

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

No. 47.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Killa Worms, gives sleep, and prevents disease, without injurious medication. THE CHESTER COMPANY, 77 NUTLEY STREET, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S 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.

Notary Public

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kinds, &c.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishings Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carrriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York.

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

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer, Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

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

DATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriages, and Top and Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

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, Stores, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flows.

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, in still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE,

CONVEYANCER,

INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for Fire and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Watches, Clocks,

and Jewelry

REPAIRED!

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

To-day and To-morrow.

Without all enclaves when I am dead,
All noisy sorrow,
Give me the tender word to-day, instead
Of tears to-morrow.

Come not with flowers to strew about
My breast,
And sigh for me there;
The hawk or crow may haunt the piny
crest.

Speak not my name when I have passed
From earth,
In tones of sadness;
At thought of me suppress no sound of
mirth,
No burst of gladness.

Regard me not as altered when removed
To the hereafter;
Think of me still as loving and as loved,
With joy and laughter.

Delay not, thou whom I have wounded
Till thou outrive me
To grant the pardon that I now implore,
But now forgive me.

Pretend not that I merit saintly fame;
Let mercy save me;
Sufficient for my epitaph the name
My mother gave me.

Wrecked.

The winds are singing a death knell
Out on the main to-night;
The sky droops low—and many a bark
That sailed from harbors bright,
Like many a one before,
Shall enter port no more;
And a wreck shall drift to some unknown
shore,
Before to-morrow's light.

The clouds are hanging a death-pall
Over the sea to-day;
The stars are veiled—and the hearts that
sailed
Away from harbors bright,
Shall seek their last for their quiet home
And sobbing sink 'neath the whirling
foam,
Before the morning's light.

The waves are weaving a death-shroud
Out on the main to-night;
Alas! the last prayer whispered there
By lips that never rise again,
Over the ridge of gloom
A star will bloom!

God help the souls that will meet their
doom,
Before the dawn of light.
The breeze is singing a joy song
Over the sea to-day;
The storm is dead—and the waves are red
With the flush of the morning's ray;
And the sleepers sleep, but beyond the
deep,
The eyes that watch for the ships, shall
weep
For the hearts they bore away.

SELECT STORY.

Among the Breakers.

At a pleasant family reunion in New York, the sons and daughters of an old Commodore of the Navy were assembled at the house of a well-known citizen to celebrate a domestic anniversary.

The table had been cleared, cigars lighted, and the veterans, being urged by the young ladies to spin them a sea yarn, related the following story:—

"It occurred," he said, "soon after I entered the service, now more than forty years ago. We were just about to leave Hampton Roads on a cruise, when the captain's gig dashed alongside, and with the old skipper had come a slight, girlish, fair-haired boy, apparently a mere child, but dressed in the uniform of an ensign."

"The little fellow had been sent to sea to learn an honorable profession, because his father, since his bankruptcy could not educate his son in a manner becoming his former station. He stood uncertain for a while on the quarter deck, alone, neglected, shamed, until the captain, suddenly recollecting himself, turned round, and introducing him to us, ended by commissioning Harry Broughton, as I shall call him, to my oversight, as the oldest midshipman on board."

"We were soon on intimate terms, and he was so frank, generous and winning in his manners that you could not see, for the life of you, escape loving the little fellow. Even the rugged old tars would do anything to please him, and the severity of the first lieutenant himself often relaxed itself when Harry, as we all called him, had offended against some petty rule of discipline. Always the first to start up in a gale, never to be found skulking like some of the other youngsters from his watch, and at all times eager to volunteer on any extra duty, he gradually wound himself into the hearts of every one on board, from the landlubbers in the waist to the captain in his after-

cabin. If we went on shore Harry was sure to be one of our company, for he was such a favorite with strangers on account of his youth and beauty that we were always better welcomed if he was along."

"We had been out nearly three years, cruising on the Pacific station, when we were ordered home and right glad we all were to hear the news. The long, beautiful moonlight night came and went like the sound of music, and a hundred gallant fellows danced away the evening watches to the lively notes of the violin."

"We reached the Philippine Islands, passed the Straits, and at last entered the Bay of Bengal. We were heartily glad of close confinement on ship board, and resolved to run up the bay and visit a few of the chief stations on the coast. It was a glorious day when we first caught sight of Madras; with the sunlight playing full on its walls and minarets, the long, low beach of white sand crowned with the walls of the fort above, and a tremendous surf rolling and thundering in ahead. Every heart beat high with pleasure, and it was not a difficult matter to obtain permission to land. A party of officers, among whom was Harry and myself, resolved to make an excursion into the town."

"I should have mentioned that there was no port for vessels within twenty miles of St George's fort, and as our frigate would be compelled to stretch out and wait until our return, we had but little time for our adventure. We had intended, when we started, to leave the boats outside the surf, and to land in flats which are used for passing the breakers, and which, being sewed together and without keels, are admirably fitted to resist the jerking of the surf and cannot without great difficulty be overturned. But when we neared the shore we saw that some of the native boats were up and, as we had but little time to lose, we lay upon our oars just outside the breakers, and called a council to determine what to do."

"What say you, Frank, to make a dash and pass it at once? It will be something to talk of, ah?"

"I shook my head in disapprobation, as I pointed to the huge billows that raced by us, and curling over a cable's length ahead broke with a noise like thunder on the beach, while the shivered wave broke and foamed in the vortex below."

"Give way, my sea dogs, give way!" shouted the third lieutenant, coming up abreast in gallant style; "shall we dash in, Mr Tiller?"

"It looks like a venture where one cast is death, and the other a ducking; but what say you, Broughton?"

"O, sir," replied the little fellow, his eyes kindling as he spoke, "they say an English man-of-war's boat passed in a few years ago, and I'm sure we can do it, too. Besides, sir, we can try it with our boat first. It isn't such a high surf, after all, and look there, sir, they're watching us from the fort."

"True enough, the officers of the garrison were quizzing us with their glasses. I still, however, objected, feeling a strange kind of presentiment that some dreadful accident would occur if we ventured in the surf. But the national pride of our men had been touched, and the Lieutenant seeing it, wavered no longer, and shouting the order to 'give way,' our crew broke into a cheer, and dashed rapidly up to the gigantic breakers."

"The aspect of the surf as we approached it was terrible. The enormous billows rolled in, one after another rose like monsters, passed a moment with their white crests combing before they descended, and then hurled their mass of water down into the abyss below with the noise of a mighty cataract."

"Minderto, all had been careless on board, and just had been flying plentifully about, but every man now felt that a crisis was at hand, and accordingly the deepest silence prevailed, broken only by the noise of the oars, and the quick order of the Lieutenant."

"'Lashed out!' shouted Tiller, waving his hand, 'hardboard a little more!' and 'Sling on an anchor! wave we were whirled into the heart of the surf, with two gigantic billows madly pursuing us on our quarter. For a moment we thought the crisis passed, but all at

once the wave seemed to lose its impetus, and gliding from beneath us, broadened its almost broadside to, while the foremost of our pursuers dashed against us, and heeled us nearly over into the abyss. We were losing all command of the boat, when suddenly a voice from our colleague outside of the surf exclaimed:—

"Look out, there's a shark on your quarter!—At the same instant Tiller, perceiving our danger, thundered, 'Larboard, hard—case off there, larboard harder, for God's sake, down!' but the poor Coxswain, startled by the ill-timed warning from the other boat, and conscious of the terrible situation in which we were, lost for a moment all command of his faculties, and before he could regain them sufficiently to obey the command of his officer, a wave struck us full on our broadside, and in another instant, with a wild cry of horror, we found ourselves struggling in the surf."

"When I rose to the surface, I struck out boldly, but I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. The boat was already broken in pieces, and the fragments tossing about, while the crew were struggling here and there in the breakers. A poor fellow was just ahead of me, buffeting with the waves, his agonized look fixed on a huge shark that lay crouching just without the surf. He screamed for succor, but it was in vain. The current was gradually sweeping him nearer to his terrible enemy. The other boat ventured as near as it could, but it would have been mad to approach nearer. Suddenly he gave a quick, shrill shriek, flung his arms upward and sank. The next instant the blood-red hue of the surface told the fearful cause."

"As for myself, I struck desperately for the shore, and being a good swimmer, as long as I could command my faculties, I knew I had some chance of reaching land. I had turned in order to escape the current and find a place where the surf rolled in less frightfully, when I heard a faint cry, and saw little Harry struggling not two tubatons off. He seemed almost exhausted, and was barely able to keep his head above the water."

"For the love of Heaven!" he cried, "Frank—here!" But as I swam toward him the noble boy exclaimed, 'No! save yourself—I'm nearly gone am getting weak—tell mother and Parry I died thinking of you!'"

"'Courage!' I shouted, 'I'll be there in a minute—hold on, my brave lad!' and I strained every nerve to reach him, but the current was so powerful that it baffled my efforts. One while the surf would sweep us far apart, and again dash us almost together. I saw, however, that I gradually neared the gallant little fellow."

"The crew of the boat outside bent to their oars, determined at all risks to secure us, when suddenly there was a cry, 'The shark! the shark!' and the huge monster shot along not twenty yards off between us and our only hope, the boat. My brain reeled as I looked. The boat was rapidly approaching, but the surf was too wild to suffer it to come near to where we were, and between us the frightful monster was sailing to and fro, waiting for the tide to sweep us out."

"I'm going Frank; I can't stand it any longer. O my poor mother and sister! God forgive me my sins, faintly said the boy."

"Hold on a minute, for Heaven's sake!" I cried, for I was within a yard or two of him.

"Hold on!" thundered the Lieutenant from the boat; "we'll be there if we die for it—give way, lad, for a life, harrah!"

But poor little Harry had held on until nature was completely worn out, and making a wild look on all around, he faintly ejaculated, "My mother sister—O my God!" and then, with a convulsive jerk of the arms, sank like lead into the waters. The next moment I would have been by his side."

"Give way! Give way! Give way!" roared the Lieutenant, wildly, as he waved on his men.

"For God's sake, come on, quick!" I shouted, as I dived.

With frightful rapidity, the shark on the edge of the surf. The boat was yet too distant to promise any effective aid. I shall never forget the emotions of that instant. A sickening sensation came over me; my brain reeled, my joints grew weak, and my arms seemed to refuse their duty. The monster was now nearly at my side. I could see his great fins appearing and disappearing, and almost feel the lashing of his huge tail as it beat against the waters. I gave up all my hope of this world and all I loved, and shut my eyes on my terrible enemy as I breathed a silent prayer for mercy to God. A moment that seemed years ensued—a moment of torture more horrible than any I had ever conceived—when a loud sharp cry rang out just behind me, and at the same instant a coil of rope fell beside me as a voice called out in broken English, "Hold on!"

Clutching the cord mechanically, I felt myself drawn in among the breakers, while the enormous monster, perceiving he was going to be disappointed of his prey, struck the waves wildly with his tail, and dashed like lightning after me."

"In with him, hand over hand!" shouted a voice, and I felt myself jerked into one of the boats on the coast. At the same time a thundering cheer rang from the crew outside the surf. Forgetful of everything but my wonderful preservation, I fell on my knees and thanked God that I was alive.

When I looked again I saw that we were ridden in upon the surf, and the shark had sheered out to sea. We were soon landed, and I then learned the manner of my deliverance. Harry had been seen, a boat had put off to rescue, and had already taken up several of our crew, when they discovered me struggling against the current. Had I not been engaged in endeavoring to save poor Harry, I would have noticed their approach sooner. As it was, four of our crew were lost."

"The poor boy, thank God, was washed ashore, that same afternoon; and there was not a dry eye on the ship when they heard of his untimely end. We buried him near Madras, and so ended our battle with the surf."

What One Nova Scotian Boy Did.

Many years ago a lady and gentleman were conversing on the street of New Glasgow, when the gentleman was the principal merchant and wealthiest magnate in the place and in the County, at that time. The lady was the minister's wife. A boy passed them on his way to school. He was a bright, smart intelligent fellow, who had only his brains and his hands to help him, for he was not blessed with wealthy parents. Noticing him, the lady remarked on the good qualities of the lad; his regular habits, good behavior, his smartness and progress at school, his desire to learn and get on in life; and suggested that he, namely the wealthy gentleman who was speaking to, might do something to help him on in his studies, and secure his advancement in life generally; for it so happened that the lad was a relative of the gentleman. The reply of the latter was to the effect that when he began life as a boy he began poor enough; in fact he was worse off than this boy whose claims were presented to him; but by industry, perseverance, a strict attention to business, and hard work, he had realized a portion of this world's goods, and he was indebted to no man but himself for his success in life. Let this boy, he said, work out his own success in life, and he will be all the better for it. Sure enough, the young lad did. Smart and studious at school, he soon climbed the ladder, round by round, till he became one of the leading lawyers in Nova Scotia. He represented his native county in the Local Legislature several times; was Financial Secretary of Nova Scotia in the government before Confederation; represented Pictou in the Dominion House of Commons; was Minister of Justice in Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet, and then received an appointment of Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, when Sir William Young died. This was the Hon. James McDonald, the young lad whose abilities and humble ambition to excel in his studies were noticed by the lady of one story. This interesting fact was brought to our remembrance the other

day on the occasion of the Chief Justice passing through from attending the funeral of his aged mother. Chief Justice McDonald is only one of the many Nova Scotians who have risen to fame and honor in this Canada of ours. The lessons we learn from the lives of these men are, that there is no royal road to honor as well as to learning in this part of the world; that mental application, a disposition characterized by industry, perseverance, good habits, will, in the course of time, bring its reward. Some of the brightest sons of Nova Scotia have had to fight their way against odds and obstacles of different kinds; but they "got there," all the same. Let every young man blessed with brains and brawn, who reads this, strive to aim high in life. "Deserve success and you shall win it." Don't be contented with remaining a drudge; use your present position as a stepping-stone to something higher. "Be not like dumb, driven cattle; Be a hero in the strife."

Whatever your object in life, as you rise higher and higher in the world, let the claims of your native Province and this Canada of ours generally occupy your first attention. We need all the bright, smart, intelligent and enterprising young men within our borders, to help in one great object, namely, the building up of a national, patriotic sentiment in this country; to detour their talents and their energies towards developing a sound spirit of patriotism, a spirit that will weld together in harmony all classes, creeds, and races, and bring about those grand results longed for by Prof. Roberts, in his admirable lecture, "On the Threshold." Our country has a destiny in store for it; and if the people in it, of both political creeds, are true to themselves, and not only realize their duty as citizens, but strive to act them out, "there's a good time coming," and "may we live to see the day."—*Colchester Sun.*

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bonaventure, Ind., says: "Each myself and wife owe our lives to SHEILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold by George V. Rand.

In New York the other day Jay Gould was fined \$500 for not answering to a summons to act as a petit juror. He paid it.



TWENTY DOLLARS CASH!

—GIVEN FOR—
AN OLD USED POSTAGE STAMP.
\$20 will be given to any person who will send me, (for the collection I am forming for exhibition purposes), a 12 PENNY STAMP OF CANADA. Or I will give \$5 to \$10 for any Old Stamping Stamps of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. You ought to find lots of these stamps as well as those of 1d., 3d., 6d., values in old office papers or letters in warehouses, between the dates 1850-1860. Now is the time to hunt them up. I will buy for cash all old used or cancelled postage or bill stamps. Send on all you have, leaving them on the original envelopes preferred. I also issue 3 stamps, out value, on the entire haul, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER, 559 King St., Ottawa, Canada.

STRAY LEAVES

—FROM—
"Book of Wonders."
(LESLIE LORING DAVISON.)
With a Preface by Marl Harlowe.
Edited by Ben Zeeme.

For Sale at this Office.