

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

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Local advertising at ten 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 types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction as all work turned out.

News 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 under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayers and Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers always welcome.

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St. GEORGES LODGE, A. 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 S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. 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 2 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.

ISAAC SHAW,  
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#### Ripans Tablets

Ripans Tablets cure torpid liver.  
Ripans Tablets: best liver tonic.  
Ripans Tablets cure headache.  
Ripans Tablets cure biliousness.  
Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.



MINNIE JONES,  
Liverpool, Me.

### AS A TONIC AND BLOOD PURIFIER! "SKODA'S DISCOVERY"

UNQUALLED!

SKODA DISCOVERY CO.,  
GENTLEMEN—Last spring I had a severe attack of the MEASLES. After the acute stage passed, and I was supposed to be convalescent, I did not gain as I ought. With NO APETITE, and lost with a BAD COUGH, day after day, I continued to run down.  
My friends feared I was in a DECLINE, and would never be any better. I was much reduced when I began the use of SKODA'S DISCOVERY. Before I had taken one bottle, I was greatly improved. I continued its use, and am now in my USUAL HEALTH, thanks wholly to SKODA'S DISCOVERY.

Respectfully,  
MINNIE JONES,  
LIVERPOOL, ME.  
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### DIRECTORY —OF THE— 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, Books & Shoes, Furniture, &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.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Merchant, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

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HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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

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

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

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stores, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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

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

### POETRY.

#### The Fellow That Means What He Says.

There is one whom you ever may trust,  
As you travel o'er life's varied ways,  
Who will strive to be honest and just—  
He's the fellow who means what he says.  
He is not one to lead you astray;  
On his word you may always depend;  
When he owes he is sure to repay,  
And he never goes back on a friend.  
What he says to the lat is all;  
What he holds to his heart is the truth;  
All temptation he will he may defy  
Who will keep to this rule in his youth.  
To be true—all is there—to be true!  
You will find in the end that it pays;  
Search your heart, and be certain that you  
Are the fellow who means what he says.

### SELECT STORY.

#### HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Hole in the Wall," the popular grocery of Steep street, was the evening resort of most of the able-bodied men of the settlement. The proprietor, a short, stout man of German-Irish parentage, named Pfaff, was said to be wealthy. In addition to his stock of liquors he kept a small grocery, which, occupying the room directly in front of the grocery, gave ample opportunity for sly drinks. His customers embraced most of the adults of the village, and indeed some of the children might be so called, as they invariably tasted the beer which they carried home by the pitcherful. Pfaff was thought a very jolly fellow—a trifle obstinate in his opinions, but generally as fond of friendly converse as he was of American dimes. He was ever ready to drink with his guests, at their expense, and on rare occasions "stood treat" himself.

Not only in the mill village, but in the town above, Pfaff was noted for the excellence of his drinks. For this reason numbers of the liquor-loving folk from the upper settlement frequently dropped in to taste "Jacob's Best," and the fact was enlarged upon by the liquor-dealer with loud-voiced pride to the evening loungers.

The laborer, in a factory where the water is poor, is like the desert traveler, often morbidly thirsty. The wells in the file works furnished water that was brackish and hardly fit to drink. The homes on Steep Street were not better off. The people used the water for washing, but no more than was absolutely necessary. In drinking it was frequently neutralized by a portion from the family bottle, in the proportion of one part of water to three parts of liquor, and sometimes the hurtful water was entirely left out. It had naturally come to pass that a special prejudice existed against it in the minds of the villagers. If any one was sick, it was laid to the water. Every ill seemed to have its origin in the unwholesome furnishings of the wells. Had it been within the bounds of reason, there is cause to believe that most cases of delirium tremens would have been traced directly to "bad water." This being the case, it was not strange that Jacob Pfaff grew rich and bloated; that men, women, and children drank his beer and other liquors; that the traces of excessive drinking were on masculine countenances, otherwise intelligent and manly; on feminine faces that, free from it, would have been womanly and attractive.

Pfaff had no sign over his door, but he had many a sign through the hamlet. What were the old hats stuffed in broken windows, the filthy door yards, the noisome fumes, the bloated fathers and mothers, the rickety children, the rags, vice, and squalor, but Jacob Pfaff's signs? The people did not read them thus, however. Their thought was "the water is bad; we must drink something."

It happened one evening, as Chamberlain was returning from work, he was overtaken by one of the grinding-room hands with whom he had often spoken. Pleasanter and better informed than most of the men, he had taken pains to give timely and valuable hints about the work. These he appreciated about the work. These he appreciated about the work. These he appreciated about the work.

Chamberlain was young and fiery; a threat was to him like a whip to an untamed horse; his pride was roused; he despised bar-room rows, but he could not allow a bully to insult him thus. His friend whispered, "take your beer, don't be a fool." The younger drew nearer to see the young upstart punished for his insolence.

thing to do with it; but the speaker asserted that no saloon he had ever patronized furnished such thirst-quenching liquor. Jacob, he said, had just renovated his bar, and now the place was clean and wholesome, wouldn't Mr. Chamberlain come in and try a glass?

Our friend, as we know, was not a teetotaler; he believed that it was right for any one to take wines or beer when they wished, provided they did not overdo the matter. Indeed this had been impressed upon him by his guardian when he was quite young. Only a few times in his life had he tasted liquor over a bar, and then in the company of those who were considered high-toned gentlemen. The invitation that he now received was, for the moment, a puzzle to him. He had no sympathy with those who guzzled liquor as did the people who patronized Pfaff; yet, here was a friend, a gentleman in his way, asking him to drink with him. With no religious scruples to bring forward, no excuses to offer, for he instinctively acknowledged that were it in a first-class hotel, and his companion a society man, he should say yes, he consented, and for the first time, and with a feeling of shame-faceness that was entirely new to him, entered the saloon and went up to the bar.

The proprietor saw the new face and bestirred himself. A fresh customer always roused him to an awkward politeness—a courtesy flavored with cupidity.

While Chamberlain waited for his glass, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a rough voice said,—  
"Well, if here ain't Chamberlain, our youngest; the chap that the boys said was pious! They didn't know you did they, lad?"

It was Gaffney, who apparently had forgotten the "waiting down," and was now as dry as ever.

"I told 'em," continued the man, keeping his hand on the young man's shoulder, to stand himself. "I told 'em to hold on and wait till ye showed yer hand; I felt from the first that you was one of us."

Chamberlain set down his glass unattended.

"Drink your beer, don't mind Gaffney," said his friend.

"Yes, drink it, it is good; never mind Gaffney," echoed the dealer.

"Thank you, I don't think I wish for any now," was the reply; a strange gravity settling over the young face.

"Perhaps there is something wrong with it; shall I draw another?" asked the proprietor a trifle anxiously.

"No, I thank you," was the positive reply, and Chamberlain moved toward the door.

"Fernald," close the door for a minute," said Pfaff.

The door was instantly shut, a couple of men stood against it, and the youth shall have a fight of it, but I have tasted my last drop.

"Would to God, I could say as much," acknowledged Temple, with a groan, and at once Chamberlain, who had been engrossed with his own resolve, awoke to the struggles of another.

"Come up to my room," he said, drawing the other's arm through his reaching the tiny apartment, he threw open the blinds so that the evening breeze came in and cooled their heated brows.

"Were you in earnest in what you said?" he asked.

"Yes, but it is of no use. I am made of weaker stuff than most men. Over and over again have I resolved to stop drinking, but I can't do it," was the reply.

"Why don't you sign the pledge?" asked the young man.

At this stage of affairs, a back door of the bar opened and Sam Putnam came in.

"Hollo! what's this?" he inquired, his eyes lighting up with interest.

"Why," said Jacob, "this young fellow says my beer ain't fit for swill, and he's got me to draw it, and now is goin' off without drinkin' it."

"Did he pay for it?" asked Sam, throwing one leg over the bar.

"Well, it's his then, ain't it?"  
"Yes; but—"  
"Then I don't see as it's any of your business what he does with it," was the cool reply.

"But I intend to make it some of my business," replied Pfaff, excitedly. "I don't allow no man to throw mud on me and then rub it in this sort of way."

"If you touch that young fellow," said Sam, measuring his words slowly. "I'll throw you out of the window into the river."

"Well, let him get his beer off my counter, and out of my glass," sputtered the other; but Gaffney had attended to that, having quietly finished the troublesome liquor.

As Chamberlain continued his walk with his friend, the latter began to question him as to the cause of his sudden aversion to the glass of liquor.

At first the young man's replies were unsatisfactory; he gave no reason for his strange conduct, but on being pressed, he said:

"Did you hear Gaffney speak to me?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, he said when he saw me with a glass of liquor in my hand, 'now I know that you are one of us'; that is what the trouble was. 'One of us'; what did that mean? It didn't mean that I was one of the workmen who could hold his own at the forge, or on a grind-stone, or over the furnace. It meant that I was one of the drinkers."

One of the men who go on a spree every Saturday night, who can't live from one week's end to the other without drink; who are a curse to themselves and their families. That was what it meant; I saw it all in a flash, and I could no more sign such a compact by drinking that glass than I could commit murder."

"You are excited," said his companion, in a quaver muffled tone.

"Perhaps so; but if I am, I am sure of this, that I will never taste another drop of liquor in my life. I see clearly now; there are but two sides: those who drink and those who do not, the drunken and the sober."

"You are right," replied the other, in a low voice, "keep your resolve, you have no appetite to fight; never allow it to waken."

"I am not so sure about not having any appetite. I have always been accustomed to wines, and at times, stronger liquors, and I doubt not I shall have a fight of it, but I have tasted my last drop."

"Would to God, I could say as much," acknowledged Temple, with a groan, and at once Chamberlain, who had been engrossed with his own resolve, awoke to the struggles of another.

"Come up to my room," he said, drawing the other's arm through his reaching the tiny apartment, he threw open the blinds so that the evening breeze came in and cooled their heated brows.

"Were you in earnest in what you said?" he asked.

"Yes, but it is of no use. I am made of weaker stuff than most men. Over and over again have I resolved to stop drinking, but I can't do it," was the reply.

it? Surely not. Yet his heart was stirred by this man's trouble; he longed to help him. It was like watching a man drown without stretching out a hand to save him.

When his visitor had departed, Chamberlain did not go down to supper. Instead he sat alone and commended long with himself.

Finally, as the town-clock struck eleven, he arose, went down stairs, and out into the night. A short walk brought him to the lodgings of his friend. He found that he had not yet retired. His message, whatever it was, brought the tears to the other's eyes, and soon two earnest souls were kneeling side by side, entreating forgiveness and cleansing at the throne of grace.

That night Tom Chamberlain and John Temple began life anew. The glorious surrender had been made. Two hearts had been won; two who had, but a few hours before, been identified with the sin and misery of Steep Street, of whom the drunkards could say, "you are one of us," had crossed the line, and were rejoicing in the love of a new and all-powerful master.

With great joy in their hearts, they communed one with the other, knowing that they would be "epistles, known and read of all," in the factory and out. The test of true and right living would be most rigidly applied to them. It must be a whole consecration or none at all. Without discussing the question, Temple swept the pipes and tobacco from his shelf and threw them out of the window.

Not noting the flight of time, the two friends sat and planned for the future. The fields were white with harvest, and they were the laborers. It was a responsibility to which too few young men awoke. They felt their own weakness—their own inability to cope with the powers of darkness so stoutly entrenched in the valley below—yet to them was the promise, "Lo, I am with you always."

The first gray tinge of morning was showing itself in the east when Chamberlain went back to his room. As the day broke he sat at the open window—very happy, very peaceful. He felt that the knowledge of his sin, the burden that he had carried about ever since he awakened to the condition of Steep Street was now gone. Like a runner freed from a load, he had such freedom as only Christ can give. As yet he had sent no word to his friend in the far away city home. Perhaps it had been in part because there was nothing to tell but what was bound not to divulge. Now, however, he had news that he knew would make Marshall happier than any other message that he could send, so he sat down and wrote, in a few simple sentences, of his decision, of his great joy, and of the friend who had at the same time been born into the Kingdom with him. In conclusion, he earnestly asked him to remember them both in his prayers, as they sorely needed wisdom. This was enclosed in a letter to Dr. Pousouby, and mailed at once.

"Good land! Have you had a fortune fall to you?" asked Mrs. Bowman as she came into the kitchen with a very happy look.

"I guess so; a fortune that you can have too if you wish," was the reply.

"Well, if there is anything good that's free, I'd like to know it for I'm right there," said the landlady, energetically shaking the fire.

"Salvation's free," said the young man.

"Look here, young man, I ain't much on religion, and I spose you know it, but I don't never allow anybody to make fun of it in my presence. Joke just as much as you please in the right way, and I'll enjoy it when I have time; but don't make fun of things that some folks respect."

"God forbid that I should do anything of the kind. I was in earnest, for last night I gave my heart to the Lord, and I believe he has washed away my sins," replied Chamberlain earnestly.

"Do you mean to say that you have honestly and truly experienced religion?" was the astonished query.

"Yes."  
"Well, I never. I hope it will last. It's dreadful to be a backslider; that's what I am. You never get no comfort out of life while you're a backslider. I ain't been a happy Christian

for a good many years, not since Rob was born; and I'm sure I've suffered enough on account of my shortcomings. I've got so hardened that I durst not pray; but Mr. Chamberlain, won't you pray for Rob?"

"There was a pathos, an entreaty in the voice that went to the young convert's heart. Poor, erring Rob! The only son of the widow Bowman. Basely led, full of good resolutions, abounding in broken promises; the tool of the smarter loungers in the village.

"We can both pray," said he, and they knelt on the floor and prayed. First, Chamberlain offered a faltering petition for the erring son, and the strong muscular woman by his side sobbed like a child, and added a few words of her own at the close.

"Be you a Methodist, Mr. Chamberlain?" she enquired, wiping her eyes on her apron.

"Why, I don't know; I had hardly thought."

"I thought 'cause you knelt down maybe you was a Methodist; you know the Congregationalists always stand up when they pray."

Not feeling like discussing the different customs of denominations just then, Chamberlain was silent, and breakfast being ready, they sat down to eat, after which the late-ness of the hour compelled him to hurry away to the mill.

### CHAPTER VI.

On an elevated plateau overlooking the factory street was an old-fashioned mansion, surrounded by ample, well-kept grounds. The general atmosphere of the place was that of respectable old age. A departed generation built the house, laid out the grounds, planted the trees, sowed the hollyhocks, and no modernism had re-arranged their works. Between the estate and the straggling line of tenements a high board fence capped with spikes, was erected as a "thus far and no farther" to the juvenile apple hunters of the village below.

The estate was owned and occupied by a maiden lady, Miss Louise Whittier. Like it, she belonged to the last of the Whittiers, she held scrupulously to the faded customs of her race, as she did to the rusty silks and bombazines that filled her attic trunks. None of the Steep Street people knew her, and few of the dwellers in the upper town were at all intimate, although her wealth and blue blood entitled her to more than usual consideration. She attended the North church, of which Mr. Lumson was deacon. She was not, however, a member of the "Ladies' Charitable Society," "The Woman's Temperance Club," or "The Home Missionary Bureau." She was, therefore, to many of the good ladies a comparative stranger. Nevertheless, in spite of her negative qualities, Miss Whittier gave largely to the charities above named and was regularly at church.

It was with a knowledge of most of these facts that Chamberlain lifted the brass dragon's head knocker on the front door of the Whittier mansion, and dropped it with a clang that smote upon the quiet interior like an alarm of fire. There was a bustle within, a glimmer, as if a lamp were lighted to banish the fast-gathering shadows, a rustic, the door opened and the lady of the house stood before the young man.

She was tall, with lovely white hair, a plain, shrewd face, and gray eyes that had the least glint of suspicion in them. Raising his hat, he said:

"Is this Miss Whittier?"  
"It is."  
"Can I see you for a few moments?"  
The lady gave him a quick, keen glance. He had used the usual introductory phrase of the book agent.

"Pardon me, but have you anything to sell?" she said.

"No, madam," replied he quietly, although with a flush.

#### CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Reports on the state of Manitoba and the North-West crops show them to be far ahead of last year. In no case is a lack of rain reported.

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts.  
\$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.