it failed, unless bolstered up by picnics, festivals, and entertainments; and when these were removed, there was found to be not an atom of religious interest. There were those in the upper town who honestly grieved and prayed over this state of things, and who used all their wisdom to overcome the apathy into which the people were plunged but their efforts were singularly unsuccessful. Nor was the reason ever suspected. It is but simple justice to say, that if Mr Lamson's true character had been known, he would never have been received into the church. In the upper world he was kind, charitable; to all appearance, "full of good works." Many times he was heard to deplore the state of things on Steep Street; and it was generally understood that through some clause in the will of Robert Flint, who had been an outspoken church-hater, there could be nothing done, at least for a term of years.

The mill people, believing all others knew Lamson as well as they did, but shut their eyes to his true character because of his wealth, despised and hated the church, as they did the agent, and joined hands in vowing enmity to both.

Among those who learned that the lawyer was a deacon, was Chamberlain. He also was fully enlightened as to what the people thought of his fitness for the position.

About this time he was absorbed in serious thinking. Although not a professing Christian himself, he had a high respect for such men as his friend Marshall. He knew that there were disciples of Christ whose very presence in that village would be a protest against the prevalent sin,—an overwhelming rebuke to such professing Christians as the grasping agent. The thought that the whole settlement, was so given over to the service of Satan, that all actually believed that there was no goodness, no real piety, nothing but hypocrisy among the well-to-do dwellers of the upper town,—was a great burden to the young man. It seemed as if every knee had bowed to Baal, and he stood alone in his respect for the religion of Christ. Of course he was wrong in this, for there were a few who, crushed under the prevailing wickedness, forced to spend all their energies in a bitter struggle with poverty, yet called upon the name of the Lord. Of their existence he knew nothing, and he really believed that from one limit of the settlement to the other, all ages and sexes were indulging in a frantic rush to destruction. Among other plans for the mitigation of this state of affairs, he seriously meditated sending to a missionary society for a laborer to come among these people. A talk with one of the more intelligent of the "puddlers" dispelled the idea.

"A missionary!" the man said in amazement. "What for? There isn't a soul here will take any stock in one. Folks know too well the humbug of the whole thing. If any one wants to convince me that they believe in the Bible, and all that, let them do as it says,—let them live it."

"Would not a missionary do that?"

"Yes, if he was hired to. A man will do 'most anything for a salary. Now let me tell you, young feller, if you have been gulled into thinking there is a shadow of truth in what these folks try to force on us, you are deceived. I have made this a sort of a study, and as far as I can see, the ministers are a pretty good sort of men; they are paid to be. A low down, sloven, drinking person wouldn't stand any show at all, and they know it. So you don't want to look there for you examples; but you want to look at the people that profess to believe as the ministers do and yet don't get no pay for it. Look at them and what do you see?"

"Some hypocrites and some good, earnest men who would lay down their lives before doing a mean or wicked thing," replied Chamberlain, warmly.

"Not much," was the bitter reply. "You find a set of grasping, hard fisted, stuck-up fellers, who grind the life out of such as us as are under them; who cheat and lie about bargains, and who pretend to be one thing and are something else. I am only telling what I see every day. If you can bring a Christian who can run a mill like that down yonder and deal justly with his help, who will live himself as his Bible teaches; who is charitable and generous and who values human beings a bit above the profit they pay him in their daily work,—I'll believe and not till then."

Chamberlain groaned inwardly. The great want was apparent. There was need of an earnest follower of the master who should *live* a sermon, not preach one. There must be such in Steelville; yet they were as far removed from this people as though an ocean flowed between. The man's argument caused the missionary idea to drop out of sight.

Would it be possible to get Marshall to live in this community? He hurried to his boarding place and wrote a long letter to his friend, sealed and directed it, and then after a long struggle with his own thoughts, destroyed it. All of the long Sunday afternoon he thought and planned. There must be some way out of this. On him rested a heavy responsibility—a legacy left by his repentant uncle. More and more the burden weighed. All day long Sunday he wrestled with the problem, and could see no way out. When the spirit of the Lord is striving with man, no compromise will answer; and Chamberlain, although he taxed his ingenuity to the utmost, found no solution except one, to which he would not for an instant listen. Yet this suggestion, no matter how often hurried out of his mind, came back and whispered its tender invitation over and over again.

At the time that he was so sorely tempted to put all responsibility upon the shoulders of others, a fellow workman—a file grinder—also tempted, was, by the guiding of God's spirit, being led toward the light.

Twenty miles from Steelville was a city of some size, where those of the file workers who could afford it went on occasional sprees. Once or twice a year select parties took the Saturday night train and spent a riotous Sabbath in the slums of the city, returning on the "Sunday night freight." From one of those parties that had already wasted half of the beautiful summer's day in carousing, two men, drenched themselves, and straying into the city park, sat down to talk. The younger of the twain was a man of forty odd years; healthy, vigorous, yet bearing the marks of dissipation. A costly meerschaum between his teeth, he sat and smoked, waiting for the other to speak. Ever and anon he took the pipe from his lips and looked at it with the admiration that inveterate smokers are wont to bestow upon their idols. To him this pipe, a present from his companion, meant comfort and ease. It was the only valuable he owned. With a longing for the good things of life, which his friend possessed, he looked at his pipe and rubbed it as if it were an Aladdin's lamp and would fulfil his wish.

The man by his side was in every way more diminutive and much older—if the bleached appearance which pervaded his whole person could be truly taken as an index of increasing years. The two began to speak on indifferent topics, in which neither appeared deeply interested, yet to which both clung as if feeling that the power of conversation would forever leave them if not encouraged by some sort of a votive offering. From factory topics they drifted to horse racing, from that to the latest variety at the lowest theatres, from that to Sabbath excursions, and from this topic, which approached the nearest to religious of anything, they swung around upon one which seemed at once to awaken their interest.

"I tell yer," said the lesser man, with an attempt at energy in his attenuated voice, "there is lots of money in it. No other business makes such profits. Why, there's Mulberu, that's in the city council here, and was once a sweeper for Lamson! I remember when he bought his first barrel of beer and started selling, and now look at him. He's just rolling in money, and has got the finest saloon in the city! Then there's Bill Guscelin; look at the position he occupies! He stands a fair chance for being mayor one of these days, and ten years ago he kept the meanest little rum hole in the village, next to yours. I tell yer, Temple, if only a man drink light and sell fair, he's sure of fortune. I've got the cash and the experience, and you understand the grocery business; there is your hold. You can run Pfaff under ground in a month. I'll back you in good shape, and no one shall know it either."

"The fact is, I don't want to sell rum," said the man, a flush rising to his face.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied the other; "you make me tired. A feller that'll drink rum the way you have, and that'll go the rounds and ha into everything from a gin mill to a prize fight, and that's slept under a bar many a night when he was too drunk to go home,—to be afraid to sell rum is more than I can understand."

His companion winced perceptibly, but made no reply.

"Now, look here," continued the smaller man; "I've got papers right here in my pocket, and if you want to know it, they're all signed, too, so sure was I of getting your consent. All that is needed is to settle on the profits, and we will set you up in less than a week. No more file grinding for you. I will guarantee two years from to-day you'll have as much money as any of them, and be able to own just as fine horses and have things as good as Lamson has. Why shouldn't you have a profit out of this as well as he?"

"I tell you I don't want to sell rum," said the man, but less positively than before.

"Well, what are you going to do? Grind files till you get to be so bad a drunkard that they'll fire you out, and then go to cleaning out spittoons and washing bar room floors, and hanging 'round for the slops that are left in the bottoms of the beer glasses? You're proud, I know, but you ain't no prouder than lots of fellows that have come to just that same thing."

"Where are the papers?" said Temple, brokenly.

With a thin, white smile, the man drew them from his pocket and handed them over. His fingers trembling and his eyes blurred by sudden moisture, the other took the documents, and slowly opening them, began to read, his companion watching his every move with a keenness that none would ever have guessed him to be able to command.


CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.


### What's the Answer?

She was a bright mathematical scholar and pretty, and when she ratified at the stamp window and laid down the dollar bill the handsome young clerk in the blue necktie on the inside was all attention.

"There's a dollar," she said; "give me four times as many twos as ones and the rest in threes."

"I beg your pardon," he stammered.

She repeated her request.

"Certainly," he said, and began to lay out the stamps.

He worked at it ten minutes without success, she waiting patiently the while.

He wasn't busy with anyone else, and she didn't seem to mind watching him calculate, so she gave him another five minutes.

Then a customer came in.

"Just keep the dollar," she said sweetly, and I'll come around in the morning and get the stamps in the proper proportions.

Mary had a little lamb—
It's flesh was pink and white,
And with green peas—about this time—
The lamb was out of sight.


**Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.**

$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Quality remains the same—10 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. DAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.