THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1893. No. 6.

THE ACADIAN.

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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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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries!
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranted.

ISAAC SHAW,
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Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
Real Estate Agent. 40
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

PERFECTLY WELL.

John H. Varney, N. Bath, Me.

Was all run down, poor in flesh, could not sleep, his food distressed him, and he felt tired all the time. He took

Skoda's Discovery,

the great nerve and tissue builder, and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, that cure dyspepsia, indigestion and headache. He says: "I am perfectly well."

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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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AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Petersville, Queens Co., N. B., says:

"Oct. 31, 1892.—Last winter I had a very severe attack of the Grip, which left me *very feeble and reduced in flesh.* I had no appetite, and was *so nervous I could not sleep.* I was under Doctors' treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I had consumption and I got so low that they were *expecting my death* at any day. As a last resort they decided to try

HAWKER'S
NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,
3 bottles of which
Rapidly Restored Me To Health.

I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became *stronger, stouter and more vigorous* than I had been for years. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, as I feel that

I Owe My Life to its Virtues.

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

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers for 50 cts, per bottle. 3 bottles $1.25.

Manufactured by the
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited,
St. John, N. B.

"HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS cure all Stomach Ills."

Skoda's Discovery!

Hear what the people say that have used Skoda's Discovery.

"It is of more value to the World than the Discovery of America by Columbus."

—IT IS—

The Kind that Cures.

POETRY.

Nova Scotia.

Set in the broad Atlantic
There is a radiant gem—
One of the fairest jewels,
In nature's diadem;
In all our wide Dominion
No fairer spot is found;
Unknown are insurrections,
For all is freedom's ground,—
In Nova Scotia.

Each glowing landscape lingers
Upon the raptured sight;
The valley nestles midst the hills
In sunshine, clear and bright.
The bees with honey laden,
Buzz through the summer hours,
And tangled with the water's spray,
Is perfume from the flowers,—
In Nova Scotia.

And then when summer fadeth,
And gone is autumn's glow—
Old winter shows his rule once more,
In plains of ice and snow;
Then sleigh bells ring out merrily,
And skaters, from the pond,
Return the hearty shouts to those
Who coast on hills beyond,—
In Nova Scotia.

What wonder that we praise her,—
Our beauteous Mother land;
Or that we love each vale and hill,
Each grain of ocean sand;
Or that we hear the sweetest sound
Beneath the sky's blue dome,
When, as the sheaves are gathered,
They sing the Harvest Home,—
In Nova Scotia!

What wonder that her children sing,
Of Nova Scotia's might?
Our grand and free inheritance,—
A country of delight?
The pride of our Dominion,
Dear Home-Land by the sea,
Though fate divide us, still we turn,
With loving thoughts to thee,—
Dear Nova Scotia!

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XVII.—*Continued.*

Closer and closer he came, and still it did not vanish. His prayer became almost frantic, and the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. As he reached the figure, with a shudder, he put out his hand, and felt,—a common stone post with a shirt tied around it, the sleeves flapping in the wind. A spasm of joy almost choked him. The Lord had helped him. He had been brave for once; had taken the first step toward the self-command necessary to true manhood. He did not see two fun-loving file workers slip away in the darkness, nor did he hear the surprised exclamation:

"I never believed the little feller had half as much pluck!"

Rob did not stop here, however; he continued to grow in courage. He surprised his mother by offering to institute family worship. He actually spoke in prayer-meeting shortly after, and did well, too. And better still, he called at the home of one of the worst men in the settlement one evening, in great fear and trembling, to be sure, but praying with all his might, and spoke words of such power that the worthless scapegrace owned the misery of the life he led, and his desire for a nobler one.

"I've found the secret of strength," he said to Chamberlain. "It is to put it all on the Lord's shoulders. Why, two weeks ago I was so weak that I couldn't go by a beer shop without yielding to the desire for drink; and I was so cowardly that I used to get mother to go with me to the mill and come for me afterwards. I never dared to go anywhere, unless with a crowd. I s'pose every one despised me,—I know they did,—but the Lord didn't. But now when I get frightened, I just say, 'O Lord, this is your world, don't let anything in it hurt me; and if I must be hurt, help me to bear it like a Christian,'—and he is with me every time."

Mrs Bowman was not blind to the great change that had come over her son. He no longer drank, and for that she greatly rejoiced; yet she was not satisfied. The utter dependence that her boy had placed upon her, even when he was led by evil companions, was exceedingly sweet. She was only too glad to be brave for him; to go to the mill to meet him dark nights; to help in his chores; to protect him. Now that he stood up and acted and lived for himself, she could hardly bear it. The newfound strength appeared to rob her of her child, and the poor woman was wretched. It was not jealousy that made her feel thus disappointed, but a misguided, but tender motherlove. She tried in many ways to get him back to a state of dependance; she "wanted her baby again." It would have been a relief to have him get thoroughly frightened and claim her protection. She found that they were growing apart, and felt as if he were robbing her of one of her prerogatives in being brave. Yet she saw, with increasing joy, that Rob improved. One night, waking suddenly, she saw what looked like the figure of a man leaning over a chair as if to reach the bureau where their money was kept, and hoping Bob would claim her protection, she awoke him in pretended terror. Rising, he entered the room, laid his hand on the figure, and it resolved itself into a pile of clothing. This was almost too much for the woman, to bear; she felt like crying over the failure.

It happened at this time that the upper town was excavating a reservoir not far from Mrs Bowman's house. The water ran in so fast—as the ground was springy—that a pump must be kept going all night, the workman receiving double pay. Rob applied for and received the job. His mother remonstrated, coaxed, and drew frightful pictures of midnight darkness; and it must be confessed Rob trembled not a little, but did not change his mind. He was to pump from three in the afternoon until twelve at night, when he would be relieved. The foolish woman, racked by the thought that her boy was more and more lost to her, resolved that night to win him back if possible.

The situation of the reservoir was dismal enough. Only a few empty houses were near, and the road was little travelled in the night. Of course Rob had a touch of his old timidity; but he kept pumping and praying, and got over it after a while; and when the cold shivers ceased to chase each other up and down his back, he felt happy. The man who was to relieve him came at eleven, and fussing around, put up a shelter against possible rain, and settled down to work just as the clock struck twelve. Rob then went home through the silent streets, with his heart in his mouth, and a prayer crowding it down. Nothing evil happened. He unlocked the door, stepped in, closed and locked it again, went up stairs, read his chapter, retired and was soon sound asleep. How long he had slept is uncertain when suddenly awakening he listened. No sound but the beating of—crash! a sudden heavy fall in the wood-shed, followed by a long silence. Rob trembled as if in an ague fit, and lay still, hoping Chamberlain would be roused. Five minutes passed—ten; it must have been imagination. Perhaps it was the cat knocking something down; there were lots of cats—bung! came another heavy fall, close to the kitchen door. He was now praying for dear life, and strange to say, was gaining courage. Soon he rose and lighted a lamp, and before going further, read a few verses from his Bible. He then quickly dressed, took the Bible and the light, and started for the wood-shed. Reaching the kitchen door with white cheeks and beating heart, he drew the bolt and stepped into the shed; as he did so, a ghastly, muddy, ragged creature partly raised herself from the floor and looked wildly at him.

But we must go back a little. Mrs Bowman as has been stated, had determined to win Rob back to her that night, or never. At about quarter of eleven, with a sheet folded under her arm, she started for the reservoir with the intention of giving him a good scare, and then protecting him. As she came in sight of the little lantern which threw a giant shadow of Rob across the street, and grotesquely copied every movement, she heard the clock strike eleven. Her son stood with his back to the pit pumping leisurely. A short ladder went down to the pit's bottom, and rested upon a little platform of earth. Supposing that Rob would have to come down there for something or other, she descended, wrapped herself in the sheet, and waited. Soon she heard voices.

"Take the ladder," shouted her son.

"What?" asked the other.

"Take the ladder."

"That man must be pretty deaf," thought Mrs Bowman. "I wish he'd go away, and Rob would hurry up."

At that moment the ladder was drawn up, leaving her without means of escape! Her first impulse was to call out but pride held her back. They would undoubtedly put it down again, she argued. In this she was disappointed, as the possessor was building a shelter from a horse blanket, a pole, and the ladder.

Soon Rob said good-night, and left. Everything grew quiet again, and there was no sound but the dull strokes of the pump. Chilled and disappointed, she waited a few minutes, and then spoke.

"Mister!" said she softly.

"Mister!" loudor.

"Mister!" louder still.

"Mister!" shrieking.

Chunk—Chunk—Chunk, went the pump steadily and calmly.

"Fire! Murder!"

Chunk—chunk—chunk.

She threw stones. The first struck the wall of earth in front of her; the second nearly pulled her off the little platform, and to keep from falling she put one foot down into the cold water that reached nearly to her knee; the third came down on her head. What should she do? It was very cold. She called again, tried to climb up the damp earthy side and slipped off into the water. She threw more stones and finally prayed. Soon after, it occurred to her to pull up the hose and stop the pumping. A wet, slippery search revealed it after a time, and the pump coughed, strangled, and stopped. After an age of deliberation, the ladder was let slowly down into the pit, and the man started to follow it, when what appeared to be a monster from the depths of the earth, sprang up its welcome rounds and disappeared in the direction of Steep Street. The pumper fled in the opposite direction.

Reaching home, Mrs Bowman entered the wood-shed through the window and started for the kitchen door. The saw-horse maliciously stood in the way, caught her dress with its rigid arms, and threw her headlong. Somewhat stunned, she arose, groped around for a while, and got lost; thought she saw a light, started eagerly toward it, met the saw-horse again, and was thrown into an empty coal hod. The rake dropped across her back, a coal-sieve fell on her head, her foot caught in the crack in the floor and wouldn't come out, and to cap it all, Rob came out ordering her off the premises! With difficulty, she recovered herself enough to make herself known when Bob helped her up and into the kitchen. Then, like the kindly son that he was, he brought dry clothing and untied her soaking shoes, and was so good and tender that the woman actually broke down and cried, embracing him the while with such energy that it took his breath away.

"Where have you been mother?" he finally asked in wonder.

"O Rob, I'm a wicked woman. I went out a puppus to scare you, and the Lord punished me for it. I've been down in the reservoy."

"To scare me! Don't you want me to be a man?" asked the son, with a quiver on his lip.

"Yes, yes; but I want you to love me—to let me do for you. For years I've stood between you and every danger, and now you put me aside. I'm a fool,—I know I am,—but it's because I love you so."

Rob understood without any more explanation, and kissed the faded cheek, and laughed a quiet little laugh.

"Don't you fret, my mother," he said, affectionately; "you'll never lose your grip on me; and as for my getting along without you, it couldn't be done."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Saturday night was, with the Steep-street population, the grand carousal time of the week, and on Sunday they slept. Whether they respected the Sabbath enough to keep it free from their orgies, or whether they could not wait until that day, but must needs begin as soon as free from the week's labor, is an open question. Certain it is that Saturday night,—the whole of it,—was as noisy and turbulent as any inmate of bedlam could wish. Possessors of clear consciences and good digestion slept during these hilarious times, but the nervous and dyspeptic were kept awake. Among the former class was Chamberlain. As a rule, little of Steep-street rioting did he hear, after the first week or two of his novitiate. Soundly and sweetly he slept, while drunken songs, oaths, yells, and a medley of hideous noises came up from the lower end of the settlement.

Perhaps, had he been more wakeful, he might have prevented Pfaff's picnic, but on second thought it was much better that sleep held him fast, for the rough, half-intoxicated men might have injured him. In order to describe the picnic, we must go back a little. Lamson had promised, with seeming sincerity, to provide the new store with a suitable manager. This he did, introducing a Mr Drummond, who said he was acquainted with the business, and was moreover a strict temperance man. Lamson only knew of him by hearsay, but he produced a letter from the pastor of a church some miles away, that gave him a good character. As Chamberlain could not, by any possibility, run the store himself, he was very much relieved when this person presented himself, and the bargain was completed. For several days the business had gone on swimmingly, then came the picnic. It had been Pfaff's plan, and he had made most elaborate preparations. Nearly all of the engine company were invited, together with three or four outsiders, who were known to be hard drinkers and desperate rioters. Precisely what the programme was, none of the men knew, but that plenty of liquor would be provided and that some frolic was to be indulged in, all were aware. They gathered therefore in the rumseller's upper room, where pipes and liquors were at once liberally supplied.

"What is all this for?" asked one.

"For nothing! All free!" replied Pfaff

"Yes, but what is the cause of this picnic? Had any good luck?"

"Oh," returned he, "this is my birthday; I am celebrating for that. I want all the boys to drink my good health."

There were few in that company who needed urging. Sam Putnam, with his usual self-poise, held off as long as any, but at last was prevailed upon to drink, and ere long was as wild and ready for "some fun" as any of the rest of them. When the company were ripe for the sport, Pfaff proposed it.

"Boys," he said, "this ain't only a picnic it's a surprise party."

"Who on?" some one asked.

"Do you remember the store that sold Gaffney kerosene and almost poisoned him?"

"I guess we do," was the reply.

"Don't I?" said Gaffney.

"Well, look here, I found the keys to it in the street this afternoon."

Pfaff held up the bunch of keys and looked around in triumph.

"What of that?"

"Well, we will give that store a surprise party. We will go in and have a circus,—a picnic. They say there never shall be a drop of liquor drank in that store. Let's make them lie; let's take a pail of liquor up there and drink it!"

The proposition was received with acclamation, and soon the whole party were on their way to the place.

Pfaff took the lead, and when the building was reached, unlocked the door and let his followers in. With suspicious readiness, he found lamps and lighted them, keeping the shutters closed, that there might not be too much display made to outsiders. Crackers, cheese, prunes, and dried currants were then handed out over the counter by the genial German, whose jokes at the expense of the unfortunate proprietor of the store were so exceedingly funny, that the men almost went into fits, laughing.

By degrees, the spirit of mischief grew stronger among the visitors. With malignant glee, they broke open barrels of flour, pulled the spigot out of the vinegar cask, smashed boxes of spices, and acted like a band of Apache Indians. In the two hours of rough sport in which they indulged, there was more damage inflicted than hundreds of dollars could replace. At last, when the work was about done to Pfaff's satisfaction, he proposed an adjournment to his own store for more liquor. He was the most sober man of the party, and therefore the leader. With noisy songs, by twos and threes, they straggled down toward the rum-shop. Once there, the liquor-seller threw the keys into the river and with a sigh of relief, took a long drink. As a rule, he was not given to drinking. He was too mean to do much more than drain the glasses for which others paid. Yet he had in the years past awakened an appetite that would some day, and that not far distant, drag him to the lowest level, if it were possible to further debase anything so degraded. Now that his picnic was a success, he drank heavily.

Pfaff felt that he had triumphed. His two great enemies in the village, as he believed, were the temperance-store and the new water works. He hated one as much as the other. Both favored temperance, both injured his business, and he felt that he must crush them together. The store had received its death blow. What a grand success it would be, could he, that very night, in some way, destroy the beautiful fountain that was playing at the head of the street! He had heard its waters praised by the people on the street till he was sick of the name of it. Now if he could spoil it, would not that be the most joyful moment of his life? He was just drunk enough to appreciate and pity the intoxication of his companions. Stealing away from them, he procured a hammer and two or three keg bungs, and started up the street. In his befogged intellect was the idea that he could, with these things, plug the pipe through which the water came. He argued that once were the water stopped, the pressure accumulating in the pipe would burst it, and thus forever do away with the possibility of the hated "sweet water" ever again appearing at the surface at Steep Street.

Chuckling to himself at the thought of his own bright views, he staggered up the street, stopping at the store to give the door a triumphant kick. Then he made his way up to the little plateau, where spouted the obnoxious fountain. As yet the pipes had not been laid to conduct water to the houses. Indeed although it had already furnished water to almost all of the water-drinkers below, it was in an unfinished condition. A single inch-pipe, eighteen inches long, rose from a rough platform of planks. Through this the water flowed clear, cold, and sweet. Falling on the planks, it ran off into an improvised basin of rough stones, the overflow forming a tiny brook, that ran down the Steep street gutters, cleansing them from the filth of the sink-drains.

Pfaff was slow and deliberate in his preparations to suppress the hated water, and his manner of treating his elusive enemy was original.

After gaining the top of the street, he stood with ponderous gravity, balancing himself by the side of the fence, gloating over his rare opportunity for revenge. At last he felt that he was in a position to crush this hated dispenser of pure water.

"No bishness here," he said, looking savagely at the pipe. "Spoilsh my trade. Inger the people. No bishness here!"

The spirituous energy that he had felt, when first he started for the fountain, was somewhat abated. He began to feel sleepy, and doubtless would have lain down by the fence for a nap, had not his cherished purpose roused him to action. Drawing the wooden plugs from his pocket, he put the hammer on the ground, as if it were made of glass,—then hunted in his pockets for it, wondered where it was, stepped on it, and, with an air of great wisdom, picked it up again, and was ready for the attack.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Perhaps the most curious occupation conceived by a woman is that of dinner taster. She is a product of Parisian refinement. She spends a part of each day visiting houses and testing the dishes intended for dinner. She suggests improvements, and shows the cooks new ways of preparing dishes.

NERVE BEANS

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restore the vitalness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing WEBB JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in—

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$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Quality remains the same—16 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. BAER & CO. Windsor, Ont.