

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1888.

No. 46

Vol. VII.

CASTORIA

for infants and Children.

Castoria is well adapted to children that I recommend it is superior to any preparation known to me. H. A. AUCHE, M. D., 211 St. Charles St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Acadian.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
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Registered Breeds and Colors:
Friesian, Jersey, Guernsey, Ayrshire, and Short Horn.
All kinds of Cattle, Sheep, Swine, and Poultry.
Horse, Dog, and Rabbit Breeds.
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Campbell's
Cathartic
Compound
It cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Constipation, and Constipation.

Select Poetry.

WOMAN'S BATTLE SONG.

I have heard Truth's silver clarion
In the watches of the night;
I can see her purple summit
Flush with morning's golden light.
I have seen the bow of promise
Over human doubts and fears,
And I hear the tramp of Progress
Sound the battle-march of years.
Of a nation's wakened conscience
I have caught the accents sweet
Thrilling through the dim of traffic
And the clamor of the street.
I have heard the clash of armor
Over Error's desecrated altar,
Being furnished for the fight,
And have read the startling challenge
Of the champions of right.

I have heard the ringing anvil
Where the Master's will is wrought,
And the harvest-song of reapers
In the higher fields of thought.
I can see dark storm clouds gather
Over Error's desecrated altar,
And have caught the low, deep warning
Of the thunder of God's wrath.

Let no man henceforth hold poison
To his brother's lips for gold,
Or a nation's shameless sanction
Of iniquity be sold.
Never more let want of famine
Hush to silence in the tumult,
For the older voice is crying
In the wilderness of wrong,
"Make ye straight Jehovah's pathway,
Vengeance waits not over long."

Interesting Story.

A HEART.

"He has no heart."
"Who? Ben Thriabee! Well, perhaps not, sentimentally speaking, but when he is merry and fond of society and has lots of courage and I expect that is nearly as good as a heart to take one along in the world. He is always ready to speak some pleasant words to drive the blues away and make life brighter for those about him."
"Do you know how old he is?"
"Well, he looks about twenty-six, but mother declares she used to go to school with him long ago, and that he must be at least forty."
"Why, is it possible!"
"One would not think so to look at him, it is true, to see his silky, blonde, mountaineer, and the dimples coming and going in his fair face; but there is his sister, Mrs. Willey, she must be nearly forty. I had wondered some times if it did not make him feel old to have her children calling him Uncle Ben."

"His sisters all worship him."
"Yes, and well they may, for he is, as the old Scotchman says, o'erkind to them."
"And yet you think he has no heart?"
"Well, I mean that he never loved anybody, and never could love anybody more than five minutes at a time."
They were two girls walking along the street of a pretty New England village and earnestly discussing one of the lights of society in the quiet place. Even while they talked, when his name had scarcely left their lips, he joined them, this same light-hearted bachelorette, the existence of whose heart was so problematical to the sentimental young damself.

"Good morning, girls," he said, cheerfully. "You always look like a pink and a butter-cup. What wonderful subject are you discussing now?"
One girl blushed and hesitated, and the other, more frank and fearless, said bravely: "We were talking of you."
"Of me? Well, that is flattering I declare. Was it some shortcoming of mine, some sin I have recently committed?"
No; but we wondered why, when you are always so kind and pleasant, that you have no heart."
The man laughed gaily.
"Is it the universal verdict that I have no heart?" he asked.
"I guess so. I have heard it said a good many times, and I have never heard say one contradict the fact."
He laughed again—such a merry, heartsome laugh, and said:
"Well, well, chickens; it is a lack that no one would ever accuse you of; only see that your hearts do not lead you astray, that is all."

With a merry smile he raised his hat and said:
"I must tell you good-by as well as good-morning, for I am going away this afternoon."
"O, please, Mr. Thriabee," said one of the girls, deprecatingly, "don't go away so early; why do you always leave us with the summer as though you were such a warm weather bird you could not bear the frost?"
"I do not suppose you 'missed me,'" he said, bowing.
"But we do miss you," persisted the girl, blushing. "And we like to have you here."
"Thanks, many thanks; I am sure your gentle and graceful appreciation would tempt me to stay, if anything could, but I must leave all the same; so good-by, and don't forget me. I will be back early in the spring, and ready for another campaign. What shall it be—mountain or sea-shore?"
"Oh, next summer is so long to wait," said one of them. "Why can't you stay here now?"
"Don't ask for reasons or explanations," he laughed; "they are stupid things at the best. I am going down to Mrs. Willey's to bid the children good-by; will you go along with me?"
"We were going there, too," they said, and the trio moved on together. The good-byes were just as merry and gay as everything else that the gay bachelorette had a hand in, and soon he went away, with many kind wishes following him.
As he passed out of sight, turning at the last instant to throw kisses to the children, Mabel Ray, one of the girls who had been talking of him, said, disinterestedly, to his sister:
"I don't see what he wants to go away for; I should think he might stay here all the time—I don't think he minds the cold."
"No," said his sister; "he does not mind the cold, it is true, because he has been accustomed to it since childhood."
"Then what does he go for?" pleaded the girl, and the lady, drawing her work-basket nearer her, said:
"I wonder if you two girls would like me to tell you a story. I will send the children out to play, and we will have a quiet time to ourselves."
The girls signifying their delightful assent, nestled down in the sunshine to listen to the story.
"It is all about brother Ben," the lady said, half apologetically, "and the girls, like two children, answered:
"Oh, good! I want to know so much about him. Fanny says he has no heart," said Mabel, "but I tell her he has a merry soul and lots of courage, and that is nearly as good, isn't it?"
"No heart!" The lady repeated the words in a curious, dreamy way. Well, let me tell you my story, and then you shall judge for yourself whether he has any heart."
"Twenty years ago Ben was a boy, counting his first score of years in life's great dial, and a happier, more light-hearted, thoughtless fellow never lived. He was kind to everybody, and made friends everywhere. You remember the old house down in the hollow, surrounded with great elm-trees and wide green fields. It was Squire Marsden's old place then, and there was not a handsomer residence in town. He had but one daughter, you know—Minnie Marsden, a pretty girl, sweet tempered, child-like and affectionate. She and Ben had been school children together, and perfectly devoted to each other ever since they could go alone. They grew up and entered society here, and their love for each other was as much a recognized fact as that of any married couple in the place. I think Ben would have died for her any hour, so perfect and self-forgetting was his devotion. But when he was twenty-two and she eighteen, and they the prettiest couple you ever saw together, there came a stranger to this place—a handsome, stylish man, with plenty of ails and graces that he had brought from far-away New York, and seemed delighted to make an exhibition of in our little sea-port town. He came upon official business—something connected with the custom house—and did not hesitate to announce as frequently as possible that he was American consul somewhere, had been ap-

pointed and approved by high official authority, and was to leave soon on a brilliant tour that was to bring him such fame and honor, not to speak of wealth, which was a secondary consideration to him.
"Squire Marsden was immensely flattered by the attentions of this magnificent minister plenipotentiary paid to his pretty daughter, and when the man, perfectly infatuated, asked for her hand in marriage that she might accompany him on his wonderful tour; the old man gave him his blessing and sanction at once.
"He declared Ben had never said anything to him about marrying his daughter, and I think it quite possible he never had, for they had taken everything so much as a matter of course that they probably had not paused to put 'it in formal words, thinking it was sufficiently well understood without such formalities."
"So when the old man told Minnie what he expected of her she looked at him in amazement. I think the girl was flattered by the stranger's attention, but she had not thought that anything could possibly interfere with her love for Ben, and she had not thought of giving him up.
"But Ben was proud and sensitive. He knew that Squire Marsden was wealthy and was inclined to look down upon his poorer neighbors, still he had put up with it as he could for Minnie's sake; but now, when the old man came and told him that but for him Minnie could make a brilliant match and be received in foreign courts as the first American lady of the land, Ben made up his mind in an instant and expressed it accordingly.
"Minnie is the sweetest thing on earth to me," he said, "but Heaven knows I will never stand in the way of her happiness; and so, with one brief farewell, he left her.
"I saw them together that night. I heard him talking with her in tones that he tried vainly to make calm and firm. I know that all hopes for the future. I saw him hold her in his arms for one minute, and then—ah, well, I ought not to talk of this to you, girls; but Ben went away and soon afterward Minnie was married.
"If her bright dream of pride and wealth and foreign courts was ever realized, there was certainly no evidence of it in the pale, sad face she brought back to our native village, scarcely a year later. She went home to her father's with her husband. He proved to be an idle, speculative man, his head always full of some great plan—some magnificent prospect—soon to be realized. He involved the old man in speculations that took his broad acres to liquidate, and then he died, leaving Minnie no home and no fortune.
"It was then that Ben came back here, and I told him how poor Minnie and her children were. He gave me money for them, but refused to see her. He has never seen her since; but every year when her husband goes to Washington and she comes back here alone, with her little ones, Ben gives me money to see that she is well cared for through the winter, and he goes away that he may not see her face."
The two girls were weeping quietly as the lady ceased to speak, and Fanny, clasping Mabel's hand, whispered softly:
"He has a heart."
"Yes, he has," said Mabel, stifling a quick little sob in her throat.
She did not guess why Mrs. Willey had told them the story.

and social standard of those around her than in anything else.
For years she has not only encouraged horticulture and floriculture among the cottagers in her neighborhood, but has personally assisted in the selection of plants and the laying out of plots.
She has an abundance of tact and in argument she is quite as logical as her husband. During a prolonged interview with a particularly combative and unreasoning woman on one occasion her husband is said to have remarked: "Well, now, this is rather unprecedented, you know. My wife usually talks over the most pertinacious of men in less time than this. But she'll beat," he added laughing, "for she never fails."
Being quite domestic in her tastes, Mrs. Gladstone is highly delighted to find this talent among her friends.
In the selection of these things she is never influenced by the accident of birth, wealth or social position. Her two requirements are moral worth and brains. Thus the proudest home in England is always open to professional people.
In 1862, during the cotton famine, Mrs. Gladstone worked night and day to alleviate the misery.
She established an orphan's home at Clapham in 1866. This afterward became a home for incurables.
Mrs. Gladstone's social, educational and charitable projects have always been warmly seconded by her husband, who is more proud of his wife than of anything else in the world, not excepting his own honorable and brilliant career.
The following story will illustrate this lovely woman's great heart:
"Oh, if I could only do something for you," a poor singer whom Mrs. Gladstone had been able to render a great service once exclaimed.
"That is easy, my dear," the lady responded.
"Easy for me to be of service to you?" the lady exclaimed, the grateful tears flowing down her cheeks.
"Yes; by doing something for somebody else. A kind word, a bit of practical advice, a helping hand—even if there isn't much in it," Mrs. Gladstone replied with a smile, "will always be doing something for me. And more than that, my child, it will be doing something for yourself and something for God.

The Sea.
Some people living on the shores listen to the distant moan of the water as they roll and roll away; some are so used by long custom that they scarcely heed the sad echoing. But others are never accustomed. One woman told me that, for years after she first came to live in her husband's house by the sea, the consciousness of its moan never left her. She never could grow used to it. It haunted her in her sleep, in her talk, in her daily occupations. She thought at one time she should go mad if the sound did not cease; but it would die away in the distance and then come rolling nearer and louder, with passionate sobs and sudden moans and the wild, startling, discordant cries of the waterbirds. She had a foolish superstition that she should be happy when she ceased to hear the moan of the sea.
What is this strange voice of Nature that says with one utterance so many unlikely things? Is it only that we hear the voice of our own breasts in the sound of the waves, in the sad cries of birds as they fly, of animals, the shuffling of trees, the creaking and starting of the daily familiar things all about their homes?
There are images so natural and simple that they become more than mere images or symbols; and to Reine Orestion, when she looked at the gleaming immensity, it was almost actually and in truth to her the great sea, upon the shores of which we say we are as children playing with the pebbles. It was her formula. Her prayers went out unconsciously toward the horizon, as some pray looking toward heaven, in the words which their fathers have used; and some pray by the pains which they suffer, and some again, which is in them; and some again, without many words, pray in their lives and their daily work, but do not often put into actual phrases and par-

Mrs. Gladstone.
No woman lives a more useful life than the wife of England's greatest man. Although 76 years old, Mrs. Gladstone has still sufficient energy to reflect the motto adopted by her when only a little girl: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."
"Her father, Sir Richard Glynes, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, was in the habit of saying that even as a child, this pet daughter evinced a remarkable talent for leadership; and subsequent events have proved that the baronet's impression was correct.
While Mrs. Gladstone is in perfect sympathy with her husband and ever ready to be of service to him, yet she is more interested in raising the moral

and social standard of those around her than in anything else.
For years she has not only encouraged horticulture and floriculture among the cottagers in her neighborhood, but has personally assisted in the selection of plants and the laying out of plots.
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Ayer's
Sugar-Coated
Pills,
Cathartic
If the Liver be torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.
For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. S. Brightley, Henderson, W. Va.
For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to regulate my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.
I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.
Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the skin became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with indigestion, and distressing pains in
The Bowels.
By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, and my bowels acted in their usual manner, and in less than one month I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.
I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—G. C. Deacon, Dartmouth, Miss.
My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharge stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Kaling, Richmond, Va.
Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHING TRY IT

It is the most perfect soap ever made. It is made from the finest olive oil and is so pure and clean that it will wash your clothes and your face, and it will not hurt your skin. It is the best soap for all kinds of laundry.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.,
St. Stephen, N. S.

aphrases the story of their weariness, labor and effort. The other children on the shore are sometimes at variance with these latter in their play; for while they are all heaping up their stores of pebbles, and stones, and shells, and building strange fantastic piles, and drawing intricate figures upon the sand, and busily building foundations which the morning tides come and sweep away, suddenly they seem to grow angry, and they wrathfully pick up the pebbles and fling them at one another, wounding, and cutting and bruising with the sharp edges.
How long is it since the children at their play were striking the flints together to make fires to burn the impious ones who dared to point to the advancing tides, and say:—See, they come to wash away your boundaries. The advancing tides, thanks be to God, have in their turn put out those cruel fires; but sharp stones still go flying through the air, and handfuls of sand and pebbles and long straggling bunches of sea-weed that do us great harm, perhaps, but which sting and drizzle where they fall—Miss Thackeray, Village on the Cliff.

Effects of Headwork.
One of the hardest things in the world is to endure with anybody in a misfortune or a bereavement. If it were not that the matter is generally serious, a great many funny stories could be printed about the coolness people offer to the bereaved. But out at Sacramento some time ago a hard-working Irishman fell out of a fourth-story window and broke his neck. His wife was, of course, in great distress. After the funeral a neighbor called to offer her sympathy and condolence. "It was a very sad thing indeed. Indeed it was. To die like that—to fall out of a fourth-story window." "An' was it as bad as that?" asked the visitor. "Sure, an' I heard it was only a third-story window."

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Some people living on the shores listen to the distant moan of the water as they roll and roll away; some are so used by long custom that they scarcely heed the sad echoing. But others are never accustomed. One woman told me that, for years after she first came to live in her husband's house by the sea, the consciousness of its moan never left her. She never could grow used to it. It haunted her in her sleep, in her talk, in her daily occupations. She thought at one time she should go mad if the sound did not cease; but it would die away in the distance and then come rolling nearer and louder, with passionate sobs and sudden moans and the wild, startling, discordant cries of the waterbirds. She had a foolish superstition that she should be happy when she ceased to hear the moan of the sea.
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