

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, AUGUST 25, 1893.

No. 1.

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Local advertising at two cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.
Sewer communications 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 name may be written over a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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Office hours, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7:10 a. m.
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Geo. V. Barn, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.
W. W. Muzon, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. 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; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
GEO. W. BARNES, Organist
A. W. BARNES, Organist

BY ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN).
Services every Sabbath at 3 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Evangelistic and Testimony Meeting at 7 p. m. Bible Reading Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

CHAMBERLAIN (Lutheran).
Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Prayers and Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar Gustafson, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Prayers. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all our services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and preaching at 3 p. m. on Thursdays. Prayers meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursdays.

BY JOHN'S CHURCH—Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion, first Sunday in every month. Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcomed at all our services.—At Greenwood, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and preaching at 3 p. m. on Thursdays. Prayers meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Thursdays.

Masonic.

BY GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock. P. M.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION B. of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

ADAM'S LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 7 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE.

For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the

Weston Nurseries

KING'S COUNTY, N. S.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

IBAAO SHAW, PROPRIETOR.

Ripans Tablets cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tablets cure biliousness.
Ripans Tablets cure headache.
Ripans Tablets cure diarrhoea.
Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.
Ripans Tablets assist digestion.



G. W. PEARSON, M.D.

DYSPEPSIA, Threatened Heart Failure, LIVER TROUBLE, SKODA'S DISCOVERY.

Cured by One Course of SKODA'S DISCOVERY.
G. W. Pearson by occupation is a Carpenter and Builder. He is favorably known in Waldo Co. He says:—
"For years I have suffered from Indigestion, Heart and Liver Trouble. At times my heart would beat so fast, I would be obliged to cease work for days at a time.
"I tried physicians and remedies, without number, but got no permanent relief, until I commenced the use of SKODA'S.
"I have taken one course, and am perfectly well. My wife has also received great benefit from the use of SKODA'S DISCOVERY and SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS."
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your rights, 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 and Shoes, Furniture, &c.
- DAVIDSON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyance Agent.
- DAVIDSON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.
- DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.
- DUNCANSON BROTHERS—Dealers in Meats of all kinds and Feet.
- GOFFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.
- HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.
- HELBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.
- HIGHMAN, W. J.—General Coal Dealer at Coal always on hand.
- KILLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line fully 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.
- SHEPHERD, B. B.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.
- SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.
- WALLACE, O. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.
- WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION. EXTREME DEBILITY AFTER THE GRIP.

Mr. Peter Lingley, Councillor, Peterborough, Ontario, N. B., says:—
"On the 21st of 1892, I was seized with a very severe attack of the Grip, which left me very feeble and prostrated for weeks. I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep. I was under medical treatment for months, but received no benefit. My friends thought I had contracted my death at any day. At last I resorted to the use of
HAWKERS' NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,
a bottle of which rapidly restored me to health.
I slept well, my appetite was restored and I soon became stronger, pleasanter 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 F. Brown, Green Keeper, I. C. B., says:—
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Ripans Tablets cure the blues

POETRY.

Going Home.

Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fullness divine.
Up from the strife and the battle
(Oft with the shameful defeat),
Up to the palm and the laurel,
Oh! but the rest will be sweet.
Leaving the cloud and the tempest
Reaching the calm and the cheer,
Finding the end of our sorrow,
Finding the end of our fear.
Seeing the face of our Master
Yearning for in "distance and dream,"
Oh, for the rapture of gladness!
Oh, for the vision supreme!
Meeting the dear ones departed,
Knowing them, clasping their hands;
All the beloved and true-hearted,
There in the fairest of lands!
Sin evermore left behind us,
Pain nevermore to distress;
Changing the moon to the music,
Leaving the Saviour to bless.
Why should we care for the dying,
That is just springing to life,
Why should we shrink from the struggle
Fate at the swift-closing strife?
Since it is only beyond us,
Joyous at a step and a breath,
All that dear home of the living,
Guarded by what we call death!
There we shall learn the sweet meanings
Hidden to-day from our eyes;
There we shall walk like children
Come, then, dear Lord, in the gloaming
Or when the dawning is gray!
Take us to dwell in their presence—
Only thyself lead the way.
Out of the chill and the shadow
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine
Into the fullness divine.
Out of the sigh and the silence
Into the deep-sounding song!
Out of the exile and bondage
Into the home-gathering throng.

SELECT STORY.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER XII.

It was midnight. Chamberlain, unable to sleep after the scene of the afternoon, quietly dressed and started for a walk, hoping the fresh air would calm his throbbing brain. Without thinking as to where he might go, he passed through the village, over the road that he travelled four times a day. No lights were burning except in the engine-house, where a glimmer through the closed shutters showed that some of the company were still prolonging their Sunday spree. Going rapidly through the settlement, he reached the great enclosure in which stood the buildings of the works. All was so silent that it seemed not the same place that it did in the glare of the daylight, with the machinery making hideous din. A feeling of awe came into his mind as the buildings loomed up before him like masses of shadow. As he strode on, the remembrance of Temple as he had appeared at his best, when he was trying so hard to serve the Lord, came again and again to the young man. It could not be possible that he had been deceived as to his own real desire for a new life, and the thought that it had all been a sham from the first, which many would bring forward, was he felt would, entirely groundless. The suddenness with which Temple had fallen, and the shock that it produced in connection with the impressive communion service, would certainly do harm. Over and over again he had recalled even the minutest details of speech and action. The awful problem as to why his friend had been suffered to slip back to living death when just rescued, was more than he could solve. He knew that Temple must have been converted, must have loved the Lord, must have been accepted and forgiven. Had this not been so, could he ever have kept from liquor as he had for months before the dreadful Sunday? As he recalled that Sabbath, the strange feverishness of his companion after the service, his frantic haste to reach home, his incoherences, all combined to perplex the young man. Shuddering at the thought of his fearful fall,—praying that even now there might be hope for him, yet ignorant as to the cause of his relapse, Chamberlain sped on. At length he became wearied and turned toward home. His heated blood had cooled, and he felt that he could leave the matter to the Lord, assured that it would all come out right. By the time the fire-works were reached on the way back, he was weary enough to take a "short cut," and leaving the main road he entered a path that ran along in the shadow of the lofty board fence in the rear of the mill-enclosure. This path was used by the operatives alone, and led to the river, where a narrow foot-bridge connected it with the steep-street settlement. He hurried on in the uncertain light, sometimes flashing in little pools of rain water, at others stepping carefully over some queer shadow. The night, partly cloudy, partly bright, and the strangeness of the situation, were not without their effect; an uneasy feeling which the loneliness and the piercing cries of the whip-poor-wills served to intensify, came over him. About one-half the length of the seemingly interminable board fence had been passed, when those by sounded a human voice. As he had been walking softly and doubted if the speaker had either seen or heard him, he instantly stood still and listened, and after an instant's silence it came again,—this time distinctly, a man's voice, and as querulous, not loud, but clear as a bell. "I'm verra, verra weary," it said, "verra weary."
Chamberlain's first thought had been that it was some one belated like himself, and traversing the same path; but to his astonishment he now discovered that the voice came from the mill yard. The portion nearest him was crowded with buildings, not in use, and made available as a sort of storage yard. He had been in it but once, and could scarcely remember the details of the place, an acre or two of cases, and a few stone-cutters' shanties; the last named built up against the lofty fence. As nearly as he could tell, the voice came from one of these sheds.
"I saw George Chamberlain the other day in the works. Aye, but he's a fine lad, I have a mind to tell him that about cheating Lamson. Robert Flint will never believe what he is at right, but don't I ken him?"
Startled and astounded, Chamberlain stood rooted to the spot. The plaintive Scotch voice had mentioned his father's name as well as that of his uncle, and had condemned Lamson. Who was this stranger who spent the night in the yard where only the watchman had a right? And how came he by his knowledge even of the names he used?
"Ah, Tam! Tam! ye have no head for villanies," continued the voice, "Why could ye accept Lamson's proposal and meet your fortune? Has your conscience paid? Robert Flint dinna believe ye, and George Chamberlain went away so that ye could na' tell him. Ye think he's back, but dinna be sure. It does na' look like him. I may be one who has his appearing."
Crowding closer to the fence, he was drinking in every word. At first, when the unseen speaker had apostrophized Tam, he had thought that he was spoken to, but the tone and the subsequent words convinced him that the speaker's name was Tam. He wondered who he might be. The name was totally unfamiliar.
"Ye would na' make the crucible into polish in secret, would ye, Tam, because ye ken'd it was be thieving from the company, but what gained ye by your conscience? Only the hate o' Lamson. Had not the Lord raised up Sam Paton, wad ye no been killt? Aye, that ye would, Tam. Thank the Lord, auld lad, for Sam and thank him who ye kept your conscience—amen."
The speaker ceased, and there was again the deep night-silence. For a long time Chamberlain stood waiting to hear more, but the strange Scotchman spoke no other word. Chamberlain, longing for a sight of him, looked wistfully at the high fence with its row of sharp spikes, but could see that any attempt to scale it would be useless.
At last, unable to leave without an effort toward better acquaintance, he knocked softly on the fence.
There was a rustle on the other side, as if one had roused up to a sitting posture to listen.
Again he knocked.
"What is that rapping?" said the sad voice with a startled tremor.
"A friend."
"What friend?"
"Chamberlain."
"It's a lee, Chamberlain's dead. Who are ye? That's been listening to a pair dumsted man? Go yeer way, ye canna fule me."
A sound came as if a rickety door were pushed aside.
"Don't go!" called Chamberlain. "I have something to say to you."
"Tal it to the trees, whisper it to the chimneys, sing it to the empty buildings. They all have ears,—they can hear,—they have voices,—they can answer."
"Don't go, Tam," he called.
"Hoo do ye ken my name, cavedropper? Ye should be hanged by the ears!" returned the voice, and the sound of hasty footsteps echoed through the yard, and quiet again reigned.
Feeling that it was of no use to stay longer, Chamberlain went his way, and ere long reached home. He had little time before daybreak to get even a nap, had he been in sleeping trim; but the exciting events of the night, coupled with the sad occurrence of the day preceding, made him feel as if he should never be able to sleep again, although he was mortally weary.
Partaking of a light breakfast, he went to the mill, where he found that the story of Temple's disgrace had gone the rounds. Most of the men assured all who spoke of it, and some who did not, that it was "just what they knew would come." Chamberlain fancied that even on the countenance of the agent, there was an "I-told-you-so" expression. But the latter said nothing; indeed of late, he had avoided even the morning nod with which he had formerly greeted the unwelcome novice.
As for Chamberlain, the comments of the men fell on ears deadened by extreme fatigue, yet even with the weariness came the painful feeling, that there were those who would perhaps never again "take stock in any sort of reform."
With the energy which had become a part of his being, he determined that very soon to explore the part of the factory adjoining the stone-cutters' sheds, and discover, if possible, who the Scotchman was. The monologue in which he had figured names that gave an added mystery to the whole affair. Had the young man a superstitious nature, he might have supposed that a garrulous ghost had been voicing the thoughts of the past in some favorite retreat, and have considered investigation in daylight to be useless from the outset. Such a thought never occurred to him, and he ate the lunch that Mrs. Bowman had, under protest, substituted for a warm dinner, and started for the deserted rear yards. The surroundings of the works were of much greater magnitude than a casual observer would suppose. Our anxious explorer began to be aware of this, as after passing the long reaches of coal in the great coal yards, he came to a second series of yards, where stood scores of empty freight cars, on tracks weed-grown and rails red with rust. Here and there, lounging in the shade of the cars, playing "forty-five," in quiet nooks, were his fellow-workmen. He received many a kindly nod, many a friendly invitation to join the various groups. Somehow the kindness of his companions on this particular day specially touched him. It drove the loneliness out of his heart, in a measure, to know that the men respected and liked him. How much he could rely on this popularity in time of trouble, or how little it would take to turn these friendly ones into bitter enemies, was not the question. They liked him now, and that was a comfort. When he had reached the furthest limit of the freight yard he found himself shut away from further search by an extension of the same lofty spike-capped fence that held him off on the preceding night. By what means access was gained to the special yard that he now desired to visit, he was not able exactly to recall. This was not in the least to be wondered at, as his first and only visit had taken place when he was but a novice in the manufactory, and so overcrowded with new sights and strange surroundings that distinct impressions of each were more than an ordinary mind could receive. With a faint recollection of entering a long building, which served as a gateway for this enclosure, he turned his attention to the sheds and houses in the

vicinity.

From the top of a boxcar he was able to survey the chimneys of at least a dozen buildings on a line with the fence. Some of them he was familiar with, while others were entirely strange. He was able finally to decide with tolerable certainty upon one that was probably the "gate house," to the secluded yard. With some difficulty he found this great barn-like structure, and was about to enter it and explore, when the "sawing whistle" sounded and he was forced to forego his intention for that day, and return to his work.
The next noon he renewed the attempt, and was on the spot ten minutes after the "speed" had shut down. The main door of the building was locked, an unusual thing, by the way, in the "empty yards," where nothing of value was stored, and Chamberlain was forced to use his ingenuity to gain entrance. Briefly surveying the doors and windows, he saw that one of the latter was fastened by a stick braced against the bottom sash in close proximity to a broken pane of glass. This not only afforded him a chance to get in, but it also gave him some information, for the stick that acted as fastening was soiled in the centre, its most convenient grasping place, and the sides of the sash were stained as if by grimy hands; there were also boot-heel marks on the sill, as if some more clumsy climbers had, with difficulty, entered in this way. The depth of the stains and the many heel-marks testified to the frequency with which this means of ingress and egress were used.
Unseen by any of his fellows, Chamberlain climbed into the great empty structure, and stood taking his bearings. The absence of stored goods or stock greatly facilitated a rapid survey of the one apartment. At first, even with this help, he could not see what communication could be had with the further yard, but a closer inspection revealed a door which must have been open when he was there before. This yielded easily to his touch, and he found himself nearing the goal of his hopes. Once on the ground, the sight-when he was a novice—which, by the way, explained his admittance to a portion of the works from which most of the old hands were debared,—came back to him. Here and there through the weeds that had grown up in wild luxuriance, ran paths that appeared to end nowhere in particular, and to be of no definite use.
An air of desolation and decay was imparted to the whole place, by vine-climbing over piles of rust-clad cast-iron, forcing themselves through the spokes of broken cog-wheels as if to bind them forever to the earth, or clinging to the weather-worn buildings as though they would add even their feeble strength to the efforts of wind and weather to pull them down. A number of buildings, of stone and wood, stood in this yard, and as Chamberlain debated which first to examine, a step sounded on the pathway behind him, and turning quickly he was confronted by the watchman of that section.
"Look here, young fellow! What do you want in this part of the works?" he inquired roughly.
"Oh, I am just looking around," was the quiet reply.
"Well, get right out. Orders is strict not to let nobody in here; been enough stealing done by you 'piece hands."
"I didn't see anything to steal except a rusty boiler or two," said Chamberlain, good-humoredly.
"Well, orders is orders, so git."
"By the way, is Tam round here to-day?" enquired Chamberlain, in a very ordinary voice.
"Tam who?" was the query, without a trace of the consternation that was expected.
"Why, Tam, the Scotchman."
"He ain't been in here, whoever he is. You are the only one who has been here for weeks, and what possessed you I don't see. I should never have known you were here, either, if you hadn't left that window open."
Chamberlain meekly reproached himself for such carelessness, even while studying the expression of the man's face. It appeared to be perfectly honest, and he came to the conclusion that the watchman knew nothing about the little Scotchman.

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"Well, get right out. Orders is strict not to let nobody in here; been enough stealing done by you 'piece hands."
"I didn't see anything to steal except a rusty boiler or two," said Chamberlain, good-humoredly.
"Well, orders is orders, so git."
"By the way, is Tam round here to-day?" enquired Chamberlain, in a very ordinary voice.
"Tam who?" was the query, without a trace of the consternation that was expected.
"Why, Tam, the Scotchman."
"He ain't been in here, whoever he is. You are the only one who has been here for weeks, and what possessed you I don't see. I should never have known you were here, either, if you hadn't left that window open."
Chamberlain meekly reproached himself for such carelessness, even while studying the expression of the man's face. It appeared to be perfectly honest, and he came to the conclusion that the watchman knew nothing about the little Scotchman.

vicinity.

From the top of a boxcar he was able to survey the chimneys of at least a dozen buildings on a line with the fence. Some of them he was familiar with, while others were entirely strange. He was able finally to decide with tolerable certainty upon one that was probably the "gate house," to the secluded yard. With some difficulty he found this great barn-like structure, and was about to enter it and explore, when the "sawing whistle" sounded and he was forced to forego his intention for that day, and return to his work.
The next noon he renewed the attempt, and was on the spot ten minutes after the "speed" had shut down. The main door of the building was locked, an unusual thing, by the way, in the "empty yards," where nothing of value was stored, and Chamberlain was forced to use his ingenuity to gain entrance. Briefly surveying the doors and windows, he saw that one of the latter was fastened by a stick braced against the bottom sash in close proximity to a broken pane of glass. This not only afforded him a chance to get in, but it also gave him some information, for the stick that acted as fastening was soiled in the centre, its most convenient grasping place, and the sides of the sash were stained as if by grimy hands; there were also boot-heel marks on the sill, as if some more clumsy climbers had, with difficulty, entered in this way. The depth of the stains and the many heel-marks testified to the frequency with which this means of ingress and egress were used.
Unseen by any of his fellows, Chamberlain climbed into the great empty structure, and stood taking his bearings. The absence of stored goods or stock greatly facilitated a rapid survey of the one apartment. At first, even with this help, he could not see what communication could be had with the further yard, but a closer inspection revealed a door which must have been open when he was there before. This yielded easily to his touch, and he found himself nearing the goal of his hopes. Once on the ground, the sight-when he was a novice—which, by the way, explained his admittance to a portion of the works from which most of the old hands were debared,—came back to him. Here and there through the weeds that had grown up in wild luxuriance, ran paths that appeared to end nowhere in particular, and to be of no definite use.
An air of desolation and decay was imparted to the whole place, by vine-climbing over piles of rust-clad cast-iron, forcing themselves through the spokes of broken cog-wheels as if to bind them forever to the earth, or clinging to the weather-worn buildings as though they would add even their feeble strength to the efforts of wind and weather to pull them down. A number of buildings, of stone and wood, stood in this yard, and as Chamberlain debated which first to examine, a step sounded on the pathway behind him, and turning quickly he was confronted by the watchman of that section.
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CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.