

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 3.

THE ACADIAN.

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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 on all work turned out.

Newspaper 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
DAVIDSON BROS.,
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COLIN W. HOSCOCK, Chas. A. NEWBERRY, Secretaries.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor, of Anderson's Church, Wolffville, N. S., at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

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Rev. Joseph Hale, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All are cordially and warmly welcomed at all the services. At Greenwood, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday.

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Robert W. Storey, J. H. Redden, S. J. Mathersford, Secretaries.

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Exhibition Office, J. E. WOOD, Secretary.

Minards Linctant Cures Burns, etc.

est constitution could stand the dressing, the driving, the shing, and the dancing of those fashionable watering places. We want rest, or, rather, change. Now, what do you say to White's Inlet?"

"White's Inlet? Never heard of such a place," replied Casper.

"Then I'll enlighten you," said Alick Freeman, stopping in the midst of packing his trunk and turning to his friend, "White Inlet is a beautiful bay."

"Down on the Jersey coast?"

"Certainly, the fishing is good, the shooting tip-top, and there is no such place for boating and bathing. And then it is pretty well out of the world, and the chances are we'll be the only visitors within miles."

"And we can wear out our old clothes," interrupted Casper Burns.

"Of course no one would think of wearing anything but old clothes down at White's Inlet. Oh, we'll have a splendid time, free as the winds and almost like being in a state of nature!"

"I know, Alick, but people in a state of nature eat and sleep; how are we to obtain these necessary comforts?"

"The point is well taken," said Alick, slumping down the lid and facing his friend, "Right at the mouth of the Inlet there lives a fisherman named White."

"The inlet takes its name from him."

"Just so; and he has all the accommodations necessary. I sent him word we'd be down next week, and he's expecting us."

"Got any pretty daughters?"

"No; that's the beauty of it; has no one but his wife, and the only neighbor is a mile and a half away across the inlet. Oh, we'll have peace and no end of a good time," said Alick Freeman, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the pleasure in store for them.

The result of this interview was that the young men found themselves at White's Inlet within a week. After leaving the cars they had to go in a wagon some twenty miles over a sandy road that ran through a forest of fence-pines and distorted scrub oaks, on which the sun beat with tropical intensity and along which the mosquitoes proved in fierce bloodthirsty bands.

The fisherman's house was perched on a verdant bluff of white sand, with a swamp in the background and the glorious expanse of blue ocean in front.

One end of the cabin was the stern section of a wrecked schooner, with the name "Eliza Jane" still visible; the chimney of rusty iron had once done duty on a tugboat, and the gothic doorway was the utter jaw of a whale which Sam White had killed on the bar, about a mile from his cabin.

"It doesn't look promising, I must admit," said Alick Freeman, as they got out of the wagon which they had hired at a round price to fetch them over, "but it looks as if we might have all the quiet here that heart could wish for." This was Alick's first visit to the place, which had been recommended to him by a bachelor friend, and though he pretended to like it he felt in his heart that it was not all he desired.

"It must be a splendid place for fish," said Casper with a grim smile.

"Oh, it is! Why, there's no end of fish out there," said Alick, waving his hand at the water.

"If it isn't a good place for fish," continued Alick, "then it's about the most worthless place I ever set eyes on."

Sam White, a weather-beaten man of 50, came out of the cabin to welcome his guests, and help them in with their traps," as he called the godly array of baggage they had brought with them.

Mrs. White looked enough like her husband to be a twin, but she was a clean, wholesome, hearty woman, an unconventional as the most ardent admirer of nature could wish.

The young men were given a room—there were only four apartments in the house—in the annex made of the section of the wrecked "Eliza Jane." The window had once admitted light to the captain's cabin, and it required no stretch of the imagination to picture themselves on shipboard. The very decorations of the chamber had a very marine aspect, from the high-colored print of a naval battle to the shell that answered for a soap cup.

The young men were hungry and dusty and in no good humour; so that while washing and exchanging their travelling dress for natty sailor costumes they did not exchange many words, though Alick ventured to say:

"I'm sure, old fellow, we'll like it hugely after we get used to it."

"People like whiskey and opium after they get used to them, but it is worth while acquiring the habit?" said Casper Burns, with a shade of sarcasm in his voice.

Alick was about to respond to a venture, but at that moment Mrs. White, without the formality of knocking, put in her head to say that dinner was ready and to add that in her opinion wore "purty nigh starved."

There was roast duck, two or three kinds of fish, potatoes like snowballs, hot biscuits and yellow butter, and a pot of steaming coffee, all served on a clean crash tablecloth.

Sam White asked a long, and old-fashioned blessing, to the great amazement of the young men, who expected to find him a profane old sea dog, and then he said:

"You must make a long arm, boys, and help yourselves."

"Well," said Casper, "I must confess I haven't enjoyed a meal so much for years. I was hungry and it went right to the spot."

"Oh, this is just the place for an appetite. You can find one here sooner than in any other part of the country," said Alick, handing Casper a cigar, and feeling that there was something to commend the place in the eyes of his friend.

As they stood on the shore the sun was setting, and the bins expanded to a crimson tinge. They sat down on the white sand, and they could see away to the shore and across the inlet two figures--females. One of them had a white scarf about her head and the other a scarlet one, but beyond this the young men could not make them out.

"Ah! it's a comfort to know we are not wholly shut out from the world," said Casper, blowing a whiff of smoke from his cigar in the direction of the figures.

"I am willing to worship at a distance," said Alick. "I'm glad the inlet separates us, but I've no doubt they are the wives or daughters of some of the fishermen up the beach."

"Them?" said Sam White, when one of the young men asked him who his fair neighbors were, "them's some folks from the city as have taken the old Benner place for the summer. It's more loonier over there than it's here, but when old Cap'n Benner was a-lyvin', there was no end of company over there, but that's years and years ago."

"I suppose there's no danger of any of the strangers coming over here?"

"Not the least bit," replied Sam White, but as there's two young ladies over there and two young men over here, why, the chances is that some how they'll get together afore long."

"That's human nature," said Mrs. White, looking up from the potatoes she was peeling. "The boys'll seek out the gals just as the ducks goes barefooted to the water."

Alick hinted that he was an exception, and that while he did not positively hate the other sex, their presence was essential to his misery, and much more to the same effect, all of which Mrs. White heard with a strange twinkle in her gray eyes that plainly told she had doubts not of the young man's sincerity, but of his reasoning.

The friends slept in the cabin that night, as they had not slept for years. Through the little windows the cool sea-breezes poured in, laden with health and the balmy odor that brings sleep.

When they awoke the sun was flashing on the sea and transforming into a snow bank the bar about two miles out, where a great black buoy rose and fell on the waves.

They had a dip in the ocean that sharpened their appetites, and after breakfast they started off with Sam White to fish outside the bar over a spot known to the fishermen to be the best out as the "wreck," though there was nothing on the surface to indicate that ever a wreck had taken place there.

The fishing was all that had been represented--indeed the fish bit so hard as to change the sport into hard work and rob it of much of its pleasure. On their return they caught a glimpse of the two female figures beyond the inlet and far up the beach, and Casper Burns waved his hat to them, and the two white handkerchiefs were waved back in reply.

The friends soon grew to like this strange life, and they began to feel that the earth had lots much less desirable than that of a fisherman--but so far they had only played with the ocean in sloop.

They frequently saw the ladies up the beach, and they made an effort to learn who they were, but Sam White either could not or would not gratify them.

Three days before the expiration of their leave of absence, Sam White proposed to take them up the shore to a point from which they could get a good view of the New York yacht regatta, which was to have a race.

Alick Freeman, still declaring he wanted to see nothing that might remind him of the world he had left until he returned to it, decided to remain back.

Alick did not long enjoy the part of hermit which he had volunteered to play. He strolled along the shore with his fishing pole on his shoulder, and cast many an anxious glance in the direction where he had often seen the young ladies but they did not gladden his sight. No doubt they had gone off to look at the regatta.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Alick Freeman put on his bathing dress and went down the beach. He was a good swimmer altho' until this summer all his practice had been in tideless, fresh-water lakes or streams.

He boldly plunged through the rim of surf and swam out for a hundred yards, rising and falling on the swells that rolled in and broke on white shingle.

"I'll lie on my back and let the waves wash me in." Suiting the action to the thought, he threw himself on his back--he could float without moving a muscle--and, closing his eyes, he was rocked by the swells, which he imagined more drawing him nearer and nearer to the shore.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and, wondering why he was not thrown among the breakers, as he expected, Alick Freeman turned over on his face and rubbed the water from his eyes.

Instead of being near the shore he was half a mile out, and the tide on which he had not counted was bearing him rapidly to sea. He took in the situation in an instant and, though retaining his danger, did not lose his presence of mind. His safety depended on his coolness.

He struck out for the shore, half throwing himself from the water by the powerful strokes, but all in vain. The tide still dragged him out farther and farther toward the foaming bar, on whose white crest tossed the black buoy.

He took off his wide brimmed straw bathing hat and waved it in the hope that some one might see him; then, anxious to reserve his strength, he again threw himself on his back and

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

drifted with the tide in the line of the buoy. "If I can reach that," he thought, "I can cling to the chains till help comes--it is ever done."

Before entering the line of breakers that marked the bar, he again waved his hat, and then threw it away. He reached the buoy, but the chains that kept it anchored were slimy and covered with seaweed, yet he so placed his body across the chains as to keep his body from drifting farther out to sea, and there he hung for what seemed an age.

The sun was setting, and he was losing heart, as well as all strength, when he heard a shrill voice above the thunder of the breakers.

The next moment a boat with a single occupant--a girl--at the oars, shot past him and turned toward the buoy.

"Where are you?" she shouted.

"Here! Here!"

Alick let go his hold, and, with a new strength, made for the boat. The young heroine caught him and helped him on board, and the moment he was safe he fainted.

When he came to he was back on the shore, and Sam White and Casper Burns, who had come up, were chasing him with the aid of a gentleman whom Alick recognized as Julia Fletcher's father.

"Take him up to the house," said Mr. Fletcher, "and then go to your cabin for his clothes. Poor fellow he had a hard taste for life!"

But the heroine? Well, as the fates would have it, Mr. Fletcher, his wife and his niece, Dora Weldon, had gone off to see the regatta, and Julia, generous under a whim, as the others supposed, remained at home, and interpreted his signals, though she knew not at the time who he was. She ran to the inlet, got a boat and boldly started out with the result already shown.

Next day Alick was himself, and he sent word to the bank about his accident, the result being that he and Casper had an extension of another week.

How the time was spent we need not say. Alick owed it to his fair preserver to become her servant, and so he was with her nearly all the time, strolling on the sandy roads and salt marshy byways.

"Never had such a pleasant summer in my life as at White's Inlet," said Alick to a friend some years after, "it's so nice and quiet there. Casper and I were unmarried and clerks then, but we roughed it, and enjoyed it, eh, Casper?"

POETRY.

The Marked Door.

Long ago, when the children played
In the poplar's greenness of light and shade,
Or danced at will through the dim old hall,
Where the flickering shadows of vine leaves fall,
Never a birthday brought its joy,
To the lightome hearts of the girls and boys,
But they marked their bright on the old hall door,
To compare with the inches they'd gained or lost.

Every fleeting and happy year,
Has left the traces of its passing here--
There's the first-born's height at four--
The earliest mark on the old hall door--
And again at six and eight and ten;
Ah me! How tall he has grown since then!

The stern, gray soldier in army blue,
Might scarcely pass this low door-way through.

Yet he stands to-night by his mother's chair,
With his milrteenth eyes and his sunny hair,
A lad of ten summers forever more,
Charmed out of the past by the old hall door.

The upward rows of the stairs are here,
The last mark down in the sixty year,
And, between them, their sisters, sweet and fair,
Wild, calm, blue eyes and braided hair.

One lad has written his boyhood's name,
After years of toil on the roll of fame,
But the grave of the other is far away,
And the girls are mothers and wives to-day.

Yet they're here unchanged--they have grown no more,
Since the last mark made on the old hall door--
Long, long since have the children strayed
From the farmhouse old in the poplar shade.

One by one they have slipped away--
The nest is empty of all to-day,
Hardly the mother her own may know,
Where are the children of long ago!
Here alone at the old hall door,
In the hour of twilight they come once more.

And the mother at rest in the same old chair,
Men and women no longer, they
Are here; but the children of yesterday,
With their old time frolics, and glee, and noise,
Their April griefs and their childish joys,
Their fresh, young hopes and their souls of truth,
Their fair ambitions and dreams of youth,
Oh! mother heart! Though they all have grown,
So tall and strange they are here your own,

Always the same as in days of yore,
You may find them still at the old hall door.

SELECT STORY.

AGAINST THE TIDE.

"No, sir, no fashionable watering place for me; I want rest and comfort during my holidays," said Alick Freeman to his friend, Casper Burns, with whom he was discussing the place where they would spend the two weeks' vacation allowed them by the bank in which they were both clerks, and of which their respective fathers were directors.

"We had a good time at Saratoga last year," added Casper Burns, adding with a slight laugh, "but you are afraid of meeting Miss Julia Fletcher there again; well, I don't blame you; she is as rich and pretty and heartless as you find them--"

"No, confound it, Casper, Miss Fletcher is all right, it is I who was the fool, and a presumptuous one at that, to think she looked more favorably on me than she did on the score of fellows who danced her like midges in the sun. I hate fashion. Why, only the strong

The Grim Reaper Foiled.

The Marvellous Virtues of Paine's Celery Compound Conquer and Banish a Lady's Troubles.

Five Doctors Were Unable to Help the Sufferer.

Twelve years of misery and agony from female kidney and stomach troubles! Physicians were utterly powerless and unable to cure the lady! In a time of gloom and despondency the magic virtues of Paine's Celery Compound bring joy and new life! These are the leading facts in the following statement made by Mrs. G. Stone, of Eganville, Ont.

"For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, stomach and female troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good result.

My sufferings a year ago from the kidneys and stomach were dreadful. I was in such a state that I thought I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines.

I was advised, however, to try Paine's Celery Compound, and finally decided to give it a trial. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for long years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to anyone suffering from kidney, stomach and female troubles."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Fifty Years Ago.

This is the cradle in which three grew
That thought of a philanthropic brain:
A remedy that would make life new
For the multitudes that were racked with pain.

"I was sarsaparilla, as made, you know
By Ayer, some go years ago."

was in its infancy half a century ago. To-day it doth "bestride the narrow world like a colossus." What is the secret of its power? Its cure! The wonder of them! Imitators have followed it from the beginning of its success. They are still behind it. Wearing the only medal granted by sarsaparilla in the World's Fair of 1893, it points proudly to its record. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record!

50 Years of Cures.

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.