

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

RAILWAY.
July 4, 1894.

Station	Time
Yarmouth	7:15
Windsor	7:30
Wolfeville	7:45
Windsor	8:00
Yarmouth	8:15

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1894.

No. 5.

Vol. XIV.

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.



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARDS, the well-known Druggist, 287 McGill st., Montreal, P. Q., says:—

Wonderful Cures

performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minister. The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years, in spite of the best medical treatment available. Her father was in great distress about the case, and, at my recommendation, at last began to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which effected a complete cure, much to her relief and her father's delight. I am sure, were he here to-day, he would testify in the strongest terms as to the merits of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

DIRECTORY.

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furnitures, &c.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DEPAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

DUNCANSON BROTHERS—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feeds.

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

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer.

KELLY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

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

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

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

GLEBE, L. W.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobe Soap.

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

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

Physicians

Endorse

Them,

and

Physicians

Make

Them.

Headache and Catarrh.

How many people suffer constantly from the above diseases, which will not 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 once since. Skoda's Discovery purifies the Blood, tones up the nerve centres and makes you well.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, headache, and dyspepsia. 50 cts. per box. Medical Advice Free.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY. The great Headache Nerve Remedy.

POETRY.

The Wind's Word.

The wind charged every way and fled Across the meadows and the wheat; It whistled the swallows overhead And swung the daisies at my feet.

As if in mockery of me And all the deadness of my thought, It mounted to the largest glee, And, like a lord that laughed and fought,

Took all the maples by surprise, And made the poplars clash and shiver, And swung the birch about my ears, And sprang and blazened on the river.

And through the elm tree tops, and round The city steeples wild and high, It flourished with a mighty sound, A buoyant voice that seemed to cry:

"Behold how grand I am, how free! And all the forest bands my way! I roam the earth, I talk the sea, And make my labors but a play."

—Archibald Lampman.

SELECT STORY.

BETWEEN PORTS.

BY LUCILE LOWELL.

HE mother sat on the steerage deck cradling her baby on her arm. His head, in its white crocheted cap, was pressed against her breast in such a manner as to hide his face, but his hand, falling lifelessly away from his body, was blue and thin and as transparent as though a flame burned in its tiny palm. Two boys, and a girl with the troubled gaze of a woman who has known grief, were near. Their mother had forbidden them to play, so they sat at her side patient, without strife, not prattling at all.

The surgeon of the Lurania, on his morning rounds, paused before this group. He asked absently, his eyes fixed on the sea's misty violet,—

"How is he to-day?"

The mother stammered.

"The oldest boy volunteered: "He hasn't cried once this morning."

The surgeon withdrew his gaze from the sea; without losing his air of professional unconcern, he bent nearer the baby. The mother drew back; she cried brusquely,—

"Don't touch him!"

"Oh, he's asleep?"

"Yes."

"That's the best thing for him. Keep him warm."

The surgeon's smile and nod included the children. The eyes of the boys followed him as he moved away. The physician they had known in their English home had been small and old; he had worn shabby clothes, as sombre in hue as a rook's outfit; he had closed his mouth with a snap after speaking, as though fearful of giving too much advice for his fee. The surgeon of the Lurania, tall, erect, in all his splendor of dark blue and gold, seemed a noble figure. They felt that he must be good because he was imposing. As for the girl she had not looked after him at all; she was thinking. Presently she said in that half-voice, which one uses unconsciously in the presence of a sleep-

er,—

"Mother, why did you look so cross at the doctor? Don't you like him?"

"The mother cried passionately, "I don't like anybody!"

They took it home. Wounded to the heart they chorused: "Oh, mother!"

She extended her free arm and drew them, one by one, within its embrace. She kissed them, then thrust them away, though not ungently. She said brokenly,—

"I don't mean you, God knows!"

She spoke no more, nor did they question her further. She loved them; that was enough. So they continued to sit at her side rehearsing under the breath that legend—believed by the poor of all countries save our own—of the freedom and plenty of the new land whither they were sailing.

Unswerving the sun kept on its way. The morning violet of the sea grew grey. There was no air; the still, dead heat of the August day beat down upon the steerage deck, and rose again in an exhalation of tar, of food, of herded humanity. The children, tired of talking, overcome by the atmosphere, grew drowsy and finally slept, leaning against one another.

The baby did not move or moan; the mother did not sleep. From time

to time she laid her hand on the little head pressed against her breast. She rocked gently to and fro, but she did not change her position. She was as silent as a woman of stone, not complaining at all, not even sighing. Her companions marvelled at her endurance, but they made no comment; the sympathy of the lowly is wordless—it has not found its phrase.

At noon—the surgeon's hour—the mother rose, still cradling her babe and began to pace the deck. She moved with difficulty, but when she saw him approaching she steeled herself; she extended her arms, making a hollow into which the baby slid; she swung them from side to side with a motion soothing and monotonous. She nodded over her shoulder reassuringly, coaxingly; her faint smile said, "He is getting on."

The surgeon, glad to accept this report, hurried on, as an Armenian, burning with fever, was giving him some trouble. When she knew that he was out of the way, the mother resumed her former position, sinking upon the deck as though the effort to stand and move had been too great for her. Disturbed by her movements the children awoke and demanded their dinner. The mother refused all food—she had become a statue again—but the boys devoured her portion greedily.

The hours passed. It was one, it was three, it was five o'clock—the children ate their supper, not greedily now; their mother's silence depressed them, filled them with terror which they could not understand. When they questioned her she bade them be still. She sat quite motionless, looking straight ahead, except when some one drew near, when she would shift the baby from one arm to the other, or lay him against her shoulder, patting his back softly, as though to reconcile him to a strange position. At such times the children saw his face, but they were not permitted to touch or caress him. Once a friendly peasant extended her strong arms to carry him about; but the mother repulsed her roughly.

"I wish you would leave me alone!"

The woman went away, affronted and angry. Presently she returned, and the eyes of the two women met, the peasant's moist and inquiring, the mother's fierce and defiant. Then, without a word, with the gentleness of a refined woman, this rough peasant drew the wondering children away.

It was now twilight. Sheltered by the friendly roof, released from the presence of her children, the mother permitted herself the luxury of breaking down, of weeping silently. Tears ceased her over-charged heart. For a brief space thought ceased almost entirely; her mind was an empty frame, from which the images—her tyrant all through the long day—had vanished. But one by one they crept back into their places, phantoms in the dim light, from which her imagination shrank but could not escape.

Unable to restrain her emotions, she sobbed aloud; she rocked to and fro; she told in broken phrases all the truth she had been striving to conceal. It was thus that the surgeon surprised her. When she saw him she sprung to her feet; she confronted him determinedly, struggling to regain her self-control. She did not resist when he took her child from her; she followed him quietly enough into the light, but she shuddered violently from head to foot, when the pitiless rays from the lamp in the companion-way fell upon the baby's face, its lips helplessly apart, and blue with the shadows of death.

For an instant the surgeon was silent before the piteous duplicity of this ignorant woman, then he turned upon her quickly. "Didn't you know that you had no right to conceal this from me?"

She began sullenly,—

"No one heard, perhaps, but I screamed, 'My baby is dead!' It was near midnight, and all night I thought if I could only keep him! And this morning I couldn't tell you, for I've heard what becomes of them that die at sea—I can't, oh, I can't have my little boy, my baby, put into the water! I can't, I can't."

Her voice rose in a shriek, she caught frantically at the surgeon's arm, she fixed her haggard eyes on his, she repeated, drawing her breath sharply between the words, "I can't—I tell you I can't have it!"

The surgeon did not reply at once—he was looking over the situation. He thought of placing the case before Mrs. Behring-Wells. She was philanthropic; she had spoken to him more than once of the antipodes of the steerage; she would do something. Here he searched deeper; that something would stand as charity; with the help of American dollars and his art the little body would be preserved for a numbered corner of the earth. He looked at the face resting in the hollow of his arm; it seemed to him to shine with protest, and his thought snapped suddenly. He began to question her so persistently that he soon had her story. While he was speaking she penetrated his reasoning, she understood all that he did not say, and when he had finished she said reasonably,—

"Yes, I see. It costs so much to bury even a baby, and when I get to America I shall need all the money I've got for the others. Do you suppose I haven't reckoned it all up, over and over again? It is the only way, I've known it all along."

She added brokenly: "Oh, if 'twas only laying him away in the earth—the sea is so terrible—and he's never slept out of my arms in his life."

The surgeon said simply, "Be sure he is taken care of even now."

For a moment the poor mother seemed to see the shining ones who come and go continually between their world and ours, hearing her baby in their arms, but the lash of the wind-swept waves against the ship's side smote her ear and she cried fiercely,—

"If it was your baby—"

The surgeon began in that quiet tone which one uses when one wishes to reach the reason: "Think, the sea is clean and sweet; it is unchanging because it cannot be wrought upon by man; it is free—it is, I believe, more truly 'God's acre' than the earth gained for before it may be used for his. Now I will tell you something. My brother lies in this ocean; for many years I have believed it to be a more honorable burial place than ground set apart and stamped with poverty's seal. He, too, died when he was young, when my mother was widowed and alone. You see there are other mothers—"

He became suddenly silent. He turned abruptly and left her. He had cost him something, this surgeon, who was, perhaps, a trifle proud of his rank, to disclose a dark page of his past for the comfort of this obscure woman; but his words had found their mark. She was strangely moved. This man, who fared well, who was somebody, understood what she suffered—she pitied her! He had said "other mothers." He had touched upon the sorrow, the loneliness, the poverty, of his own mother. He had linked her, all wretched as she was with humanity, with motherhood. She felt soothed, comforted, her heart expanded, and she murmured,—

"Oh, how good he is!"

But when she returned to her former place on the deck her mood changed; it became rebellious again. She said brokenly,—

"What does he care?"

When her children and the peasant joined her, she told them savagely, without attempting to soften her words, that the baby was dead. She continued, with terrible irony:—

"Yes, I was too happy; I hadn't enough to bear, so my baby was taken away from me."

At first the children were dumb before the mystery; then the younger boy strove to understand the meaning of death. He began to question, to prattle, to wring his mother's heart.

"Where is baby? Is he all alone? He cried when he was left alone; he was always afraid of something we couldn't see. What will he do without Johnnie, and me and Lissy? He can't walk by himself—unless we hold the back of his skirt he falls, and somebody has to lift him over the threshold."

The mother, overwhelmed by memories, moaned: "Don't, Willy."

But the little fellow persisted. "He used to sit on the floor and catch the sunbeams; they twinkled so at him, then he would laugh. Won't he ever laugh any more?"

"The peasant said softly, "He's dead, led."

The oldest boy spoke: "Will there be a funeral when we get to America?"

The mother shook her head.

"Hush, Johnnie, dear, mother can't bear it," she said.

The peasant mumbled: "They are going to sink him down into the water, then!"

Johnnie caught at this: "I won't let them! Father told me to look out for the baby, and I won't have him put in the ocean—there's dreadful things in it."

The mother broke down. "If father was alive we'd never be here, never! When we were married he had some money laid up, he didn't drink, we thought we should get along—I didn't think I'd lay him away—and now our baby—here."

The girl had been quietly weeping. She was nine, one of those young, loving souls which from time to time traverse the earth like a ray of heavenly light. She was ignorant, but she had been taught at the parish school something of human life and the destiny of the imperishable part, something of the all-lovingsness of God. From her store of knowledge, nebulous, full of the imagery of religious instruction, she was able to draw in her mother's need. She whispered: "God will take care of him, mother; I'm sure."

The poor mother was silent. Her soul, tormented, appealed but did not seem to God. She said, helplessly:—

"I can't, Lizzie—it may be so, but I ain't sure."

Lizzie did not insist. Her faith was large, but she had not the power to impose it upon others. She took her mother's hand and held it, not knowing anything better to do. Presently her childish trouble, made womanly by love, by sympathy, rang out: "We'll be just as good as we can be, mother, if that'll help."

The peasant, deeply moved, said: "The mother said nothing; she had not even heard. Her eyes were raised; the stars wandering in the pale ether magnetized her, drew her away from earth, and her soul, ignorant, corroded by doubt as it was, struggled to rise above its bondage."

It grew late. Willy was asleep and the peasant lifted him to her knee. The other children nestled at her side, trembling, frightened at they knew not what, not daring to sleep. No one approached them; they sat apart, unnoticed. Fused sounds from both decks reached their ears; the shuffle of dancing feet; hoarse sounds of mirth; the agony of an accordion, tortured beyond endurance; light laughter; the sailors' monotone, as they tugged at the ropes; a man's voice singing to the tinkle of a mandolin. They themselves were silent. Once the peasant spoke attempting consolation.

"It will be one less mouth to feed."

At one o'clock the surgeon came the second time. They rose and followed him; the mother first, then the two heavy-eyed children, last, the peasant carrying Willy who slept against her shoulder. They moved aft, a nameless procession. Two sailors were waiting for them; against the feet of one a tiny shape reeled, and the mother seeing it turned away her head. Observing this movement, wishing to remove the terrible strain of the moment, the surgeon opened the small book he had all along carried in his hand. He was about to begin a simple form of burial service when Lizzie, not clearly understanding his intention, obeying one of those Heaven-sent impulses of childhood, began to sing:—

"Around the throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven
A ransomed, happy band,
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!"

Her voice ceased; the words of the next stanza had escaped her memory. Before she could recall them, the mother, her face streaming with tears, caught the child to her heart, sobbing: "Oh, you've made me see, Lizzie! I'm sure now. God takes them all and keeps them safe. He won't forget our poor little lad."

The surgeon closed the book. There was no longer any need for it; a more direct message than any it contained had been sent and received.—*Dunahoe's Magazine.*

After a sea-diet, to prevent boils and assist acclimation, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Don't be a Boaster.

Do your duty quietly. When it is done people will know it without being told by you. Do not make a loud display. The boy who quietly does his duty every day, who is ever found where he belongs, will be appreciated.

If you are given any work to do, do it. If it is well done, don't call every one's attention to it to win their admiration.

Do the duty that lies nearest to you, be it great or small; the man who neglects his little every-day duties to look up some great work by which to win the applause of all beholders, seldom finds an opportunity to display his ability or his good will.

Any piece of work in any branch which excels, commands attention, and the work is valued much higher if he allows people to have their own estimation of the work.

The boy who does cheerfully and well what is given him to do, who does it without noise or boasting, may for a time feel that his efforts are not appreciated, and when a boy is wanted for a position of trust and he is called upon to fill that position he is more surprised than his fellows.

If you think that you have done something for which praise is due, don't be impatient, wait. A boy that will go to his teacher or fellow and say: "What do you think of that? Isn't that good?" or "that is better than you can do," is a boaster. A boaster never yet made a great man.

He spends so much of his time boasting that he has no time for work; and he takes so much of other people's time talking about himself he is shunned by all. A boaster is a bore; nobody enjoys hearing the real or fancied feats of others told and repeated time after time. Every day of his life he tells of wonderful things he has done, and you will soon find that a person who likes to boast of what he has done wishes to give the impression that what he has done is wonderful and will tell it in that way, even if he has to exaggerate.

A boaster is necessarily a fraud and a liar. Boys do your best and say nothing about it. Other people will see your worth, and you will be trusted and esteemed. Every man who wants a boy is looking for one of that kind.

A Disappointed Man.

Thought he was going to die before Summer was out, but He's Alive and Well and Working To-day.

Somerset, Man., Sept. 17th.—"Hard Times" is the cry from farmers in this country. Arthur Coley, a farmer living near here, has had double reason to cry "hard times," for eight months ago he lay on his back in bed, a victim of Bright's Disease. He acknowledges that he expected to be dead before the end of summer, but his expectations have been most pleasantly disappointed, and all summer he has worked on his farm just as though he had never known a day's illness. Last spring he began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills and a few boxes completely cured him, as they have every other victim of this disease who has used them.

"I envy your husband's jolly disposition. He is always laughing," said Mrs. Gadabout.

"Well, it has its drawbacks," replied Mrs. Stayathome. "John laughs so much that I can't keep buttons on his waist-coats."

"This Miss Flirt, of whom you speak, I presume, an engaging person?"

"Very. She has been engaged seven times."

Blood

should be rich to insure health. Poor blood means Anemia; diseased blood, means Scrofula.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood; cures Anemia, Scrofula, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, and Wasting Diseases. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bown, Toronto. All Druggists. See ad.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cure Headache and Dyspepsia.

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and Saturday on Fry

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