

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN

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The ACADIAN JOS DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new types 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 invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

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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 Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free for all welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
COLIN W. HOBSON, } Ushers
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. J. Fraser, Pastor, at Andrew's Church, Wolfville. Public worship every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9 30 a. m. and 3 p. m. (Opposite to Hall at 7 30 p. m.) Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public worship on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. on Thursday, prayer meeting at 7 30 p. m.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION R. O. T. M. meets every Monday evening in their hall at 7 30 o'clock.

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Severe Pain in Shoulder 2 Years Cured by The D. & L. Menthol Plaster

My wife was afflicted for two years with a severe pain in the left shoulder and through the back; after using many remedies without relief, she used the D. & L. Menthol Plaster; it did the work, and being in the hands of thousands of these plasters have been used by me, giving equal satisfaction.

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How many people suffer constantly from the above diseases, which ultimately lead to nervous prostration, consumption and death. Mrs. Whittemore says: "I have had headache and catarrh for years, and found no relief until I took

Skoda's Discovery.

I have not had headache since Skoda's Discovery purifies the Blood, tones up the nerve centers and makes you well.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, headache, and dyspepsia. 25 cts. per box. Medical Advice Free.

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Physicians Endorse Them, and Physicians Make Them.

DIRECTORY.

OF THE
Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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WALLACE, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, L. W.—Importer and Dealer in General Hardware, Groceries, and Tin Ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

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

WITTER, BURFEE—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

Price 50 cts. a Bottle, Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers. Manufactured by HAWKERS MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

TO LET.

The front room over my store, Suitable office for Dentist, Lawyer, Doctor or for any person whose work is not too noisy.

F. J. PORTER.

POETRY.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
Like troubled spirits here and there,
The firelight shadows flitting to and fro;
And as the shadow round me creeps,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And linger with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's "Amen,"
My mother's face comes back to me
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

—Eugene Field.

'SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

When all was prepared, he slipped out of the back door, quietly looking up at his mother's window. After a moment, he dashed away a tear, and noisily crossed the yard, entered the grove at the rear of the estate, and was soon treading its broad paths towards the river.

Had any of his friends encountered him at that moment, it is doubtful if they would have recognized him. Clad in a suit of the coarsest material, his beard and mustache shaved off, his hair cut close, hands and face purposely roughened, he was no longer the easy, polished gentleman, but had become a flat-footed, heavy visaged laborer. His disguise was perfect, and with the great self-command and abundant industry that characterized him, there was little fear of detection.

The grove sloped gradually to the river below the mills. Taking a well-known path, he soon gained the neat wharf, to which was tied a pretty wherry. One might reasonably presume that this boat was to aid in the flight, but it was not. A few rods further down, where a dense thicket pressed so closely to the water's edge that its advance guard stretched over and dipped its branches in the stream, was a small canvas canoe. With some difficulty, it was drawn from its security and laid alongside the wharf. Carefully the valve was placed in it, and then with more skill than one would expect from so heavily built a personage, he stepped in, gave the wharf a powerful shove with the paddle, and was floating in mid-stream.

There was hardly any current in the black, narrow river, and letting the boat drift, he waited to discover, if possible, whether he could not trust his partner in the Polish business, and anxious to destroy every clue to the manner in which he had left Steelville, he waited until sure that no one was watching him from the deep shadows of the pines in the grove.

The last doubt dispelled, he dipped the paddle into the still water and moved down stream. A few strokes, and rounding a bend, he was alone—alone on the river, dead to the Steelville world.

The stream upon which he had embarked was the same that furnished power for the file-factory, and from where he floated he could hear the water roaring over the dam, a half mile away. It was a deep, lanky river, and from boyhood Lamson had known every part of it. He had waded in the bubbling mud of its lagoons for water-lilies, fished in all its pools, bathed, boated, and skated it entire length; hence when his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he was as much at home as he would have been on the highway before his house.

Shut in by the walls of trees that grew down to the river's edge, he moved along with no sound but the quick plunge of the muskrat, the hoarse double bass of the bull-frog, and the noisy voices that are audible only at night. Such sounds make silence more profound. There is no loneliness so complete as that which comes over one in the midst of noisy, unsympathetic life. So the fugitive, listening to the

unouth language of reptile and insect, which mingled with the gurgle of the water as it was parted by the sharp prow of his boat, felt oppressed, as if he were threading an unknown river in a planet which none but he had ever before visited. It was this overpowering loneliness that made him suddenly spring when the swift wing of some bird of night cut the air close to him, or when the wheezing, invisible bats snapped their sharp teeth over some appetizing insect that the reedy bank afforded.

The first half mile of the liquid trail was between thickets of trees. Their brooding shadows, even in the darkness, shrouded the river in a denser gloom. Here and there the whitened skeleton of some forest tree, from which the water had sucked all vitality, stood a rigid, familiar landmark. An occasional phosphorescent stump glowed uncanonically on the margin of the stream. At times, the forest sentinels banded far over, till one seemed to be gliding through a tunnel, and again they opened wide and allowed the faint color of the clouds above to sift down between their ranks.

With carefulness, the voyager felt his way along; turning perilous corners, dodging snags that would have pierced the painted canvas and defeated all for which he was working. Guarding against every danger, his whole attention bent on the few feet that were visible in front of the canoe, he paddled cautiously onward.

Following the prodigal curves and bends that doubled the distance, the light craft soon slipped out of the dense woods into a tract of country where only occasional clumps of oaks, interspersed by thickets of alders and dwarf willows, obtained foothold on the banks. On either side, leading from the main stream, were shallow bays crowded with lily-pads, and in the season, holding the thousands of lovely Nymphaea. A short distance below was a low bridge of poles, used by the farmers when getting wood or hay. Below this the banks were entirely free from trees. On both sides stretched square miles of prairie meadow. The broad fields, as far as the eye could reach, were alive with twinkling fires. Far up on "Faint Hill," a lofty eminence in the rear of Steelville, gleamed a solitary light. Looking ahead through the gloom, a ghostly shroud of river-mist could be barely discerned, marking accurately the course of the stream.

With more confidence, and less of overwhelming loneliness, the fugitive overtopped the paddles deeper and oftener, sending the boat at a more rapid rate on its way. Yet, even here the dangers of navigation at night were not trifling. There were sudden shallows where the keel grated ominously; drift-wood logs that stuck outwise up-stream, as if trying to shoulder the crowding water-bank; masses of matted river grass that clung with obstinate tenacity to the boat's side, wrapped themselves about the paddle, and required vigorous efforts to shake them off.

Down-stream still, past forests of firs, where the helixes lifted their cockades like ramrods in blossom; past the reedy houses of hundreds of red-winged black-birds. Does one ever forget one's boyhood? Was it strange that sentimental Lamson, weighed down by a sense of isolation and danger, should recall minutely the kingfisher's nest? The pickered that he had captured in certain shallows? The night-fishing with torches for the walloping horn-pouts? The best swimming place?—all that made his early life so free and happy?

At length he passed beneath the stone arch of the railroad bridge. The river now ran close beside a high ridge, a continuation of that upon which the Whittier house was built. This ridge, densely wooded with pine, maple, and oak, overgrown by tangled vines, and stony, required vigilance, although so near the lower town, was not often visited.

In its shadow the boat slid along till within an eighth of a mile of the town, and then, where a break occurred in the ridge, through which trickled a tiny brook, Lamson stopped. Laying aside the paddle, and catching the branches of the thicket that completely hid the deep mouth of the rivulet, he worked his way in with difficulty. Ere long the sallow keel of the canoe struck bottom. Standing erect, his head buried in the mass of vines and

leaves, he felt along the steep bank. In a moment he had discovered a stump clinging determinedly to the gravelly slope, and beneath, with one of its huge, bare roots for a threshold, an untenanted muskrat hole. A few moments' work sufficed to enlarge the mouth of the miniature cave enough to admit the valve. Then, when it was carefully concealed, he pushed out into the stream again, and paddling to the well-known "swimming hole," just below, landed.

It took but a short time to ballast the boat with stones, float down almost to the mill pond, land, cut two or three alits in the cloth sides, and send it out into deep water to sink with a remonstrating gurgle. The only clue to the manner in which he had left Steelville being thus destroyed, Lamson went to the little village and had breakfast. After lounging about for a little while, he bought a second-hand carpet-bag, transferred the contents of the valve to it, and started to walk the score of miles that intervened between him and the city. Why he feared to take the cars when so well disguised, does not appear. Perhaps it was from the impression that most defaulters, when apprehended, were found either on a train, or in some railway station.

Leaving him following the turnpike road toward the metropolis, we will turn back to the town from which he so hastily fled.

A sweet-faced lady, scrupulously dressed, was walking up Steep Street. Her appearance created a deal of attention, of which she was unconscious, as no one accosted her, except a few of the "gutter snipes," who challenge everybody. She was rather fatigued, as her quickened breathing, and cheeks faintly tinged with red, suggested. At length she reached the upper end, and stood looking back over the wretched tenement-houses, the more distant mill buildings, and finally far away to the blue hills that were heaped up on the horizon.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," she murmured.

In the blue eyes was a pain that only the kindest eyes can express. An unselfish, loving look they held, that many a boy can recall when he thinks of his mother. Advancing to the Bowman cottage, she knocked.

"Is Mr Chamberlain in?"

"Yes, Won't you come in? I'll call him."

Rob, with clumsy civility, led the way into the sitting-room, pushed forward the calico-covered rocking-chair, stumbled over the mat, and went for the ladder.

When the latter entered the room, the little woman rose, and with a sweet, anxious smile, asked,—

"Is this Mr Chamberlain?"

Without further words, the visitor stood before him, in unaccountable embarrassment. Chamberlain was too much surprised by her agitation to do more than seat her, and wait in silence for her to speak. He had seen her face before; where, he could not remember. She did not look like the kind of person who would come with a tale of trouble, or solicit alms, for her dress was rich. The more he looked the more absurd this fancy seemed; for he could not but see her gold eye-glasses, costly lace, and expensive dress.

Fully aware that it was no ordinary matter that was thus overcoming her, by neither word nor act did he strive to hurry her confidence. At length she spoke:—

"You must pardon me," she said, in a voice a little broken; "but I have just lost my boy."

Chamberlain bowed sympathetically. "I hardly know why I have come to you; but my boy often mentioned your name, and I thought possibly you might help me get trace of him."

Chamberlain, with quick perception, reasoned that the lad had run away.

"It is easy as a rule to trace runaways; they either start for the prairie, or the sea. I do not doubt, if you put a good detective on his track, he can easily be found, and will be glad to return. How old is he?"

"You do not recognize me?" said the lady, a look of surprise on her face. "I remember your face very distinctly, but I cannot recollect where I have seen you."

"I am Mr Lamson's mother."

Then Chamberlain remembered and at once apologized, but was gracefully interrupted.

"You have met me but once, and then only for an instant. It would have been wonderful if you had remembered me. I am to blame. Had I not been troubled by my loss, I should have introduced myself. Do you suppose there is any means by which I can get word to my boy? He was your friend, can you not suggest a way?"

Chamberlain reflected. He had never known that Mrs Lamson had a son other than the agent. He pictured a fifteen-year-old, with the same general make up as the elder brother. The mother, as a matter of course, was troubled and anxious, but as he had told her the probabilities were that the boy could be found, not far away and all ready to return home. He was about again to assure her of this probable happy termination, when she handed him a letter.

"This is a note he left," she said.

He opened it slowly, the troubled mother keeping her eyes fastened upon him to catch every expression written on his face. Surprise was the first emotion he experienced, for the letter was in the agent's well-known chirography. It was written on the File Company's letter-sheet, and must have been penned at the office. It read:—

"Dear Mother,—Business troubles have overwhelmed me, and I am forced at once to leave Steelville. Please do not worry. There would be no help for me if I remained here, as certain business transactions to which I was party, would be misconstrued and made to appear fraudulent. You know, my mother, that my integrity remains unshaken. I shall one day return free from all suspicion. You may not hear from me for some time, as it will be best not to give any of my enemies a clue to my whereabouts. Remember this, dear mother, if I am in any trouble that you can alleviate, you shall know it. Let this thought comfort you.

"Your loving son,
"EPHRAIM LAMSON."

Chamberlain's eyes were opened. It was not a younger son! It was the agent! The whole thing came before him in a flash. The "business troubles" were the discovery of his secret manufacture of polish, out of materials owned by the company, by help paid by the company. This was a most serious affair for her, had, during the weeks past, been making careful estimates of the amount of stock thus consumed, and found it was very large. Lamson's profits in the business must have netted him a snug little fortune. Since Sam had dismissed the night gang, there had been nothing done in the file-works in that line, and Chamberlain learned, by writing to the city agency, that the right of manufacture had been sold to a rival firm.

Just what to do in this crisis he did not know. As soon as he had discovered exactly how things stood, he wrote a letter to the attorney of two of the other members of the company who were at the boat, but small stockholders, requesting that the matter be looked into at once, and advising secrecy, that Lamson might be apprehended, and the stolen money refunded. In doing this, as was natural, for one to many doubts, for it is easy for one to make a mistake, and accuse an innocent person. He was sorely puzzled by many things that came to light about the agent. At one time he had thought him a fraud, and at another believed that he was all right, and the reports about him were malicious slanders. Now, however, his sudden disappearance was an acknowledgment of guilt. From his reverie he awoke to the fact that the mother was patiently waiting for him to give her some encouragement.

"Do you know where he has gone?" she inquired.

"I am sorry to say, I do not," was the reply.

"Has he not made a great mistake, in going away like a criminal? Will not people say that he has done wrong and been forced to flee to save himself from punishment?"

"I fear they will."

"Mr Chamberlain, a few days before my son went away he told me of your hopes with regard to the mill. He said that you had learned the busi-

ness thoroughly, and that in less than two weeks your probation would be up, and you will be the heaviest stockholder and virtually owner of the mills. You are acquainted with all the facts. Can you not prove to people that my son's intentions were good? He may have been unfortunate in some of his undertakings, but he certainly was not dishonest."

Chamberlain remained silent. There was now no doubt in his mind as to the reality of the son, but he could not say so to the trembling mother. He could not shake her confidence in her "boy" so he agreed to do all he could enthusiastically could to keep people from maligning him. Even as he talked with her the probable effect upon the business, of the sudden flight of the agent, would obtrude itself. The works were fortunately shut down for a week's repairing. Before they started again, all must be straight. The sensation of a new and heavy weight of responsibility settled over Chamberlain. He knew that the agent was a man of ability, and had managed the affairs of the company so that they had prospered. He had sometimes expected to see many things in Lamson's province, and naturally wished for a longer training in that particular line. He was aware that a carefully systematized business, with competent clerks, will run itself for awhile, in the absence of the head, but he also knew that it was unsafe.

The sweet faced mother of the agent rose to go, as she saw the young man so deeply engrossed with his thoughts. She trembled as she crossed the threshold, and Chamberlain, stirred by the sight, caught his hat, and insisted upon accompanying her home. On the way she was chatty and chatty, although with a shade of sadness in her voice that could not be entirely dispelled. When they reached her home, alleging business engagements, he excused himself from coming in. She held out her hand, and, keeping his, said with tears in her eyes,—

"Will you pray for my boy?"

Pray for Lamson! Chamberlain was startled. It had never occurred to his mind that he might pray for him. And then like a blow came the recognition of his own lack of faith. Pray for him! Certainly, and he felt rebuked that when he had discovered his dishonesty, he had not asked the Lord to soften his hard heart, and give him true repentance.

"I will, Mrs Lamson, pray for you and that God may forgive and save him from sin."

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was August. Torrid, dusty Steep Street sweltered under the burning sun. The "Arabs" spent most of their time in the river. It was almost too hot to go to Sunday-school. Business at the file-works was none the less pressing, and the men worked away steadily, suffering less inconvenience from the heat than did the hammock idlers in the town above. Among the changes that had come to the mill settlement, was one that was a great surprise. It was the appearance of Tam McDonald. He came quietly, as if he had been gone but a week, and the village folk received him with few manifestations of surprise. At the east end of the File Company's domains, was a large old-fashioned house, where lived a man who was half gardener and half farmer, who was half gardener and half farmer. Among his other possessions were twenty head of cattle. During the life of Robert Flint this man had been a favorite, and was allowed many privileges. Among others he fitted up an extra building that adjoined the "packing-room" for a barn. When Lamson came into power, he tried in many ways to dislodge this man, as for some reason he had a most decided grudge against him. Finding that he could neither buy him out nor scare him away, he built a high fence between his barn and the "packing-room."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

NERVE BEANS

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery, and are the most powerful Nerve Tonic ever known. They restore the vitality of the brain, and are the best remedy for all cases of Nervous Debility, Headache, Dizziness, and all other ailments of the brain. They are sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.

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\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.70; former prices \$3, \$7, \$10. Quality remains the same—18 different styles; 67 different and solid belts; forest styles; 67 different and solid 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. BARR & CO. Windsor, Ont.