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DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1888.

No. 6.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruptions, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CHEMIST COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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

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It cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Constipation or Corvulsion.

Select Poetry.

COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden."
Come unto me, ye who are sore oppressed,
The white haired sire, the young and tender maiden—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."
Ye who have seen the clouds of tempest cover
All that the earth has promised fair and bright;
Ye who have seen death's pinions darkly hover,
Quenching the life that was joy and light;

Come unto me, though shadows round you gather,
Though the sad heart is weary and distressed;
Then ask for comfort from a heavenly Father—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."
Ye who are mourning o'er the young and cherished,
Ye who have laid the lovely in the earth;
Ye who have wept when the young infant perished,
Ere it had lisp'd its little words of mirth:

Come unto me and see its wings of brightness,
The fading flowers that withered on thy breast,
Thou shalt receive it in its robe of whiteness—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."
Ye who have mourned when autumn leaves were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the old slept, in brighter homes to waken,
When their pale brows with glory wreaths were crown'd;

Ye who have sigh'd for kindred voice to bless you,
Ye who so oft its gentle tones have blest,
Come where in peace they shall again caress you,
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."
Large are the mansions in your heavenly dwelling,
Glad are the homes no sorrows ever dim,
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones that raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely part;
Then hither haste, all ye who mourn in sadness;
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Interesting Story.

Six Easter Lilies.

"Here, little mother, I've got those bulbs potted, all that there's room for; in good season, too; and now I don't see what's to hinder our having plenty of lilies for Easter." And the speaker turned, trowl in hand, showing, with a gesture, the rows of flower pots, all alike, and all full of damp, brown earth, which bore no token of the latest life within.

"And they're the very finest, I think, anybody can grow," answered a blue-eyed, silver-haired woman, standing near; small and sweet, you saw at one glance, and Scotch you guessed from her speech, and when you come to know her better, from her thrift, her simplicity, her honesty, her kind-heartedness.

"How many are there, Johnnie, of the kind I like best? I can never speak that queer name they have!"

"Well, three dozen, maybe. We've not much room, and I had to have the others, too. There's some of them left to throw away, I'm 'fraid it's too late to sell 'em, and there's never much call for bulbs here,—queer, too."

"Oh, Johnnie! give them to me! I'll make good use of them, trust me!"

"Trust you? Don't I always? But I don't see what you'll do with them; you can't tend 'em."

"No, not more than one or two. But, laddie, I know of quite a number of poor, sick, discouraged bodies that maybe they'd be a help to, and a comfort. 'Twould do some of them good just to tend 'em."

So, not many days after, there journeyed from the McDonald greenhouse a half-dozen of those small, brown, plant-pots, each with a bulb in its earthy depths, bound in different directions, and to different destinations, all. With each went a quaint little note, informing the recipient of what the pot held, the treatment the bulb required, and saying that its owner, having this card for it, might expect from it an Easter blossom.

"Spirits in prison," they are, all of 'em," mused mother McDonald, as she sent her germs away. "Poor bodies, and poor souls! And maybe it will do 'em good to see a bit of the Lord's own working right under their hands. The dear, green things are the best of comforters sometimes, so quiet-like."

"Will be what they call an object lesson. But," added she, briskly, as she turned to her work about the house, "I'd like pretty well to be a mouse in the wall when they get in, and afterwards! But I can't!"

She could not, but a story-teller may. So let us go where the six Easter bulbs went, stopping a moment at each home to see how they are received and how they are likely to be cherished; but only a moment, for the time is short, and besides we may come back the same way, looking in at Easter time.

"What did you say Nellie? Read the letter again."
The voice was cracked and quavering, for Grandmother Scaries was eighty and rheumatic, and well-nigh bed-ridden.

"Is it a plant for me?"
Not yet, grandma, only a bulb. But it will be a plant, with a beautiful blossom, sometime, she says."

"Sometime! More waiting? Well, Mrs McDonald is good to remember a poor body like me. Put it in the window, dearie." And she shut her eyes to rest, but she opened them every now and then to look with new interest toward the south window whose sunniness she had taken little comfort in, for she had grown despondent under long trial and suffering. But Mrs McDonald's prescription, taken all unwittingly, had effect from the first. And when the tiny green blades came pricking through the moistened soil, and lengthened and strengthened, and took on form and comeliness in the sun, she would sit and watch it with folded hands and a new tranquility growing in the watered face.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him," is that it, Nelly? Dear child, could you find the palm where it is, and the other promises? This growing thing makes me think of them. Something about committing our ways unto the Lord, and trusting in Him, and "He shall bring it to pass." And she laid back with closed eyes while the clear, young voice read the psalm of rest and trust, of peace and promise—the thirty-seventh.

"The dear woman, how kind of her," said Judge Harin's daughter, as she bore note and gift to her brother's bedside.

"It's from the funny little Scotch woman whose son keeps the greenhouse where I went to buy your flowers, Len. You know I told you. Will it bother you to have it here, or shall we take care of it for awhile?"

"No, let it stay, Florry. I'd like to watch it. I used to like that sort of thing. I wonder just what it is. Ah! here she gives the name of the species itself."

"Listen," a little later, "won't you bring my old botany the big one, and the other books that are put away with it?"

And that night the judge saw, with wondering satisfaction, books and papers and bright eyes, and the old alert look coming back to them as if delay and disappointment and thwarted ambitions were all forgotten.

And it is but across the square, if we go out in the rain, to the home of that sick girl, Jessie Allen, who went another bulb. The weak, thin, feverish hands could hardly hold leaf or flower, but the kindness touched her, and the quantity she charmed her, and said her mother—

"It seems as if Jessie really grew stronger watching that little plant grow. The doctor said she must be roused and amused and made to take an interest in things. But she was so weak 'twas hard to do it. And nothing has pleased her so much as this."

And the fourth bulb went to the darkened chamber of another woman saddened and well-nigh crushed by recent sorrow. The voices of friends worried Mrs Lenox, their presence oppressed her. In the shadow of unaccepted grief she sat all day long.

"She needs companionship, diversion, change," said one.

"She should be reminded of her duty, she must learn to endure," said another.

"She should be shown the many she might help; the poor she could aid, the sick she can care for, the sadder homes and hearts than hers, she might minister to," answered a third friend.

And one, wisest and most pitiful of all: "If she could know the hope that is in the Lord, and trust in the purpose hid in his chastenings! She can never accept nor understand her sorrow till she takes it from His loving hand, and begins to understand Him."

So in her window, too, they set the prisoner, struggling thing, and left it there. And through it came the tender voice of Him who is Lord of life and death, to her soul. Not in rebuke only, but with all the assurance and the comfort of the love of Christ. And ere the bud burst into bloom, people wondered to see Mrs Lenox venturing again out into her wonted ways, or going; new paths of ministry. They did not know how a voice had seemed to say to her, "Go in peace!"

It was Crissy Richards, a little girl-invalid, who had received the fifth bulb. It delighted her, and beguiled, in its growth, many a weary hour. And its ministry, and its mission were not to her alone, as Easter time proved.

The sixth bulb journeyed farthest. It stopped at a lonely farmhouse, far out in the country. Leigh Drew, confined with a broken leg, was the recipient and he had been pleased at the kind attention. But the care of it fell unwittingly, had effect from the first. And when the tiny green blades came pricking through the moistened soil, and lengthened and strengthened, and took on form and comeliness in the sun, she would sit and watch it with folded hands and a new tranquility growing in the watered face.

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met. It shall fitly grace the altar to-day.

Grandma Scaries sits in her sunny window. She realizes it is sunny, that the outlook is fair, and the sunshine is sweet, and her heart grows warm as she remembers One who gives all these things and much more. And the Easter hope is real and clear to her, to-day. She rejoices anew, as it is fitting at Easter time, in the life that now is, and that which is to come.

Back to the McDonald greenhouse we have come. Mrs McDonald flits about among the "fragrant glooms" where violets are budding and roses bloom, and fuchsias nod, and vines are wandering.

"The Easter lilies are pretty well gone, mother. If any one should want any now, I'm not sure I'd let these few go; we want them ourselves. And there's a woman coming, now."

"We cannot refuse her, Johnnie," whispered the mother. "See, she looks sad. It may be funeral flowers she wants. Anyway I don't want you to deny her."

But John is not listening. He is looking eagerly at the woman coming. How like she is to—can it be Esther, Esther herself? And if it be, will she care to see them, save as strangers, or at most, but "old acquaintances"? It is Esther,—lost so long, loved so dearly, longed for, oh! how much! He must tell her, though she may turn away when it is told!

But the little Scotch mother, watching, wondering, understanding then, and wistful of the end, sees that she does not turn away. She is trembling, tears are in her eyes. But John is speaking. His hands are outstretched, and—yes, here are laid within them.

"They are well mated, my lad and lassie," says the mother. Keeping still out of sight—"Thank God they are met again on Easter day."

Fruit as Food.
No great time has elapsed since we had occasion to make a few remarks on the value of fruit as a form of light diet, and to refer to a few simple rules which those who partake of it do well to observe. Taken in the morning, fruit is as helpful to digestion as it is refreshing. The newly-awakened function finds it an object of such labor as will exercise without seriously taxing its energies, and the tissues of the stomach at little cost a grain of nourishment which will sustain those energies in later and more serious operations. It is an excellent plan, with this object in view, to add a little bread to the fruit eaten. While admitting its possession of these valuable qualities, however, and while also agreeing with those who maintain that in summer, when the body is, at all events in many cases, less actively employed than usual, meat may be less, and fruit and vegetables more, freely used as food, we are not prepared to allow that even this exclusively vegetarian regimen is that most generally advisable. Meat provides us with a means of obtaining albuminoid material, which is indispensable in its most easily assimilable form. It affords us in this material not only an important constituent of tissue growth, but a potent excitement of the whole process of nutrition. It has, therefore, a real, definite and great value in the ordinary diet of man, and the wholesomeness of fruit combined with farinaceous food as an alternative dietary is not so much an argument in favor of the vegetarian principle, as a proof that reasonable changes of food supply are helpful to the digestive process and to nutritive changes in the tissues generally.—Lancet.

Through the Rift.
A young man had made himself a home on a new farm, situated away from neighbors. At a bend in the wood road he had out a little opening, visible from the house, that wife and baby might see him, on his way, before he quite reached them. This opening was called by them "the open space." The little one often ran to the door, during papa's absence, to see "if papa was tamin' by de open space."

One day the husband and father was stricken down with fever. The little one was carried to squire's house,



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SURPRISE SOAP
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out of danger's way, and did not return until after the dear, brave papa was carried to the "rest that remaineth to the people of God." When the child returned to the sorrowing mother, he was told that papa had gone to heaven, but would come for his little boy some day. He often looked and longed for his father. The fatal fever attacked the boy. Just as the setting sun tinged all the sky, the darling, who had lain for days unconscious, suddenly opened his eyes and said: "Mamma, papa is tamin' in de open space." He reached his arms up towards the bright apparition, which unquicken'd eyes could not see, and sank back lifeless.—Montreal Witness.

To You.
A small boy was arrested for some misdemeanor, and an officer was carrying him off to prison. The little fellow was a picture of despair and wretchedness, his garments were soiled, his eyes sunken, features pinched, and general appearance haggard; with tears and entreaties, he cried: "Oh, nobody to take me there. I never had anybody to tell me how to be good. I never had any bringing up; nobody ever cares for me."

The officer's heart was touched, and kindly administering a rebuke he released him.

"Alas, no one to tell the little fellow 'how to be good'; to help him to form a good nature—to lead him to Christ and heaven! With renewed energy may we all work in God's vineyard—lift those deformed by passion and stained with sin into a life made beautiful with love and holiness, and prepare them for the joys of earth and the raptures of heaven."

Will you help us in this great work? Will you do it now? If you have no Sunday-school will you take steps at once to organize one? If so children will rise up on the day of judgment and call you blessed.

SCROFULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofula or Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting result than any medicine ever used.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, No. 100 Albany St., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. It has taken it for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Salt-rheum, and I can truly say, it has done more for me than any other medicine.—Miss Jane Felton, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.