

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1891.

No. 6.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it contains no sugar or any poisonous matter to harm them. It is a safe and reliable medicine for all ailments of infants and children. It is sold in bottles of 10, 25, 50, 100, 250, 500, 1000, and 2500 grains. It is sold in all drug stores and by mail order. Price per bottle, 25 cents. Sold by J. A. Hanson, M. D., 115 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, 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.

Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office and payment in advance is required.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

New 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 be furnished to accompany the communication, although the name may be written in a different signature.

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them there, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.45 a. m.

Express west close at 10.00 a. m.

Express east close at 12.30 p. m.

Restville close at 2.30 p. m.

Geo. V. Hanson, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 12 noon.

G. W. Mason, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by the church.

COLEMAN W. BROS., Church Agents.

FRESHWATER CHURCH—Rev. H. D. Ross, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7.30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all services.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. G. Mackenzie, A. M., Pastor. Rev. W. B. Farnes, Assistant Pastor. Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Gresham and Acadian services at 11 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7.30 p. m. at Horton on Friday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all services.

BY JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every Sunday afternoon at 3, except the first Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Celebration of the Holy Communion at 11.

ISAAC BROOK, D. D., Rector of Horton.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Episcopal.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, 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 F. M. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, White's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in their Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

JOHN PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

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

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

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

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

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DEPAYZANT & 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.

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

HEBBERN, J. E.—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.

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

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Plans, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. H.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Toilet Goods.

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

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

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

### POETRY.

#### Courage.

Because I hold it sinful to despair,  
And will not let the bitterness of life  
Blind me with burning tears, but look  
Beyond its tumult and its strife;  
Because I lift my head above the mist,  
Where the sun shines and the breeze blow,  
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed  
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?  
No burdens to be borne, like Christian's?  
Think you there are no ready tears to fall  
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's life with cold resolve,  
To curse myself and all who love me?  
Nay!  
A thousand times more good than I deserve  
God gives me every day.

And for each one of those rebellious tears  
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow  
In his smile;  
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears  
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,  
One golden day redeems a weary year;  
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last  
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be  
I must be glad and grateful to the end,  
I grieve you not your cold and darkness  
—The powers of light befriend.

### SELECT STORY.

#### The Hero of Beaver Head.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Very gently Eric lifted her up and led her away to the hut upon the cliff.

The men slowly followed, bearing the man upon the litter, and laid him down in his humble home. In a little time Carl came in with the village doctor. The physician placed a flask of whiskey to the exhausted man's lips, but when its fumes smote the patient's nostrils, such a look of terror, hatred and loathing came into the sufferer's face, that the doctor fell back before it in wonder.

"Take it away! Destroy it!" he hoarsely cried. "I will never drink again."

"For the love of Heaven, ever offer that to the like of me!" Oh, think what it has done to us! and his rage fell into a broken-hearted man. "Don't ask me to drink it," he said, "for I've been drunk for three days, and I can't keep about much longer." No he managed to steer for the island, and when he got to the shore, he said to himself, "I am dead, father, the current's gone to carry us by." And he set his teeth to fort an' drink. Then he got me ferried into the grove, an' when we was about to strike he held me up with his knees an' teeth, an' what he could with his poor hands, an' when we struck he lifted an' threw me ahead, an' I fell onto the shore. But he sprang back an' glanced off, an' he fell in the grove an' laid still. He'd fainted, Lucy, his last drop of strength was gone. I got upon my knees an' holled with all my might to rouse him, but he had no strength. Lucy, he'd give it all to me, an' tears run down the big man's cheeks, with the mother sobbed with her face pressed against the pillow.

"Then the boat lurched," the man went on, huskily, "an' it followed the current past the island, and I see him struggle up an' heard him callin': 'Oh, father! I done my best! I tried to bring ye back! Moby some ship'll save ye, an' if ye ever reach home an' I never come, tell mother I died innocent!' Then I couldn't hear him no more, an' I watched the boat go further an' further, an' I see another island way off to the west, but just afore he reached it the boat struck something—a bar, I guess—an' sunk, an' I fell forward an' didn't know no more, only a sort of dreamin' movement of sights an' noises, till Eric laid me down there on the sand, and your callin' roused me to life again."

His voice faltered, and they sat a long time weeping together in silence; and that might ever have been said of prayer or blame or sorrow and love, of regret and new resolve, was spoken in that sound of falling tears.

The next day was Sabbath and all was quiet in Redwood town. The millmen, clad in fresh clothing, sat on the doorsteps of their cottages smoking their pipes and looking idly out at the blue fields of the sea, or down among the fragrant stacks of lumber sat whitening and talking. Some, when the little cracked bell in the steeple of the church upon the shady allside called them, had gone with the children to hear what love could do in saving men—even the love of a wronged and crippled boy. Surely all their hearts were better for having heard from the minister's lips the story of Paul Armor's victory, though they knew it well before.

Over on the head the day broke beautifully, yet with little cheer, for sorrow and heavy poverty were there. The children felt it, and the mother went sadly and fro, longing for her lame lost boy. Near noon she stood in the doorway looking out to sea. A big yacht, with all its white sails spread, blew into the little harbor, but she did not see it, for her eyes were wet. She was thinking of that island, somewhere to the west of the blue horizon line, upon whose cruel bar her boy went down. She thought of him as he used to lie upon her breast when a child, and again she seemed to see him, as she had so many times, coming up the path to the door where she stood, his straw hat in his hand, his light curls blown about his frank blue eyes. And yet when she turned from those fancies there was something sweet at the bottom of her heart. She could not tell when it came. Was it because the sky was so beautiful with its flocks of snowy clouds, the sea so blue, the air so crystal clear, the sunshine so pretty on the rooftops? She saw, too, that the children seemed happier than for many days, and when she went into the sick man's room he met her with a smile.

Presently footsteps came to the door, and Eric and his comrades, with their sweethearts entered. Behind them were others bearing bags and baskets, and the children leaped with joy. Armor arose and came out. His step was slow but steady and his face was clear. The children with Gale among them, shouted and danced with glad to see him grown so strong, and the big man's eyes were filled with blessed tears as he looked around upon the faces of his friends.

The shadow seemed lifted, and the mother smiled; something strange and sweet was in the air.

Suddenly there arose the noise of many voices near the hut, cheering and singing in the sunshine. Eric sprang up, and all stood still and harkened. A great light came into the mother's eyes. She held her hand hard against her leaping heart and listened. Suddenly Eric leaped out the door with an answering shout. They all followed him, and along the top of the green bluff a crowd poured into view, and there borne upon the shoulders of the cheering men, sat Paul Armor!

He was pale and weak, and his poor hands, swathed in white bandages, hung down over the men's shoulders, but his face was almost like a star. Ah, there was his old mother with her face wreathed in light and thankful smiles, and his father, looking as if Heaven had come opened. In a moment they had come together, and there was kissing and crying and handshaking and happy laughter. Then Eric noticed that little Gale was crying for happiness in the arms of a lady he had not seen before, and as soon as Paul could get his breath he cried:

"Mother! Father! This is the little thing's mummy! She was on the steam-er that took me off the island where I was washed ashore after the boat sunk! She had my knees fixed in the city, an', oh, mother! I ain't lame any more!"

Then the handshaking and cries of surprise and gladness were renewed, and the millmen and wharfmen swung their hats again and gave three mighty cheers for "The Hero of Beaver Head."

And went back to the town.

Trave Armor is an old man now, but since that day he has never tasted rum. Paul is a merchant in Sag Raceville. Sitting one day upon his porch and looking out upon the sunlit bay, he told me in private what I have told you here. Two pretty children were playing down below us in the grass, and a happy face was bending over a cradle just in-

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And will not let the bitterness of life  
Blind me with burning tears, but look  
Beyond its tumult and its strife;  
Because I lift my head above the mist,  
Where the sun shines and the breeze blow,  
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed  
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?  
No burdens to be borne, like Christian's?  
Think you there are no ready tears to fall  
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's life with cold resolve,  
To curse myself and all who love me?  
Nay!  
A thousand times more good than I deserve  
God gives me every day.

And for each one of those rebellious tears  
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow  
In his smile;  
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears  
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Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,  
One golden day redeems a weary year;  
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last  
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I must be glad and grateful to the end,  
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"Take it away! Destroy it!" he hoarsely cried. "I will never drink again."

"For the love of Heaven, ever offer that to the like of me!" Oh, think what it has done to us! and his rage fell into a broken-hearted man. "Don't ask me to drink it," he said, "for I've been drunk for three days, and I can't keep about much longer." No he managed to steer for the island, and when he got to the shore, he said to himself, "I am dead, father, the current's gone to carry us by." And he set his teeth to fort an' drink. Then he got me ferried into the grove, an' when we was about to strike he held me up with his knees an' teeth, an' what he could with his poor hands, an' when we struck he lifted an' threw me ahead, an' I fell onto the shore. But he sprang back an' glanced off, an' he fell in the grove an' laid still. He'd fainted, Lucy, his last drop of strength was gone. I got upon my knees an' holled with all my might to rouse him, but he had no strength. Lucy, he'd give it all to me, an' tears run down the big man's cheeks, with the mother sobbed with her face pressed against the pillow.

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