

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1888.

No. 50

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. AUSTIN, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Four Branches, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office 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.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors and Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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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 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. B. Foster—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. 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 2.30 p. 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.

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St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.00 o'clock p. m.

### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 7 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.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM. Registered. Breeds: Horses and Cattle. Purebred. Large. Superior. For particulars apply to J. B. Davidson, Wolfville, N. S.

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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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BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

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### Select Poetry.

#### PAST FALLS THE EVENING.

Past falls the evening, 'tis so,  
The words were uttered soft and low,  
The pallid cheeks, the furrowed brow,  
The locks all white with winter's snow.  
These, these, alas, they testify  
The evening of my day is by.

I did not think at dawning day,  
So swift the moon would fly away,  
Nor did I dream at regal noon  
That evening could come so soon;  
I did not ever think to be  
So old and helpless as you see.

It seem'd at morn so very far  
Ere I should reach the evening star.  
At noon I still felt young and strong,  
All full of hope, all full of song,  
And age seem'd ever far away,  
Until I felt its withering sway.

Alas, I find small space between  
The morning with its shine and sheen,  
And evening with its gloomy shade,  
With all its load of hoar-frost laid,  
Ah, hear, the truth I cannot hide,  
Around me falls the evening tide.

I've almost reached the river's brink,  
The cold dark stream from which we shrink,  
Hope promis'd much but little gave,  
My forward look is death—the grave;  
But there's a promise I have heard,  
That in my need thou aid afford.

A richer promise, I can say,  
Than any of my early day,  
It soothes my heart like healing balm,  
It fills my soul, it makes it calm;  
It strengthens all my failing sight,  
"At eventide it shall be light."

Not like the radiant light of morn,  
When day and hope are gaily born,  
That fades so quickly from the skies,  
We weep in sorrow and surprise,  
But this will light my pathway through,  
Till I begin life's day anew.

—Christian at Work.

### Interesting Story.

#### Too Rich to Afford It.

"I don't want to go to school any more, father."

Mr Palmer raised his eyes in surprise to the face of his first born, a lad about fifteen.

And a bright, intelligent face it was, though it was a little clouded now by a feeling of dubiousness as to how his words would be taken.

"Why don't you want to go to school any more?"

"Well, sir, I'm tired of studying, and I don't see any use of it."

"Think you know enough, that you don't need to learn any more?"

The boy colored a little at that quizzical look and tone.

I know as much as George Lyman does, and he left school three months ago. He says that he ain't going to drudge away to school when his father has got plenty of money."

Mr Palmer turned upon his son's face a look of grave surprise.

"Did George Lyman say that, Walter?"

"Yes, father. He is a poorer man than I thought him."

"You are richer than Mr Lyman is, ain't you, father?" cried the boy eagerly.

"I hoped I was; but that remains to be seen."

"Mr Lyman is rich, too, father; everybody says that he is."

"That remains to be seen also. So you have quite made up your mind that you don't want to go to school any more, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't them."

"Oh, thank you, father!" cried Walter, his face brightening.

"Wait a minute," said Mr Palmer, as the boy caught up his hat preparatory to making a dive through the open door. "Come back; I have something more to say to you. You have nothing to thank me for—except perhaps my good intention to give you a thorough education. But there is a homely though true saying: 'One man can lead a horse to water, but ten can't make him drink.' So, though I have by no means changed my opinion as to the value of an education, I consent to your leaving school, because if you feel as you say you do, it will be only time and money thrown away. But I want you to clearly understand one thing, that if you don't go to school you will have to go to work. I can't afford to have you idle."

Walter's countenance underwent a very perceptible change.

"Do you mean that I must go out at day's work like Dan Baker and Sam Blake?"

"I mean that you must have some steady employment; some trade or business which will give you so many

hours' work, as surely as the sun rises."

"Why, father, George Lyman and Will Bromley don't have to work; and they say they don't mean to, either. George told me that he heard his father say you was the richest man in the county."

"I might be the richest man in two counties, and yet not be rich enough to have my boy idle."

Mr Palmer studied as he saw Walter's puzzled look.

"This is a hard thing for you to understand, my son; and I might talk to you from this time until sunset and not make it any more clear to you. To-morrow is Saturday, and you know I always take you somewhere that day."

This time it shall be to Plainfield, where an old schoolmate of mine is living. A visit to him and the place where he lives, will serve better to explain my meaning than anything I can say."

The next morning Walter and his father started out, bright and early, in the open phaeton; drawn by a pair of well-matched, mettlesome bays, which bore them swiftly along the smooth hard road.

Plainfield was fifteen miles distant, and the way thither through such a beautiful country, and so entirely new to Walter that he forgot all about what his father had said the day before, until the carriage stood before a gloomy stone building.

"Are you going to stop here, father? Why, it looks like a prison!"

"It is a prison," said Mr Palmer, who had been unusually grave and silent during the drive, Walter remembered afterwards.

"But I thought you were going to see an old schoolmate of yours?"

"Here is where he lives."

Walter followed his father silently up the steps which led to the heavy massive door of the main entrance.

"Did you ever think that any one of your schoolmates might find a home in such a place as this? or even you might?"

said Mr Palmer, as he pulled a bell, whose clangor broke harshly upon the strange silence that reigned around.

Before Walter could reply the heavy doors swung back, and they were ushered into the warden's office.

He was a heavily-bearded man; with a stern, almost forbidding countenance; but he shook hands with Mr Palmer, whom he had met before, bestowing on Walter a pleasant word and smile, the latter fixing his face quite another aspect.

"I came to inquire about John Jackson, the forger," said Mr Palmer, after a few preliminary words. He is an old schoolmate of mine. I remember him as a high-spirited boy, rather headstrong and fonder of play than of study, but with many genial and pleasant traits of character. How is he getting along?"

"Very well. Had he been competent, I should have given him a place as bookkeeper, made vacant by a convict whose time was up. As it was I had to put him in the shoe shop. He is quiet; but he takes it pretty hard, as such chaps are apt to who have allowed plenty of money and nothing to do. It is not in strict accordance with the rules, but if you would like to see him I'll have him sent out."

Mr Palmer assented; and in a few minutes a grave, quiet man entered, whose closely-cut hair and peculiar dress gave him a strange look to Walter, who had never seen anything like it before.

He seemed glad to see Mr Palmer, though there was a visible constraint in his manner which showed that he felt keenly his changed position and surroundings.

Of the two Mr Palmer seemed the most affected. His voice broke a little, as he said:

"I am glad to see you, Mr Jackson; but sorry to find you here."

"You can't be more sorry than I am to find myself here," said the man with a forced smile.

Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he turned to Walter.

"I needn't ask whose boy this is?"

"He is my oldest son, Walter. He is just about the same age that we were when we used to go to school together, in dear old Bridgewater. Have you forgotten all about those days,

John?"

Whether it was these words, or the sight of that fresh, innocent face, for a few moments Jackson struggled silently with the tender and subduing recollection that rushed over him; then breaking down utterly, he covered his face with his hands.

Walter never saw a man weep before, and those sobs and moans were something that he never forgot.

"I wish I could," said the wretched man, lifting up his pale, tear-stained face. I wish I could forget what I once was, and all that I might have been, and what I am! I sometimes think that it is a horrible dream; that I shall some day awake and find it so."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr Palmer, as soon as his companion was calmer. When I last saw you your prospects were bright—apparently brighter than mine."

"It can be summed up in two words," was the gloomy response—"idleness and bad company. If my father had trained me to habits of industry and self-reliance, I had not come to this. But he loved me; and glad am I that the grave has hid from him all knowledge of the shame and misery of the son, whom his ill-judged, short-sighted kindness raised. As you know, I would not study; I thought that there was no need for me—a rich man's son—to do that. I can remember how I despised the dull, plodding fellows, who are honored men to-day. My fathers death put me into the position of wealth, of which I never enriched a dollar, and of whose use and worth I knew nothing. How it went I hardly know; but I woke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the establishment that my father built up with so much care and labor; but which now had passed into the hands of strangers. My fair wealth friends, who had helped spend my money, and urged me to every conceivable folly and extravagance, left as soon as they found that there was no more to spend. I knew nothing about getting money by honest work, but money I must have; so I turned my attention to the various ways of getting money without work."

The warden now took them around through the various workshops, cells, etc., kindly explaining to Walter all that he did not understand.

When they visited the shoe-shop, Walter saw Jackson sitting there among the rows of busy, silent men, not one of whom dared to lift his eyes as they passed by.

"How many of these men," inquired Mr Palmer, as they returned to the office, "have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?"

"Not one in ten."

The high-spirited bays, in their glittering harness, were clamping their bits and tossing their heads impatiently outside the high walls, and Walter experienced a feeling of relief as he found himself out once more in the pure, sweet air and bright sunshine.

"How dreadful it must be to have to live in such a place as that!" he said, as reaching an eminence, he gave a backward glance at the building which looked so grim and solitary in the distance.

"It is the necessity that is dreadful, my son. Miserable as these men are, they are happier there, where they are obliged to be orderly and industrious though only through the fear of punishment than if they were allowed to follow unrestrainedly the devices of their foolish and evil hearts."

"There was silence for some minutes. Then Mr Palmer said:

"You asked me a question yesterday, Walter, and this is my answer—a better answer than any words can frame. The world calls me a rich man, and so I am. I am able to afford you many advantages, all the opportunity you can ask for moral or mental culture, but I am not, I never shall be rich enough to afford to have you idle. Strange as it may sound, I am too rich to afford it. I have a mill, filled with industrious operatives, whose

living from week to week depends upon its skillful and prudent management. I have houses, full of tenants, whose health and comfort depend largely upon whether their landlord is a just and faithful man. These and other interests may some day be intrusted to you. Many a father has learned, to his sorrow, that to have his boys idle is something that rich men cannot afford to do."

"I think I will go to school Monday, father," was Walter's only response to this.

### Mrs Stowe and Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A writer in the Lewiston, Me., Journal, speaking of Mrs Harriet Stowe and her Florida home, says:

The style of the interior is neither literary, religious, artistic, nor rural, but a peculiar combination of all four, which is a family trait. Prominent in the study, in a niche between two windows, stands a picture of Henry Ward Beecher, so large, so strong, so lifelike, that it seems as if he were the host, standing ready to entertain the guests of his sister. Many fine paintings of a semi-religious cast cover the walls, and by the old masters. Her book-shelves are ranged in the walls, not hanging outside them or in cases, and flowers in the greatest profusion fill every nook and corner. Blue pervades the furnishings; the Venus de Milo, the Madonna and Child, and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll keep each other mute company through the long, unbroken stillness which bespeaks the frequent absences of the gentle hostess, for she is a great outdoor woman and may be seen taking her walks, step by step, through the trees these beautiful mornings, her plain black dress covered with dandelion down, her hands filled with flowers, her thin, dark face, browned by constant exposure, framed in loose gray locks and black bonnet, neither peaceful nor troubled, but waiting.

The dim gray eyes light up in conversation, and some sparks come from between the pale lips, now and again, that impress one with what must have been. Her manners have a more kindly than courteous air, and are dated with the grace of modern as well as old-time customs. Her hearing is wonderfully acute, and her intelligence glides along side by side with that of her guests, whom she receives with the air of an old traveller hailing a young one from some foreign part—neither curious nor interested, but forbearing.

"Yes, my dear, I loved to write, and began very young. I especially liked writing short stories when I lived in Brunswick, Me. For these I used to get \$15, \$20, \$25—good pay in those times. I never thought of writing a book when I commenced 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I became first aroused on the subject of slavery when I lived in Cincinnati and used to see escaping slaves come over the Ohio from Kentucky. Ah, me! it thrills me even now, the sight of those poor creatures. Now a young girl, suggesting the lover, parent, or brother for whom her heart was breaking in bondage; again the strong husband, aged father, and stalwart brother. Oh! I must write a story to stop the dreadful shame! I kept putting it off, dreading bringing the characters to life, all the fugitive 'Jave law lashed me into a fury, and I commenced what I meant to be a short story like the others. But it grew, and grew, and came, and came, and came. I wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and I thought I never should stop. I did not plan the book as it turned out. I was only full of wrath, and the story built itself as I wrote."

"A publisher was waiting a story from me. I told him the subject I had undertaken. He wrote, saying, 'You have struck a popular topic; I keep it short!' I wrote in reply, 'I shall stop when I get through, but before.' While writing it I was filled with an enthusiasm which transcended my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no relief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house and teaching school at the time, and never worked so hard, but I had to write. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written, just as much—aye, and more, too! It was as though it was written through me."

**BEST ON EARTH**  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
THE GREAT SELF-WASHER TRY IT

Wash your face with Surprise Soap and you will find it the best for the skin. It is the only soap that cleanses the skin without irritating it. It is the only soap that removes all dirt and grime from the skin. It is the only soap that leaves the skin soft and smooth. It is the only soap that is suitable for all climates. It is the only soap that is suitable for all ages. It is the only soap that is suitable for all complexions. It is the only soap that is suitable for all seasons. It is the only soap that is suitable for all occasions. It is the only soap that is suitable for all purposes. It is the only soap that is suitable for all uses. It is the only soap that is suitable for all needs. It is the only soap that is suitable for all desires. It is the only soap that is suitable for all wishes. It is the only soap that is suitable for all hopes. It is the only soap that is suitable for all dreams. It is the only soap that is suitable for all aspirations. It is the only soap that is suitable for all ambitions. It is the only soap that is suitable for all goals. It is the only soap that is suitable for all dreams. It is the only soap that is suitable for all aspirations. It is the only soap that is suitable for all ambitions. It is the only soap that is suitable for all goals. It is the only soap that is suitable for all dreams. It is the only soap that is suitable for all aspirations. It is the only soap that is suitable for all ambitions. It is the only soap that is suitable for all goals. It is the only soap that is suitable for all dreams. It is