

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1889.

No. 28

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CHURCH OF ENGLAND--Parish of Horton, by Jones Church, Wolfville. Services Sunday 9:30 A.M.; 11 A.M.; Tuesday 10:30 A.M. (clergy absent and Lent), 3 P.M. (clergy present); Wednesday 7:30 P.M. (clergy present). 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. H. C. on the 2d Sunday in the month at 4 A.M. on the 2d Sunday at 11 A.M. Wednesday 7:30 P.M. Prayers provided with seats by the Warden, or other members of the Vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D.D., Rector. Vestry: Rev. Canon Brock, D.D., Rector; Crawley and B. Hart, Wardens of St. John's Church, F. A. Masters and B. E. Hine, Wardens of St. James Church.

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Masonic

By GEORGE LODGE, F & A M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meet every Monday evening in their Hall, Witten's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

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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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Compound

Select Poetry.

Somebody Long Ago.

"Here lyeth" somebody--name unknown,
For the creeping moss half covers the stone,
"She died"--the head down, you can read the date--
"In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight."
That was a hundred years ago,
And of "Somebody" what do we know?

Somebody once had a place in life,
Played her part in peace and strife,
Had her share in his hopes and fears,
And faded love with its smiles and tears,
But she careth little, methinks, to-day,
If the long-past hours were of gold or gray.

Somebody died--we know not how,
If it were a little or her dying bed,
Or lone and friendless her spirit fled,
Somebody's sleep is calm and still
In the little kirkyard below the hill.

The sun has shone and the winds have waited,
The roses above her have glow'd and faded,
And the dewdrops glitter'd like angels' tears,
Night and morn for a hundred years,
And she heeds not questions of praise or blame,
And God remembers Somebody's name.

Interesting Story.

A Book Agent.

"Ten dollars and fifteen cents," sighed Lillian Taylor, as she carefully counted over her little hoard of "ten dollars and fifteen cents, and our rent due Saturday. I must find something to do. What do you think, mother? Shall I take the agency? I have been all over the city to-day, and can find nothing else to do."

"You must decide for yourself, dear," said Mrs. Taylor. "It's a very hard, I know, to think of such a thing, but still we must do something."

"Yes, I must," said Lillian. "I think I will try it; at least until I can find something better. The wages are good if one is successful, I will put on my sweetest smile, and perhaps my look alone will induce people to buy."

"Poor girls cannot be too careful of their smiles, Lillian," said her mother. "It will be very humiliating to go among our old friends and ask them to subscribe for a book. I dread to have them do it simply to help us."

"I shall not do it," said Lillian, decidedly. "I shall go among the offices down town and see what I can do. I met Belle Hayward to-day, and she did not even look at me. I can imagine how she will tell the girls that 'Lil Taylor has become a book agent.'"

"Belle ought to be ashamed of herself," said Mrs. Taylor. "But she hurts herself more than us. Are you sure you had better attempt it, Lillian?"

"It can't hurt me to try," answered the daughter. "I think I will go now and get a sample copy of the book, and so be ready to start out in the morning."

Until within a year Lillian Taylor had been a petted child of fortune. The only child of wealthy parents, she had but to express a wish, and it was gratified. Idolized at home and petted at school, she grew to womanhood. While not beautiful, she had a very attractive face, and a sunny disposition and the kindest of kind hearts endeared her to all who knew her. At eighteen she entered society, where she soon became a great favorite. Much attention was paid her, yet her heart remained untouched, until one night at a concert she met a young author, Ralph Newstead. For a while they were much together, and although no engagement was made between them, each secretly felt that their acquaintance would end in that, when suddenly society was startled by the departure of Ralph Newstead, none knew where. But this was forgotten, when, a few days later, Mr. Taylor died, and it was discovered that he had been involved in speculations, and had lost the whole of his vast fortune. The elegant house on the avenue was sold, and the widow and daughter, too proud to depend on others for support, took up their abode in a few humble rooms on a back street, and set out to earn their bread. Lillian obtained a position as book-keeper in a store, and for a few months all went well. Then, her employer fell in love with her, and

she refused him, told her that she need not come to the store again. Now she had been without work for over a week, and could find none which promised to support her mother and herself. So she determined to conquer all the prejudices which she had formed against agents, and bravely started out to obtain subscribers for "The Life and Public Services of Hon. Josephus Blank."

Mr. Nelson Millard had been what he called "over-run with agents," for the last week, and had at last determined not to give another one a chance to speak to him. Mr. Millard was an old man and was considered "peculiar." His appearance was very unprepossessing, but the few who knew him well, knew that underneath his rough exterior was as kind a heart as ever beat in human breast.

When Lillian knocked on the door of his office, he answered with a gruff "Come in." Looking up, he at once decided that this was another agent and before Lillian had time to speak, he said: "I don't want anything to do with you. I don't want anything to do with you. I don't want anything, Good morning."

"I have none of these things. I have a book which I would like to see. I told you I did not want anything," he interrupted emphatically, and resumed his writing.

"There is one book you would do well to buy and study carefully," said Lillian, a little angry at his rudeness, turning to go.

"What is it?" he said, interested in spite of himself.

"The Ethics of True Politeness," said Lillian, opening the door.

"I say, come back," cried Mr. Millard. "What is the book you have?"

"The Life and Public Services of Hon. Josephus Blank," answered Lillian shortly.

"Put me down for two copies," said the old gentleman. When she had gone he muttered to himself: "A bright, quick girl, that. I wonder if I don't need some writing books. I can give them away, I suppose. I don't want them, only because she answered me up. I am getting rough, that's true."

After two weeks Lillian came back to deliver the books which had been ordered. When she came to his office Mr. Millard greeted her with: "I bought the book you mentioned and have been studying it--about politeness, you know. Can you change a twenty?"

Lillian shook her head. Pushing a chair toward her, Mr. Millard said: "Then sit down while I send a boy to change it. How do you like this business anyway?" he asked in a kind tone.

"Not at all," answered Lillian, "and the worst of it is its uncertainty. If I make ten dollars one day, I may not earn a cent the next."

"Yes, of course, said the old man, nodding his head, "you don't look as if you were meant to tramp the streets asking people to buy old books. Why don't you get copying, or some such work to do?"

"I can't," said Lillian, despondently. "I have tried and tried." Then, as his kindness inspired confidence in her heart, "Do you suppose you could help me?"

"I think perhaps I could. Will you please write your name and address?" pushing paper, pen and ink before her.

"Very good indeed," he said, looking at her writing. "That is perfectly legible, and you know not every woman's is. So your name is Taylor. Are you the daughter of Bankston Taylor, who died last winter?"

"Yes, sir," said Lillian, brokenly. "Any reference to her father always destroyed her composure."

"What have you been doing since his death?" continued her interlocutor, still very kindly.

"I kept books for Mr. Wilson, the produce dealer, till three weeks ago," answered Lillian.

"Why did you leave there?" asked the old man.

"He discharged me," said Lillian, "Then, discharging quickly that to tell the reason would be no betrayal of confidence, she added: "He wanted me to marry him, and discharged me because I refused."

"Then you could hardly use him as a reference?" said Mr. Millard, hiding his amusement.

"I am afraid not," he was very angry with me," answered Lillian.

After a long silence, Mr. Millard said: "Miss Taylor, would you be willing to work for me? I have a great deal of writing and copying which I want done, and am too lazy to do it myself. I will pay you fair wages, although I can't promise to make you rich."

"I should like that very much," said Lillian, "and I do not want to be rich, only to support my mother and myself."

"Very well, then, it is a bargain. Can you begin Monday? I will call at your house to-night and finish our arrangements. I see you are in a hurry to get rid of your books."

"I feel as if I never want to see another," said Lillian, with a laugh, as she arose to go.

She hastened to deliver the other books which she had, and then hurried home to tell her good news to her mother.

"He is the most eccentric old gentleman I ever saw, mamma," she said. "You know I told you about him the first time I went there, how cross he was at first, and how he finally ordered two books. To-day he was just as kind as he could be. He asked about papa, and I think he knew him." He will be here to-night to finish arrangements."

The conditions of the work were very pleasing to Lillian, and Mr. Millard offered her much higher wages than she had expected.

One day, after she had worked for him about three months, Mr. Millard told her that he expected a visit from his favorite nephew and that he wished her to meet him. Lillian consented to an introduction and thought no more about it. The next morning when Mr. Millard entered his office, Lillian looked up, and some one was behind him.

"The nephew," she thought, and went on with her writing.

"Miss Taylor," said Mr. Willard, "let me introduce my nephew, Mr. Newstead."

At the sound of the familiar name, Lillian looked up quickly. The young man came eagerly forward and said: "Lillian, do you remember me?"

"By a powerful effort Lillian controlled herself, and in a formal tone, murmured something about an "unexpected pleasure."

"Don't call it a pleasure when you don't mean it," said Mr. Newstead, angered by her seeming coldness. Then changing his tone, he asked: "Lillian, why are you here, instead of Morgan Brainard's wife?"

"Lillian, what do you mean?"

"Your father told me you were going to marry him."

"I never thought of such a thing," said Lillian. "Papa wanted me to, but I would not. I didn't like him."

"Lillian," cried Mr. Newstead eagerly, "I asked your father's consent to win you for my wife, and he told me you were to marry Brainard. If I had asked you what would you have said?"

"I should have said yes," Lillian replied, tears filling her eyes.

"Will you say it now?" he asked, impatiently, and when the answer came, "Yes," so low that only a lover's ear could have heard it, then Lillian was folded in the arms which were evermore to shield her.

Just at this time, Mr. Millard, who, when he saw that his presence was not needed, had very considerably remembered a letter to be posted, returned. "I should like to know what this means?" he said, looking sternly at the culprits.

"I believe you know all the time," cried Lillian.

"And what if I did?" demanded Mr. Millard. "Can't I plan a little surprise if I want to?"

One of Lillian's presents at her wedding, a month later, was a deed of the house in which she had lived until her father's death. This was from Mr. Millard, who is very proud of his niece, and he often calls her his "book agent."

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D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough; and is invaluable as a family medicine."

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Imperial Property Pawnd.

The financial difficulties at the Porte are becoming daily more pressing and exigent. The exchequer has never been so completely drained of cash as it is now. And here is a most striking proof of the fact. Every year a caravan of pilgrims leaves Constantinople for Mecca on a certain date, and until this present month it has never failed to start punctually. This year, however, not only does it not set off on the prescribed day, but it was not until four days had passed, and the delay was being talked of openly as a public scandal, that the caravan at last moved away. It is an open secret that the reason it could not start was because the Grand Vizier could not anyhow scrape together the amount annually provided by the Sultan to defray the expenses of the poor Musulmans who go with the caravan to Mecca. The sum needed was a few hundred pounds, but to such a pass have financial matters come, that it was only by virtually pawning some valuable portable property belonging to the Sultan's palace that the required sum was raised.--London Figaro.

A Disastrous Effect.

Physician--How did the sedative powder affect your wife last night, Mr. Smith?
Mr. Smith--Disastrously.
Physician--Disastrously? Want't she able to sleep?
Mr. Smith--Sleep! Why the baby scolded from midnight until morning, and she slept through it all!--New York Sun.

Husband (in the early morning)--
"What are you going through my pockets for, my dear? With a little change, John, Husband, say, you go up to your own room, and I'll give you five dollars to buy a new man's suit. I'll give you five dollars, John, than a woman's."--Parson's Paper.

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