THE ACADIAN
AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VIII WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1888. No. 7

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THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N S

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Office Hours, 8 a. m to 8 p m. Mails are made up as follows:

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Mission Hall Services.—Sunday School at 2 30, followed by Service at 3 30 Prayer Meeting, Friday evening at 7 30.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 300 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev P C L Harris, B A, Pastor: Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday, next at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.

St FRANCIS (R. C)—Rev T M Daly, P. P,—Mass 11 00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G T, meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

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Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percherons and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grass Lake, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnum, Jackson, Mich.

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—OF THE—

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

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

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

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DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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Campbell's Cathartic Compound

Cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Constipation or Costiveness.

Brandon, Man., 31st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for costiveness or biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly A. N. McDonald.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle

Select Poetry.

Angels Everywhere.

There flit a myriad angels
Around this earth below;
And in and out our thresholds
Their footsteps come and go,
While in our very blindness
Their forms we do not know.

They sing to us in music,
They smile on us in dreams—
They talk to us in echoes
The worldly spirit deems
But chirruping of wood-birds
And chattering of dreams.

They make light in our corners,
They purify our air;
They take our hands unconscious
And guide us unaware,
The presence of their ministry
Is sweetly everywhere.

They sit up in the nursery
And kiss the babes to sleep,
Across the holy hearth place
They join their hands, to keep
From blotting out the home shine
The tears that sad hearts weep.

They lurk about the sick-room,
And trace upon the wall
Quaint legends for still musings
When twilight shadows fall—
The dim world drifting past us,
A thing not worth recall.

Then sit they by the bedside
And hold our passive hands,
And talk to us of strange things
That health scarce understands,
Till home-like to the soul grow
Uncomprehended lands,

They sketch the shadow-groups
And the pictures 'tween the bars,
And point with finger pure
To the tranquil vast of stars,
While breathing holy peace
On the daylight's jars.

They kneel beside the children
Who say their evening prayer,
And flit beside the mother
Who passeth down the stair,
With peace writ on her forehead
Across the print of care.

And when the door is shut,
And the hurried day is gone,
They stand beside the father
Whose laboring is done,
And pay him down the blessings
The children's prayers have won.

MARVELS OF ACADIA.

HOW THE LOVELIEST VALE ON THE CONTINENT WAS FORMED.

A Little Wilderness of Apple Orchards—Gold Mines in Which Great Hopes and Some Treasure Are Placed.

(Correspondence to St. Louis Republic.)

It is said that the present north shore of Nova Scotia lying on the south of the Bay of Fundy, with the western projections of Digby Neck and Long Island, was once a mighty mountainous ridge of rock and that from the Basin of Minas to the mouth of the St Mary's Bay a tremendous tide-channel swept back and forth for a distance of nearly 200 miles where now is found that lovely garden of the peninsula, the famous Annapolis Valley. In ages past, so the story goes, a bar formed across the head of this tide-channel at this point. Then in ages more the tide and the washings from the mountains built in the valley as it is found to-day. If so, the most beautiful and fruitful vale upon the American Continent was so formed. North Mountain, lofty and picturesque, shuts out the fierce and foggy Fundy for a reach of one hundred miles, jutting its grand headland into the mystic Minas Basin, of which Longfellow says:

* * * * and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on their happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

At its western head it shuts in the beautiful Annapolis Basin and the quaint old city of Annapolis. Below its southern slope lies the valley, perhaps 125 miles long, from five to ten in width, and traversed by the Cornwallis river emptying to the east in the Minas Basin, and the Annapolis river to the west in the Annapolis Basin. South Mountain extends the same distance as North Mountain along the southern boundary of the valley, though not so bold and lofty as the northern range. Behind this to the south are the almost unknown wildernesses of the Blue Mountain, where, legends say, the Micmacs came for their mysterious rites. Here are countless lakes in which white men never yet fished, and runs and coverts where the moose and caribou still roam and hide their young.

A railway traverses this valley from Annapolis on its way across wildernesses of rock and pine to Halifax; the rivers wind through it, full to grassy banks as in English vales; innumerable streams from mountain lakes thread the valley-sides with blue; scores of pretty villages nestle along its lowlands in the shade of chestnut and elm; picturesque roads wind away and up through the mist-veiled ravines, past dainty mountain-side groupings of inns and homes; and in spring time breezes fill the air with clouds of apple-blossoms as though from the scurrying of descending snow-flakes. Still, behind this vale of peace and plenty, to the south, and reaching back to the west of the Basin of Minas, is a lesser valley, but all as beautiful, the Gaspereau, threaded by the foaming, dashing, singing river of that name, whose source is in a legion of half-mountain hills and lovely lakes, whose picturesqueness is nowhere surpassed. The eastern edges of these two valleys touch in a level circling reach along the Avon river and Bay and the Minas Basin, and here, at the edge of the noble hills, with the mighty Blomidon headland and the fair bosom of Minas ever before their happy eyes, dwelt those ill-fated Acadians from La Rochelle, Saintonge and Poitou.

ORCHARDS AND GOLD MINES.

This one beautiful valley redeems all Nova Scotia from the dreariness and weariness of its wild and rocky crags; though in these, it is heroically claimed, such deposits of gold are now hidden as shall sometime astonish the world. The annual gold product of the peninsula now reaches $1,000,000; while at this very time Boston and New York capitalists are investing millions here through the representations of their own skilled prospecters. I have more faith, however, in Nova Scotia apples than in her gold. The Annapolis and Gaspereau valleys contain about 800 square miles of cultivated land. At the present time one-tenth of this area, or nearly 40,000 acres, is planted with apple-trees. Almost a half million barrels of Gravenstein, Baldwin, King of Tompkins, Nonpareil, Russets, Ribston Pippins and other varieties of apples are now annually yielded and exported. Over three-fourths of the area is yet in young trees. From 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 barrels of apples will certainly be raised annually in these two valleys within ten years' time. They are proven to be the finest and hardiest varieties in the world, and the demand is never met. In the fall American buyers fill the region, purchasing in 1,000-barrel lots. Experience has proven that European markets are just beginning to know this fruit region, and, as every barrel which can be secured is taken there, the competition between American and English buyers will always insure the Annapolis Valley apple-raisers from $3 to $5 per barrel in gold. The method of English shipment is highly interesting and is additional good luck to the Nova Scotia apple farmer. He has only to pack his apples carefully, stencil and brand his name upon it, mark it "John Doe," or "John Roe, London," and deliver it at any depot of the railway. If he send 100 or 1,000 in this way he has no further trouble or anxiety. His apples go direct to Halifax. There steamship agents, who are practically agents of London buyers, care for them. In three weeks' time the apple grower receives by mail exchange on London for the apples he has left at the station platform and the price is the highest paid in the world. These conditions are giving a great impetus to apple culture in this wonderful valley. About forty trees are planted to the acre, and at maturity yield from three to seven barrels of apples, for which never less than $3 and often more than $5 per barrel is secured. The whole valley is a vast orchard and every farmer is rich or rapidly getting rich.

In the spring, when the blossoms are out, it is said that their aroma is something marvellous. The wild bees from the wilderness, and the mystic Blue Mountains to the south, come by the million for the precious sweets. But in autumn the gentle breezes of Indian summer waft up and down the valley a still more intoxicating odor. Only you and I who were "brown-faced, tunicked country boys" and have stood by great mounds of "russy, checkit" apples in autumn can be made to understand that attar of apples, that indefinable, indescribable mist of ravishing promise of winter sweets, that flavor and prophesy of farmside, hearthside joys.

A WONDERFUL CROP.

But it is here so that you drink it in from your boat in the river, from car-windows, from the farthest highways that skirt the farms and from the very mountain-heights above, in the cheery apple-gathering time. On every apple farm—for the extent of culture has long since passed the orchard area with each apple-grower—from 100 to 1,000 new trees are set out each year. At this rate of development and with the constantly increasing scientific care and attention, the possible limit to apple-growing in the Annapolis and Gaspereau valleys is something startling to contemplate. Six hundred square miles, or 384,000 acres of land are available. All of this rich tract is valued at from $50 to $200 per acre. It is almost impossible to purchase at any price. The region may be justly regarded as the very richest in the world, actual results, conditions and possibilities being considered. In wandering through the valley an interesting reflection came to me, and I wondered whether it might be so to others. That was that wherever apples grow a kindly, sturdy and progressive people are ever to be found. Think it over and the idea grows upon one. Great houses, greater barns, fine stock, ample competence, large provision for all seasons and needs, sturdy ways, sensible thrift, genial neighborings and all that dear procession of countryside life that has vigor and cheer, with autumn's noble housings and stores and winter's large and generous delights, marshal the thought in memory's bravest trappings.

And they are this kind of folk here. When the unfortunate Acadians were exiled the government suddenly awakened, not to a sense of its incomparable crime, but to a consciousness of the pall of dolor, woe and dreariness resting upon this winsome region, and began scurrying around for somebody to inhabit it. Gov. Lawrence issued a proclamation begging settlers to come from New England, setting forth that "100,000 acres of land had already been cultivated and had borne wheat, rye, barley, oats, hemp, flax, etc., for the last century without failure." This resulted in a large impetus from New England. Families from Massachusetts and Rhode Island settled about Windsor and the Gaspereau valley and twenty-two vessels brought a great colony from Connecticut who chiefly settled in the Annapolis Valley. So that our own forefathers of 130 years ago, and those of the larger portion of the population of Northern Nova Scotia were brethren. Time and change have not forced notable divergence in character and custom. You are simply as if in some lengthened and broadened New England valley when you are here. If you tramp as I did, through the greater portion, you will see and feel this in every way one's eyes and senses can receive. And it is only when you are through your saunterings in shady Bridgetown, in dainty Paradise, in sterner Lawrenceton, where great quantities of lumber are made, in Middleton, near the old iron mines of South Mountain, in Berwick, a miniature shoe-making Lynn, in the busier and more modern Kentville, and have come upon the lovely, leafy, dreamy old town of Wolfville, and caught a glimpse beyond of the waving meadows of Grand Pre, that you are rid of the charming enthralment.

THE ACADIAN EXILES.

It is unnecessary to repeat the history of the dark days of the old Acadians who had made of the Nova Scotia wilderness the fairest spot which labor, love, piety, and content ever transformed from trackless wild. It is known by every intelligent person. For a century they had been tossed back and forth on the hard hands of hate and war between English intolerance and French indifference. Loyal in feeling, sentiment and faith to their mother-land across the sea, they did well and nobly to remain the neutrals they were; and that attitude required greater bravery and fortitude than open rebellion against their English conquerors. Scanning the whole history of this inhuman crime against a whole people, while one cannot but thrill with indignation against the actors in their cruel exile, there must come into every honest heart as hateful a contempt for the cowardice of France in deserting her helpless children in their misery as contemptuous hatred for the English brutality whose pitiful results were more heart-rending than downright massacre. Of the surpassing tragedy these brief facts may be recalled. According to the decrees of the Council of Halifax, in the summer of 1755, that the Acadians should be deported to Southern American colonies and their estates and buildings, and cattle and vessels forfeited to the crown, they were deluded into gathering simultaneously at several rendezvous under the pretense of receiving a royal proclamation, "His Excellency being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of His Majesty's intentions." They were instantly surrounded by soldiery and treated as prisoners of war. "A British detachment and fleet destroyed the villages, farms and churches on the Chignecto Basin and the Petticodiac river, sweeping up many prisoners and meeting with some sharp fighting. Moncton destroyed Shediac, Ramsheg, and other towns on the gulf coast; Murray gathered up the Acadians about Windsor, and to the east; and Hanfield put the Annapolitans on shipboard, except a few who escaped to the woods. Winslow collected 1,923 persons at Grand Pre and embarked them, and burned 255 houses, 276 barns and 11 mills." Over 7,000 Acadians of these peaceful valleys were robbed of their entire earthly possessions and shipped like hogs in pens to foreign and hostile shores. That those who escaped might starve, the firebrand was used for months, and every vestige of habitation and garnered stores destroyed. Families were separated; aged men and women died of fright; hundreds of hearts were literally broken. No pen has ever told, none can ever depict, the agonies of this exile. There is not its parallel in the history of civilized or savage races. Well might the actors in this infinite tragedy destroy their infamous official records, as they did at Halifax. Well might the noble romancist, Hawthorne, who sought this field for a greater tale than that of "The Scarlet Letter," refuse in horror at the very threshold of his investigations to go further. And well might the master singer, Longfellow, into whose hands Hawthorne dumbly placed his pathetic notes, sing his immortal measures through "Evangeline," but forever refuse to set his eyes upon the accursed spot lest his very heart should break of indignation and pity.

THE GRAND PRE.

The Grand Pre of to-day is nearly as lonely a spot as in the silences after Lawrence's curse fell upon it. To be sure the region roundabout the old Grand Pre country is fair to look upon. But where once stood the little village are meadows of a modern people. A dismal railway station shed alone marks the site of the ancient village. Behind, to the south, is a gentle elevation, or bluff, circling from the west, at tree-embowered Wolfville, around to the south, to Horton and Horton Landing. Here is shown the exact spot where the feet of the Acadians last touched their beloved shores. Behind this half-hid foot-hill are smiling farms and pleasant highways rising in beautiful terraces to the easy eastern descents of South Mountain. Toward the hills here and there are aged, gnarled willows still standing as if silent reminders of the graves of a thousand homes. But a few rods away from the dreary station-shed are some rotting tree-stumps and a few olden stunted trees that are said to mark the spot where the little chapel stood. Now and then some sodden farmer of to-day ploughs up the bones of the dumb brutes which returned to low and bellow piteously and finally starve by the smouldering embers of their owners homes and barns; and here and there where excavations are made and wells are dug, ox-bows, wagon-irons, ancient hinges and locks, and many a rude but sufficient utensil of the time are recovered. These and the frequent hollows which mark the cellars where stood "the houses with frames of oak and chestnut," are all that remain of physical aspects, save the dikes and the meadows, to tell the pathetic stories. The Acadian-built dikes which transformed the tide-lands of the Minas into luxuriant meadows remain intact to this day. The original area of these meadows comprised only 3,000 acres. The New England farmers who took possession of the region erected the "Wickwire" dike which added 1,500 acres more. All this area lies like a level sea of green between the ever desolate site of the old Grand Pre and the Basin of Minas, the most enchanting reach of water, with the most picturesque and dreamful shores within the borders of our continent. Grand, gloomy, mighty Blomidon headland rises heavenward above it. At sunset the yellow light streaming up the peaceful valley crowns it with a noble glory, and empurples Minas as in a royal mask. But desolate Grand Pre sinks lower beneath the shadow of her mountain edge, and the night breeze, moving along the meadows, seems to lift a myriad shadowy, wraithful hands among the dikes and grasses. The heart, saddened and silent, ever turns from the spot with some such pleading and pitiful memory.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER. TRY IT
Send 25 Surprise or Sea Foam wrappers to ... get either the beautiful picture or 1 doz. Surprise Soap ... For the laundry and general household use. ... of a marvel of economy, in time, labor and money.
Ask your grocer for SURPRISE Soap and take no other.
The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

Johnny's Essay on Dogs.

Last summer our dog Towser was a lyin' in the sun trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad that he couldn't, cos he had to catch 'em, and bine by a bee lit on his head, and was workin' about like the dog was hisn. Towser he held his head stilt; and when the bee was close to his nose, Towser winked at him like he said, you see what this buffer is doin', he thinks I'm a lily-of-the-valley which isn't opened yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you will see some fun, and sure enough Towser opened his mouth very slow so as not to friten the bee and the bee went into Towser's mouth. Then Towser he shut his eyes and his mouth too, and had begun to make a peaceful smile when the bee stung him, and you never see a lily-of-the-valley ack so in your life.

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sunderland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.