

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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Newspapers 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 over a fictitious signature. Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 8 o'clock.

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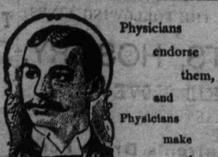
For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
Weston Nurseries!
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.

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.

PERRY DAVIS PAIN-KILLER

DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE?



M. D. Wadd, M. D.

Physicians endorse them, and Physicians make them.

Skoda's Discovery

and Skoda's other remedies, as I know them to be articles of true merit, and the physicians who compound them, to be men of integrity and ability. Skoda's Discovery is unlike any other proprietary medicine—it cures disease by removing the poison, and at the same time SUPPLIES GOOD BLOOD to wasted parts. No other remedy has performed so many wonderful cures or relieved so much suffering.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia. 25 cts. MEDICAL ADVICE FREE. **SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

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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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Maker. All orders in his line fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

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dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Furnishings.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Peterborough, Ontario, writes:

"Oct. 21, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the Grip. I was very feeble and prostrated for many months, and was so weak I could not get up. I had no appetite and no sleep. I was daily expecting to die. I had no strength left, and I was so weak I could not get up. I was so weak I could not get up. I was so weak I could not get up."

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

Rapidly Restored Me To Health.

I sleep well, my appetite is restored and I soon became stronger, stouter and more vigorous than I had been for years. I can speak so highly of this medicine, that I feel that I owe my life to its virtues.

Mr. Isaac G. Stevens, Gate Keeper, I. C. R., Dept. St. John, N. B., says: I was with Lingley during his severe illness and was daily expecting to have to notify his relatives of his decease.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers for 50 cts. per bottle. 5 bottles \$1.25.

Manufactured by the **SEAWEBB BROTHERS CO., Limited,** 25, South Street, N. B.

HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure all Stomach Ills.

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.

The Silent Singer.

As he stood upon the hilltop
In the hush of evening night,
Though the woods were dark behind him,
Yet a flood of crimson light
From the sunset's fading splendor
Brightened all his homeward way,
Winding down the quiet valley
Towards the margin of the bay.
Gleamed the white sails in the distance,
Touched with color here and there;
And the beson's massive tower,
Dark against the sky,
Marked the cross reef and robbed it
Of its fearful power to harm.
When the storm-wind reared in fury
O'er the waters now so calm,
Radiant sky and gleaming water,
Wooded hills and shining strand,
Seemed a rare and varied picture,
Glowing from the Master's hand;
And the watcher's heart uplifted
By the beauty of the sight,
Sang a hymn to his Creator
As dusk deepened into night.
Of this psalm no stately measure
Ever fell on mortal ears;
In his heart the cadence lingered,
Rang through all his coming years,
He, unlettered, poor and humble,
To his inspiration sang;
Set his life into its music,
Lived the psalm he never sung.

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

In her great grief and loneliness the Scotchwoman seemed to cling to Miriam and the young girl, with the true instinct of noble womanhood, prepared to spend the night at the cottage.

One of the firemen, a broad-shouldered young man, who had quietly cleared the house of all but a few women, was just leaving, when she accosted him.

"Can you find me a messenger, sir? I wish to send a note to my father, Mr. Whitney."

"I should be very glad to be the bearer of any message for you," was his reply, and she then recognized Chamberlain, and the real pleasure that she allowed herself to show was very grateful to him.

"God bless you!" he said, holding out his hand. "You are doing a noble, womanly deed."

The strong hand seemed to impart some of its own's self command, and she felt strengthened. She watched him as he swiftly passed through the long street and disappeared, then she turned the door, returned to her self-imposed task of soothing the stricken one, while the "sauld wives" tenderly prepared the form of Jamie ere he should be forever laid out of sight.

As Chamberlain passed through the street on his way to the Whitney place, he saw Gaffney and several others earnestly conversing.

"Is the boy dead?" asked the grinder.

"Yes. The physician said that he inhaled the smoke and flame, and must have been instantly suffocated," was the reply.

"Poor, little fellow!" said Gaffney, the tears springing to his eyes. "Shure it's many times I've seen him carrying water for his grannie, and choppin' wood, when you could see that every step and every stroke was pullin' him to pieces of pain! Poor, little Jamie! shure ye'll never have any more back ache; the water-pail will never again be too heavy for ye,—poor, little lad!"

CHAPTER XXII.

In his tiny room, preparing for the coming Sunday's wrestle with a class of Sleep street boys, sat Chamberlain. It was no light task to train the infant minds of the mill youngsters. Their views on theological subjects were unique. Not at all bashful in expressing them, a teacher of timid habit was apt to be disastrously overcome. The young man was deeply interested in his class, and they returned his affection, even going so far as to indulge in shoo-knocking and hair-pulling, for the honor of sitting next to him.

As he digested the lesson, a heavy step on the stair roused him from his work. The door opened, and Sam Putnam entered.

"Are you willing to lay your papers aside, and talk a bit?" he inquired, awkwardly.

"Glad to," was the reply. "Sit down." The chair groaned as it received its weight; but Sam, used to wooden protests, did not notice it.

"Maybe you have heard of my change of base?" he remarked interrogatively.

"No."

"Well, I thought perhaps the agent told you I had decided to train in the company that you joined not long since."

"Do you mean that you have given your heart to the Lord Jesus?"

"That is just the checker," said Sam, wiping his eyes. "I am in dead earnest. Not a wink of sleep have I had for two nights, I am so happy. It makes me strong as a giant. Why, I believe I could sling a small sized locomotive over my head and not strain myself!"

"I am so glad to hear it! It will be a help to us all. Do you know, Mr. Snow, Miss Whittier, and myself have been praying for you for a long time? How it will rejoice the others to know that our prayers are answered."

"What possessed you to pray for me?" was the surprised reply.

"Sleep Street listens to you,—follows you. We pray that you might awake to your responsibility."

"I felt as if something or 'other was stirred up about me. For a long time I fought it off, but at last had to give in. Bless the Lord that I did! The matter about Lamson troubled me. I determined to have it settled all right, so I went to him and refused any longer to do his bidding. He was mad at first, but finally when I told him the reason, he cooled down and told me I done just right. He has given up the polish work altogether. Says there wasn't any money in it, and that he owned that it was wrong, and that he was sorry. It considerably astonished me when he said that. He is not in the habit of thinking that he has done wrong. Perhaps, after all, he is as good as the rest of us."

"But Tam accuses him of having some fearful revenge upon him because he would not consent to be one of the young gang."

"Have you ever heard the story of Boiler Number Six?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, that is what Tam refers to when he lays his disfigurement to Lamson. I am in no hurry, and if you can spend the time I will tell it."

"Do I shall be interested," answered Chamberlain, sitting back to enjoy one of "Sam's stories."

"This boiler was pretty near thirty feet long," began Putnam, crossing his knees and entering upon the recital with all the zest of a natural story-teller.

"It was built after a plan of Lamson's, and had but a few flues, and those at the sides. As it was very large, this manner of construction left a large tunnel in the centre, capable of holding a score of men in single file. One thing curious about this boiler was its facility for attracting a chimney."

"Every little while some of us had to go in with hammer and chisel to chip off the hard, porcelain-like scale. Possibly this was from the defect in the construction. However that may be, there was an everlasting bother with that boiler. Lamson would bear no word against it, and no matter how it acted, how much fuel it used, and how little steam it produced, he stood up for it. It usually fell to my lot to go inside, because I can stand an awful amount of heat. And so jealous was the agent of its reputation, that he did not wish it to be idle a moment hardly, and he would have made me go in to clear it before he was fairly blown off, had it been possible. I have seen the steam at forty pounds in it, and Lamson so anxious not to have it cooled too much, that he put a mat at work unswerving the manhole plate, and blew the packing half across the boiler-room."

"One night word came from the office that I must stay and clear out Number Six. I was tired out at the time, and went in and made a row about it. I told Lamson that about half of my time was spent inside of that boiler, and suggested that he build an office in it, and let me stay there all the time. He was kinder provoked and sared up a little, but when he found that I was really played out, he ordered Tam McDonald to help me. I was to do the bossing, and he the chipping. Tam was a fine, strong man, although small, and did almost all the piping in odd corners and in tough places, because he was so hardy. He could stand heat almost as well as I could, and I was mighty glad of his assistance."

Sam paused and looked back into the past as if he had the whole scene before him.

"It was nearly eleven o'clock before it was cool enough for us to enter. Tam went first, and I followed. On the hot floor of sheen I laid a few short boards, to make it more comfortable. I can recall distinctly just how Tam looked as he went in with his lantern and his tools. He was a fine, ruddy-appearing man, with an intelligent air that won him many friends. For a long time he worked away, the hammer ringing like a bell on the sides of the boiler, and the coals filling our ears till it seemed as if we should never hear anything else. At length I noticed that he appeared uneasy. Finally he said,—

"Sam, I don't feel that all is right. I have an intuition that Lamson intends me harm to-night. I wish we were out of this."

"I had more faith in Tam's intuitions and second-sights than I was willing to own, and though I joked at his superstitions, I could not help looking a bit nervously at the little manhole way down at the further end of our prison. We had not finished our work when Tam grew so fearful that I consented to go out for a few minutes, and look around just to satisfy him. We started,—I was ahead, of course, for there was not room to pass in the queerly constructed interior. I had gone but a little way when I heard a quick hiss, and knew that steam had been turned into the boiler. The only thing to do was to hurry as fast as possible for the manhole. With all the strength and quickness that I possessed I darted for the little opening. Tam close behind me. The steam coming in faster and faster, no longer hissing, but rattling against the expanding flues and fast-heating sides. Scarcely we hurried, and would far rather had him in front of me, for in spite of my fear of the steam, my faith in my own probable escape from harm was just what every young, strong man has.

"Quickly enough, a prayer that my mother taught me came into my mind, and repeated itself over and over. The few seconds that we were in passing the length of the boiler seemed like ages. Never in my life have I exerted myself to get ahead, or appeared to progress, so slowly. At length I swung myself out of the manhole, and turned to help Tam. He had dropped just under it, right in the steam. Muffling my face, I reached down and drew him out just as one of the workmen shut off the steam.

"For a long time Tam was very sick. When he recovered, he was so disfigured that his own mother would not look at him. The shock also affected his mind, and he seemed unable to reason clearly. He had told me all about Lamson's enmity, and now he insisted that the agent had done this in order to assure his revenge. That was absurd, Lamson had nothing to do with Tam's being hurt, further than his sending him to help me was concerned. And when he heard that Tam charged him with it, he was fearfully worked up, and he did all he could to shut him up. He finally succeeded in having him put in an insane asylum, but he didn't stay long. He escaped, and was not heard of for a long time. At last it was discovered that he was living in the stone-cutter's shed, in the rear of the mill. Lamson was going to have him sent away at once, but one of us stepped forward, and gave him to understand that we should not allow any more interference with Tam. So he was let alone, and since then he has lived where you saw him."

"Then it was not really his fault that Tam became so disfigured?"

"Not at all. He knew nothing about it,—but Tam will always believe that it was his revenge."

"If I am not mistaken, Tam was at the fire in the mill the other day," remarked Chamberlain.

"Yes, that is another of his queer notions; he will go miles to a fire, people about here do not know who he is, as a general thing, yet he is always on hand when there is a blaze. He's a worker, too, when there is anything to do. I have seen him do things that I would not dare attempt. Did you ever hear tell of the 'Coffee house' fire?"

"No, tell me, please."

"It was several years ago,—soon after Tam escaped from the asylum. He used, at times, to see me and talk things over, and was sensible on everything except his own trouble. Any reference to that would rouse him at once. So I used always to avoid mentioning it. One evening, as I was speaking with him down back of the mill, he all of a sudden held up his head and snuffed the air; just as a horse sometimes does; then he looked around in a frightened way and says,—

"There is, and in a few minutes there will be an alarm."

"Nonsense!" says I.

"There is, and in a few minutes there will be an alarm."

"I didn't take any stock in what he said, but sure enough, within five minutes came a rousing alarm, and we were all putting as hard as we could, first for the engine house, and then for the fire. It was in a queer-shaped old tenement-house that was called the 'Coffee house' from its shape; the name just described it. How many families were crowded into it, would be hard to say, but when we got there the street was filled with all sorts of household goods, half-dressed children, crying women, and swearing men. The house was only an old shell anyway, and in spite of our best efforts, the flames had it all their own way. We pumped all of the wells dry, and then had to stop every few minutes to put in a fresh section of hose, it burst so often.

"When the whole building was one mass of blaze, with the exception of the end furthest from the street, word went round that an old, blind woman, who occupied an attic, had been forgotten and was still in the building. The women fairly shrieked when they heard it, and all the men could do was to help on the 'brakes' or stand and stare. The old woman, well provided with ladders, and even if we had been, none would have gone into any part of the upper stories. I had come from the river to look after the hose-men, when the story was told me, and almost at the same instant I caught sight of Tam.

"He had just been informed that the old lady was within, for he looked about with a wild air, then made straight for a big apple tree that branched over the tenement. Its leaves were already crisping, and its twigs curling and sizzling with the heat. Springing from branch to branch, till he reached the big one that hung over the gravelled roof. No tight-rope gymnast could have run along this, easier or surer than he. An instant later, and he stood on the roof, the flames curling up over the eaves on all sides of him.

"Not willing to have him left entirely without support, I climbed part way up the tree myself, and shielding my face with my coat, watched his movements. Whether or not any one had told him which skylight was the right one, I don't know, but he did not hesitate a minute, but ran up to one, kicked it in, and swung himself through. After a little, he jumped out again, and then reached down and drew up the old woman. She wasn't bigger than a ten-year-old, hardly, and couldn't have weighed over eighty pounds, at the most. Tam lifted her as easy as if she had been a baby, and brought her to the edge of the building. There for a minute he seemed at loss, till he saw me. Before I could decide what was best, he swung out,—

"'Tatch out, Sam Putnam!' and tossed the little woman right into my arms. I had my legs wound round the tree with what I thought was a good hold, but it almost upset me. Still I held, but it almost caught the old woman. She was trembling all over, poor body, and muttering prayers, but she never screamed or struggled a bit. By the time I had recovered myself, Tam was with me, and between us we got her down to the ground in safety."

"The people must have gone wild over such a rescue."

"They did; but Tam disappeared at once, and even I couldn't find him for nearly two weeks. I don't know as I would have found him then if he hadn't been praying; and speaking of that, his prayers have been to me more than words can express. It was poor Tam McDonald that kept alive in my breast the wish for a better life. He did not know it, but the influence of

his life upon me was more than that of any other Christian that I ever knew."

"This fact of our individual influence frightens me," said the younger man, musingly. "It seems always with us, and strongest when we are off our guard."

"Do you feel that way?" was the surprised query. "Why I s'posed that was peculiar to me! And I've wished with all my heart that there was in the Bible some prayer that I could get hold of, that I might keep a Christian company in my head when I am off guard."

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth. Keep the door of my lips," repeated Chamberlain, reverently.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"There is never any bad accident happens to a drunken man," said Swinert, to the crowd who were sitting on the "steaming bench," eating their dinners. "Now, there is Gaffney. I have seen him drunk as a fiddler, in all sorts of dangerous places, and he always came out straight. If a sober man had gone through with one-half of what he has, he would have been killed a half-dozen times."

"That's true," was the universal assent.

"Now, when he went to McCloskey's funeral, and drove his team off of the railroad bridge, killing the horse and smashing the carriage, he was not hurt a whit. Any sober man would have been dashed to pieces."

"No doubt of it," agreed all.

"And when he fell under the fly-wheel of the engine and had the clothes all scorched off of his back, but came out as lively as a cricket,—a decent, honest man would have been knocked to inch bits."

"He would that."

"Then there was the time he got full, and tried to hang himself in Boh Jones's barn, and the rope broke three times. 'How would he have broken with a teetotaler?'"

"No, sir!" chimed the audience.

The whistle blew, and the group scrambled down from their seats and hurried away to work. At the end of the procession staggered Gaffney. He had been close by when they were discussing him, but was too drunk to catch the drift of their remarks. There was something a little singular about his numerous escapades. He never seemed to get badly injured, and yet he was continually in trouble. So famed he was for his escapes, that the phrase, "Gaffney's luck," was often used in the mill to express a never-varying good fortune that pulled its possessor through the most threatening disasters.

With a jolly, unstable gait, he followed in the rear of the crowd. He was a privileged character in the mill, and was allowed to go and come as he pleased. With no thought of going to work, he entered the grinding-room, and looked about for amusement. He usually chose this room for larks, as the men were all on piece-work and were not obliged to attend closely to their occupation at all times. Among the grinders was a young Frenchman, whom it was his special delight to torture. He was a good, conscientious workman, but very timid. Whenever he saw his tormentor coming, even though the latter had no hostile design, he turned scarlet, and fled to his seat, and, if possible, escaped. He now saw him, and slipping down from his lofty seat in the wooden saddle over the whirling grindstone, he hurried off to a safe distance and stood, anxiously regarding his foe.

Gaffney looked at him in ludicrous contempt, and then made his way up to the stone. The great wheel of granite was whirling so rapidly and evenly that it seemed not to move. It was beautifully "true," and in just the condition to do the best work. With particular care and consciousness the drunken man way climbed into the saddle and picked up a file, then glanced over his shoulder, in exact imitation of the frightened Frenchman. The caricature caught the eyes of the workmen, and they roared with laughter. The one to whom the stone belonged, came slowly and hesitatingly forward, sorely afraid to venture near, and just as much afraid to stay away.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

NERVE BEANS

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that can be used in all cases of nervous debility, loss of