

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, FEBRUARY 7, 1890.

No. 25.

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for Infants and Children.

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THE ACADIAN

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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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POETRY.

The Hills of the Lord,

God plowed one day with an earthquake,

And drove his furrows deep!

The hills plumed upward,

The hills were all steep!

But that is the mountain's secret,

Are hidden in their breast:

"God's peace is everlasting,"

And the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,

The home elect of his grace;

He spreads his morning on them,

His sunsets light their face.

The people of tired cities

Come up to the shrine and pray;

God freshens again within them

As he passes by all day.

And lo, I have caught their secret!

The beauty deeper than all!

This faith—that Life's hard moments,

When the jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God plowing his mountains;

And those mountains yet shall be

The source of his grace and freshness,

And his peace everlasting to me.

—Rev. Wm. Gannet.

STORY.

THE Ghost of Handcock Holler.

BY JACK HYDE.

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"You remember the story of Cane and Abel. Cane was a tiller of the ground and Abel was a keeper of sheep. They both had good chances if ever two boys had. It didn't seem that there was any need of quarrelling. They should have lived peaceably and had a real good time of it—just the two of them. But Cane grew jealous of Abel. One day they both brought their offerings up to the Lord: Cane brought of the fruit of the ground, and Abel he also brought the firstling of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cane and to his offering he had not respect. Of course Cane was mad. You would have been too, wouldn't you? He was unrighteously indignant. The next day, or as soon as he got the chance, likely, when Abel was out in the field, Cane went out too, and they had a talk over it. He probably called Abel names and perhaps Abel choked him back. Anyway, Cane got mad, and rose up against Abel and slew him. Then when the Lord asked him where Abel was he lied and said he didn't know.

"Now, looking at it in this way, Cane was a most despicable character. And he was. He was a murderer and a liar. But after all, perhaps he wasn't so bad as we're apt to think him to be. Perhaps he had some good points; and we know he had, for there was never anybody lived yet that was so bad but had something noble in him. He didn't intend to kill Abel, perhaps. In all probability he was the first person that ever was killed. All that was the matter with Cane was that he was mad that Abel got ahead of him. He wished he never had such a brother. Abel was a hypocrite, Cane thought, likely, and he was just as good as he.

"But you see the punishment that Cane got. 'And now art thou cursed from the earth! A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth! The punishment was so great that Cane cried: 'My punishment is greater than I can bear!'

"Now, my friends, he was bad, wasn't he? But which was the worse—he or this man?

"The place I came from, I can remember only there was no liquor sold at all. It was a sober, industrious, peaceful village—just like what this place was, likely, before any liquor was sold here, only larger. One day a hotel was erected, with a bar-room in connection. I remember the day well. A little fellow I was then, but big enough to see the effect it had. It's not necessary for me to tell you about it. You all know. But this from the paper in the place, that I received yesterday, I might read."

And he took the paper from his pocket and read: "Died—At the poor-house, on Sunday morning, the 13th inst., William Edwards, aged 45. Deceased, twenty years ago, was one of the most promising barristers in

this county. Another victim to strong drink."

"Now, which was the worse—Cane or the man that did this? Cane talked with his brother; and it came to pass when they were in the field, that Cane rose up against Abel his brother and slew him. The hotel-keeper didn't talk with poor Edwards at all; he didn't give him any warning whatever. He came to him as a friend and stabbed him in the back. Cane killed Abel and he went to heaven; the rum-seller killed Edwards, and where did he go? 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' Cane killed Abel and he was branded a murderer the rest of his life. He was an example and none were likely to follow it. That was the end of it. But with the rum-seller it was different. Edwards was not the only man he killed. Could you visit that place and live there a while, you wouldn't think so. You would see people that were being killed every day—killed physically and morally. Now, instead of one rum-shop there, there are half a dozen. The influence for evil that rum-seller had that erected the first rum-shop there is incalculable.

"And still people say—and temperance lecturers among the rest: 'Oh, we don't blame the rum-seller; we blame the people that allow him to sell the rum!' You don't! Well, I do! I blame the rum-seller, and the people, and myself too, for not hating the demon rum that puts it into the hearts of naturally good and noble men to murder their fellow-men in this way. Think you that the God that avenged Abel is not the same God of justice now that he was then? 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' God pity the rum-seller at the last day!

"But, you say, 'you must remember the rum-seller looks differently at these things from what you do. He's been used to it all his life and he doesn't see any harm in it.'"

"No! I suppose not! Well, I'd like to open his eyes! It would be hard on him to have his eyes opened suddenly at the last day and no chance to repent. If we love our neighbors, we should show them their danger.

"You have a rum-seller here? I forget his name, but you all know it. I don't know him; he may be in the meeting-house here; but it won't hurt him—the few words I'm going to say. I understand there has been an action brought against him for selling liquor and that the trial is going to be tomorrow. Well, I am glad of it. I would be glad if he was my own brother. Don't stop. Be not content until rum-selling is completely exterminated from the place. If he sees you who pretend to be Christians are in earnest, he will stop. If any of you sympathize with him he won't. Now, we can tell. And may God help you to do right."

He stopped. I turned around and looked at the clock and he'd been preaching over a half an hour. It hadn't seem ten minutes. That was the shortest sermon ever I heard. As he said, there was a sprinkling of temperance sentiment running through it; but that didn't hurt it for me. Whatever they might say against him, they couldn't say he wasn't sound on temperance. They might think he was too outspoken.

Coming home dad asked me how I liked the new minister. I told by the way he spoke, the sermon hadn't made him very tired. I said, says I: "I can't say there's anything very backwoodsified about him!"

Says he: "I shouldn't wonder."

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. GRIMES'S OPINION OF THINGS.

That afternoon, after dad had got his smoke through, and had laid down on the lounge for his afternoon nap while I was busy reading an article on "Infant Baptism" in the *Messenger and Visitor*, all of a sudden there came a desperate knock on the front door. I rose up immediately to see who it was. Opening it, it proved to be none other than Mr. Grimes himself. I gave him a cordial welcome and told him to walk in and take a chair and sit down, which he did. Dad had woke up by the time we'd come in, and seeing Mr. Grimes, asked him how he was, and intimated that

we'd been having quite a cold snap the past few days; to which Mr. Grimes responded in the affirmative, and as for him, he couldn't be beat. After they'd been talking a while I said:

"Did you catch those fullers last night, Mr. Grimes?"

This sent the conversation into an entirely different channel.

"Oh, yes!" says he. "I s'pose Jack told you about them fullers breakin' inter my store last night, didn't he, Mr. Hyde? We caught 'em!"

"Yes," says dad; "did they take much?"

"They would hev of we hadn't caught 'em just when we did."

"What did they say when you found 'em there?" said I.

"Say? They didn't know what ter say. They didn't plan on gettin' caught. At last, though, Bob tried ter pass it off as a joke. Says he: 'So yer let Jack Hyde out, did yer? We thought yer'd forgot ter do it, and we was goin' ter scare him. He's allers gettin' jokes off on somebody and we wanted ter get one off on him and see how he liked it. Yer orter left him in there! We'd er had fun! Soas it is we've got the joke off on ourselves and made you think we were breakin' inter yer store. Sorry we put you to so much trouble.'"

"I assured 'em 'twas no trouble, but ter 'em 'twas to go away anywhere—p'raps I'd waster 'em up at Squire Lyons's in a day or two. They pretended to take it as a joke an' left the store quick—Bob ahead and Harry Streets followin'. As Harry passed me I smelt liquor on his breath as plain as could be. George said they'd both been drinkin'. They're two fast boys—them. It's high time somethin' was done to 'em."

"Yes, indeed," said dad; "it is so. If something's not done to 'em they'll be in the penitentiary the next time. It's my opinion that it'd be a good thing if Streets was cleared out of the place altogether. The minister was right this morning."

I was surprised at dad saying this—knowing what Mr. Grimes's sentiments were on the subject.

"What did you think uv Mr. Mc Gregor this mornin'?" asked Mr. Grimes.

"I thought he was very good indeed," said dad.

"Wall, yer know," said Mr. Grimes, "what I thought about him was, that he was one uv ther best ministers that ever preached in Handcock. He was what I call good,—mighty good. But they won't keep him here. Ter tell ther truth he's too good er minister fur here. The people here don't know when they get a good minister. You'll see all ther deacons will be hard down organist keepin' him."

"What did you think of his sentiments?" asked dad.

"He was right. I never thought so much of it before, but he has ther right sentiments. Rum-sellin' ought to be stopped here. It's gone too far already. Talk about only sellin' ter his regular customers—people what only drink moderately; that's what he says. Der yo' know, Mr. Hyde—'you're a temperance man' and uv course don't know anything about these things—but all ther same I believe them's the ones it hurts as much as the ones what gets drunk, after all. I was a moderate drinker till this mornin', but I'm not one now. I've knocked off. But I know all about 'em. Rum's hurt me more nor a little—although I wouldn't admit it till now, even ter myself. It has though er good deal. It's made me ugly and crotchety an' snarin' all ther time. I never thought uv it afore, but that's ther reason. I used ter be as good-natured as anybody; but when a fuller feels ugly he can't be good-natured; an' drinkin's what's made me feel ugly. I've alleds prided myself on bein' able ter take a glass when I wanted it and leavin' it erlong when I wanted it; and I flatter myself I kin now. But there's some fellers that can't do it. There's no use in talkin'; ther air. Mr. Streets argues that no body need be a drunkard unless he likes. He says: 'Look at people fur instance; there are some what makes money at whatever they go at, and others ergain if they had every chance in the world and plenty er money ter

begin on, in a year's time wouldn't own anything.' But after all, it's not them people's own fault; they wasn't made that way, and th' can't help it; no more nor if I was made so I could preach like that now minister. People was made different, I says and people shouldn't judge other people."

"That's about the rights of it, I guess," said dad. "And I s'pose we shouldn't judge Mr. Streets too harshly. I s'pose he believes there's no more harm in sellin' rum than anything else. He's always been used to it."

"I don't know about that, after all," put in Mr. Grimes. "He tries to make believe he don't think so; but I believe, if ther truth was known, he does think it's wrong after all. Yer know people oftentimes does things that th' know isn't altergether the right thing ter do; but they kinder keep on doin' it and after a while they don't think much about it, and they try ter arger out that it isn't very bad ter do, arser other people do good deal worse things. That's ther way with him, likely. But then, as you say, I don't s'pose we orter judge him too harsh; we do things just like it in our own way—or at least I have, many's a time."

"Yes," says dad, "that's a fact. But you don't s'pose Mr. Streets would keep on sellin' liquor if everyone in Handcock were against it and he knew it; the only people that patronized him were a few that came from outside?"

"No," says Mr. Grimes; "I don't think he would. I believe he'd swap businesses with me to-day. Ef he could git inter a job where he could make as much money as he does now and not have ter work any harder, I believe he'd go into it; but he thinks ef he don't sell liquor somebody else will, and he might as well make the money as anybody. But it'll be er long time in my opinion afore everybody in Handcock is ergain rum-sellin'."

You've no idee how many people are in favor uv it, Mr. Hyde. Some uv the best people in the place—people what talks the strongest temperance—even some uv ther best church members—encourages Mr. Streets on the sly. I could tell you people, Mr. Hyde, ef I chose, what has set ther treats up with me—what'd make your eyes open!"

"Is it possible?" said dad.

"Yes!" he continued. "Ther minister was right when he spoke uv them kinder people bein' here. P'raps he's been around sech places, like me. But what makes me mad is bein' secher fool as long as I have. I would have been wuth er good deal more money now, ef I'd staid erway from ther place altergether. Yer know I might go in there fur a drink with another man, and we'd set up ther drinks fur each other, and while we was drinkin' them down another man would come in and of course he'd hev ter set up the drinks fur the crowd. Then uv course each one uv us would have ter do the same thing and we'd all drink twice as much as we wanted. By that time, p'raps another man would come in and we'd all have ter set up ther treats ergain, and the rum-seller would look around an' see some uv the best people patronizin' him and he'd say to himself: 'Now, this is a respectable business; there's all the best people uv the place buyin' frum me,' and he'd hold up his head and think he was as good as anybody."

"Is that the way they do it?" said dad. "It's good fur the rum-seller."

"Yes," continued Mr. Grimes; "and it makes me mad ter think what a fool I've been, and what all the rest of the people are. Now, you'll see, when I come out erposin' Mr. Streets, I'll lose a lot uv trade; but I don't care; I'm goin' ter live different frum what I have been livin', ef I lose all ther trade."

"There's one man's trade you won't lose, an' that's mine," said dad.

"Thank you, Mr. Hyde," said he; "and we'll put our heads together and see if we can't do some temperance work here."

It was getting late now, and Mr. Grimes said he guessed he must be getting, and he went. The hired man and I got the milk-buckets and set off for the barn to do the milking.

(To be Continued.)

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Address D. L. SCOTT-BROWNE, 251 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

To Our Subscribers.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns sometime since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address B. J. KENDALL Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it a standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." 14-131

John KUIZE, one of the convicted murderers of Dr. Cronin of Chicago, has been liberated on bail and will soon join a dime museum.

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

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